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IN THE PASHA'S GARDEN

A STAMBOUL NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

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I

As the caïque glided up to the garden gate the three boatmen rose from their sheepskins and caught hold of iron clamps set into the marble of the quay. Shaban, the grizzled gate-keeper, who was standing at the top of the water-steps with his hands folded respectfully in front of him, came salaaming down to help his master out.

'Shall we wait, my pasha?' asked the head *kaïkji*.

The pasha turned to Shaban, as if to put a question. And as if to answer it, Shaban said, —

'The madama is up in the wood, in the kiosque. She sent down word to ask if you would go up too.'

'Then don't wait.' Returning the boatmen's salaam, the pasha stepped into his garden. 'Is there company in the kiosque or is madama alone?' he inquired.

'I think no one is there — except Zümbül Agha,' replied Shaban, following his master up the long central path of black and white pebbles.

'Zümbül Agha!' exclaimed the pasha. But if it had been in his mind to say anything else he stooped instead to sniff at a rosebud. And then he asked, 'Are we dining up there, do you know?'

'I don't know, my pasha, but I will find out.'

'Tell them to send up dinner anyway, Shaban. It is such an evening! And just ask Moustafa to bring me a coffee at the fountain, will you? I will rest a little before climbing that hill.'

'On my head!' said the Albanian, turning off to the house.

The pasha kept on to the end of the walk. Two big horse-chestnut trees, their candles just starting alight in the April air, stood there at the foot of a terrace, guarding a fountain that dripped in the ivied wall. A thread of water started mysteriously out of the top of a tall marble niche into a little marble basin, from which it overflowed by two flat bronze spouts into two smaller basins below. From them the water dripped back into a single basin still lower down, and so tinkled its broken way, past graceful arabesques and reliefs of fruit and flowers, into a crescent-shaped pool at the foot of the niche.

The pasha sank down into one of the wicker chairs scattered hospitably

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beneath the horse-chestnut trees, and thought how happy a man he was to have a fountain of the period of Sultan Ahmed III, and a garden so full of April freshness, and a view of the bright Bosphorus and the opposite hills of Europe, and the firing West. How definitely he thought it I cannot say, for the pasha was not greatly given to thought. Why should he be, as he possessed without that trouble a goodly share of what men acquire by taking thought? If he had been lapped in ease and security all his days, they numbered many more, did those days, than the pasha would have chosen. Still, they had touched him but lightly, merely increasing the dignity of his handsome presence and taking away nothing of his power to enjoy his little walled world.

So he sat there, breathing in the air of the place and the hour, while gardeners came and went with their watering-pots, and birds twittered among the branches, and the fountain plashed beside him, until Shaban reappeared carrying a glass of water and a cup of coffee in a swinging tray.

'Eh, Shaban! It is not your business to carry coffee!' protested the pasha, reaching for a stand that stood near him.

'What is your business is my business, pasha 'm. Have I not eaten your bread and your father's for thirty years?'

'No! Is it as long as that? We are getting old, Shaban.'

'We are getting old,' assented the Albanian simply.

The pasha thought, as he took out his silver cigarette-case, of another pasha who had complimented him that afternoon on his youthfulness. And, choosing a cigarette, he handed the case to his gatekeeper. Shaban accepted the cigarette and produced matches from his gay girdle.

'How long is it since you have been to your country, Shaban?'

The pasha, lifting his little cup with its silver *zarf*, realized that he would not have sipped his coffee quite so noisily had his French wife been sitting with him under the horse-chestnut trees. But with his old Shaban he could still be a Turk.

'Eighteen months, my pasha.'

'And when are you going again?'

'In Ramazan, if God wills. Or perhaps next Ramazan. We shall see.'

'Allah, Allah! How many times have I told you to bring your people here, Shaban? We have plenty of room to build you a house somewhere, and you could see your wife and children every day instead of once in two or three years.'

'Wives, wives! A man will not die if he does not see them every day. Besides, it would not be good for the children. In Constantinople they become rascals. There are too many Christians.' And he added hastily, 'It is better for a boy to grow up in the mountains.'

'But we have a mountain here, behind the house,' laughed the pasha.

'Your mountain is not like our mountains,' objected Shaban gravely, hunting in his mind for the difference he felt but could not express.

'And that new wife of yours,' went on the pasha. 'Is it good to leave a young woman like that? Are you not afraid?'

'No, my pasha. I am not afraid. We all live together, you know. My brothers watch, and the other women. She is safer than yours. Besides, in my country it is not as it is here.'

'I don't know why I have never been to see this wonderful country of yours, Shaban. I have so long intended to, and I never have been. But I must climb my mountain or they will think that I have become a rascal too.' And,

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rising from his chair, he gave the Albanian a friendly pat.

'Shall I come too, my pasha? Zümbül Agha sent word—'

'Zümbül Agha!' interrupted the pasha irritably. 'No, you need n't come. I will explain to Zümbül Agha.'

With which he left Shaban to pick up the empty coffee cup.

II

From the upper terrace a bridge led across the public road to the wood. If it was not a wood it was at all events a good-sized grove, climbing the steep hillside very much as it chose. Every sort and size of tree was there, but the greater number of them were of a kind to be sparsely trimmed in April with a delicate green, and among them were so many twisted Judas trees as to tinge whole patches of the slope with their deep rose bloom. The road that the pasha slowly climbed, swinging his amber beads behind him as he walked, zigzagged so leisurely back and forth among the trees that a carriage could have driven up it. In that way, indeed, the pasha had more than once mounted to the kiosque, in the days when his mother used to spend a good part of her summer up there, and when he was married to his first wife. The memory of the two, and of their old-fashioned ways, entered not too bitterly into his general feeling of well-being, ministered to by the budding trees and the spring air and the sunset view. Every now and then an enormous plane tree invited him to stop and look at it, or a semi-circle of cypresses.

So at last he came to the top of the hill, where in a grassy clearing a small house looked down on the valley of the Bosphorus through a row of great stone pines. The door of the kiosque was open, but his wife was not visible.

The pasha stopped a moment, as he had done a thousand times before, and looked back. He was not the man to be insensible to what he saw between the columnar trunks of the pines, where European hills traced a dark curve against the fading sky, and where the sinuous waterway far below still reflected a last glamour of the day. The beauty of it, and the sharp sweetness of the April air, and the infinitesimal sounds of the wood, and the half-conscious memories involved with it all, made him sigh. He turned and mounted the steps of the porch.

The kiosque looked very dark and unfamiliar as the pasha entered it. He wondered what had become of Hélène — if by any chance he had passed her on the way. He wanted her. She was the expression of what the evening roused in him. He heard nothing, however, but the splash of water from a half-invisible fountain. It reminded him for an instant, of the other fountain, below, and of Shaban. His steps resounded hollowly on the marble pavement as he walked into the dim old saloon, shaped like a T, with the cross longer than the leg. It was still light enough for him to make out the glimmer of windows on three sides and the square of the fountain in the centre, but the painted domes above were lost in shadow.

The spaces on either side of the bay by which he entered, completing the rectangle of the kiosque, were filled by two little rooms opening into the cross of the T. He went into the left-hand one, where Hélène usually sat — because there were no lattices. The room was empty.

The place seemed so strange and still in the twilight that a sort of apprehension began to grow in him, and he half wished he had brought up Shaban. He turned back to the second, the latticed room — the harem, as they called it. Curiously enough it was

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Hélène who would never let him Europeanize it, in spite of the lattices. Every now and then he found out that she liked some Turkish things better than he did. As soon as he opened the door he saw her sitting on the divan opposite. He knew her profile against the checkered pallor of the lattice. But she neither moved nor greeted him. It was Zümbül Agha who did so, startling him by suddenly rising beside the door and saying in his high voice, —

'Pleasant be your coming, my pasha.'

The pasha had forgotten about Zümbül Agha; and it seemed strange to him that Hélène continued to sit silent and motionless on her sofa.

'Good evening,' he said at last. 'You are sitting very quietly here in the dark. Are there no lights in this place?'

It was again Zümbül Agha who spoke, turning one question by another: —

'Did Shaban come with you?'

'No,' replied the pasha shortly. 'He said he had had a message, but I told him not to come.'

'A-ah!' ejaculated the eunuch in his high drawl. 'But it does not matter — with the two of us.'

The pasha grew more and more puzzled, for this was not the scene he had imagined to himself as he came up through the park in response to his wife's message. Nor did he grow less puzzled when the eunuch turned to her and said in another tone, —

'Now will you give me that key?'

The French woman took no more notice of this question than she had of the pasha's entrance.

'What do you mean, Zümbül Agha?' demanded the Pasha sharply. 'That is not the way to speak to your mistress.'

'I mean this, my pasha,' retorted the eunuch, 'that some one is hiding in this chest and that madama keeps the key.'

That was what the pasha heard, and in the absurd treble of the black man, in the darkening room. He looked down and made out, beside the tall figure of the eunuch, the chest on which he had been sitting. Then he looked across at Hélène, who still sat silent in front of the lattice.

'What are you talking about?' he asked at last, more stupefied than anything else. 'Who is it? A thief? Has any one —?' He left the vague question unformulated, even in his mind.

'Ah, that I don't know. You must ask madama. Probably it is one of her Christian friends. But at least if it were a woman she would not be so unwilling to unlock her chest for us!'

The silence that followed, while the pasha looked dumbly at the chest, and at Zümbül Agha, and at his wife, was filled for him with a stranger confusion of feelings than he had ever experienced before. Nevertheless he was surprisingly cool, he found; his pulse quickened very little. He told himself that it was n't true and that he really must get rid of old Zümbül after all, if he went on making such preposterous *gaffes* and setting them all by the ears. How could anything so baroque happen to him, the pasha, who owed what he was to honorable fathers and who had passed his life honorably and peaceably until this moment? Yet he had had an impression, walking into the dark old kiosque and finding nobody until he found these two sitting here in this extraordinary way — as if he had walked out of his familiar garden, that he knew like his hand, into a country he knew nothing about, where anything might be true. And he wished, he almost passionately wished, that Hélène would say something, would cry out against Zümbül Agha, would lie even, rather than sit there so still and removed and different from other women.

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Then he began to be aware that if it were true — if! — he ought to do something. He ought to make a noise. He ought to kill somebody. That was what they always did. That was what his father would have done, or certainly his grandfather. But he also told himself that it was no longer possible for him to do what his father and grandfather had done. He had been unlearning their ways too long. Besides, he was too old.

A sudden sting of jealousy pierced him at the thought of how old he was, and how young Hélène. Even if he lived to be seventy or eighty she would still have a life left when he died. Yes, it was as Shaban said. They were getting old. He had never really felt the humiliation of it before. And Shaban had said, strangely, something else — that his own wife was safer than the pasha's. Still he felt an odd compassion for Hélène, too, — because she was young, and it was Judas-tree time, and she was married to gray hairs. And although he was a pasha, descended from great pashas, and she was only a little French girl *quelconque*, he felt more afraid than ever of making a fool of himself before her — when he had promised her that she should be as free as any other European woman, that she should live her life. Besides, what had the black man to do with their private affairs?

'Zümbül Agha,' he suddenly heard himself harshly saying, 'is this your house or mine? I have told you a hundred times that you are not to trouble the madama, or follow her about, or so much as guess where she is and what she is doing. I have kept you in the house because my father brought you into it; but if I ever hear of your speaking to madama again, or spying on her, I will send you into the street. Do you hear? Now get out!'

'*Aman*, my pasha! I beg you!' entreated the eunuch. There was something ludicrous in his voice, coming as it did from his height.

The pasha wondered if he had been too long a person of importance in the family to realize the change in his position, or whether he really —

All of a sudden a checkering of lamplight flickered through the dark window, touched the Negro's black face for a moment, traveled up the wall. Silence fell again in the little room — a silence into which the fountain dropped its silver patter. Then steps mounted the porch and echoed in the other room, which lighted in turn, and a man came in sight, peering this way and that, with a big white accordeon lantern in his hand. Behind the man two other servants appeared, carrying on their heads round wooden trays covered by figured silks, and a boy tugging a huge basket. When they discovered the three in the little room they salaamed respectfully.

'Where shall we set the table?' asked the man with the lantern.

For the pasha the lantern seemed to make the world more like the place he had always known. He turned to his wife apologetically.

'I told them to send dinner up here. It has been such a long time since we came. But I forgot about the table. I don't believe there is one here.'

'No,' uttered Hélène from her sofa, sitting with her head on her hand.

It was the first word she had spoken. But, little as it was, it reassured him, like the lantern.

'There is the chest,' hazarded Zümbül Agha.

The interruption of the servants had for the moment distracted them all. But the pasha now turned on him so vehemently that the eunuch salaamed in haste and went away.

'Why not?' asked Hélène, when he was gone. 'We can sit on cushions.'

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'Why not?' echoed the pasha. Grateful as he was for the interruption, he found himself wishing, secretly, that Hélène had discouraged his idea of a picnic dinner. And he could not help feeling a certain constraint as he gave the necessary orders and watched the servants put down their paraphernalia and pull the chest into the middle of the room. There was something unreal and stage-like about the scene, in the uncertain light of the lantern. Obviously the chest was not light. It was an old cypress-wood chest that they had always used in the summer, to keep things in, polished a bright brown, with a little inlaid pattern of dark brown and cream color running around the edge of each surface, and a more complicated design ornamenting the centre of the cover. He vaguely associated his mother with it. He felt a distinct relief when the men spread the cloth. He felt as if they had covered up more things than he could name. And when they produced candlesticks and candles, and set them on the improvised table and in the niches beside the door, he seemed to come back again into the comfortable light of common sense.

'This is the way we used to do when I was a boy,' he said with a smile, when he and Hélène established themselves on sofa cushions on opposite sides of the chest. 'Only then we had little tables six inches high, instead of big ones like this.'

'It is rather a pity that we have spoiled all that,' she said. 'Are we any happier for perching on chairs around great scaffoldings and piling the scaffoldings with so many kinds of porcelain and metal? After all, they knew how to live — the people who were capable of imagining a place like this. And they had the good taste not to fill a room with things. Your grandfather, was it?'

He had had a dread that she would not say anything, that she would remain silent and impenetrable, as she had been before Zümbül Agha, as if the chest between them were a barrier that nothing could surmount. His heart lightened when he heard her speak. Was it not quite her natural voice?

'It was my great-grandfather, the grand vizier. They say he did know how to live — in his way. He built the kiosque for a beautiful slave of his, a Greek, whom he called Pomegranate.'

'Madame Pomegranate! What a charming name! And that is why her cipher is everywhere. See?' She pointed to the series of cupboards and niches on either side of the door, dimly painted with pomegranate blossoms, and to the plaster reliefs around the hooded fireplace, and to the cluster of pomegranates that made a centre to the gilt and painted lattice-work of the ceiling. 'One could be very happy in such a little house. It has an air — of being meant for moments. And you feel as if they had something to do with the wonderful way it has faded.' She looked as if she had meant to say something else, which she did not. But after a moment she added, 'Will you ask them to turn off the water in the fountain? It is a little chilly, now that the sun has gone, and it sounds like rain — or tears.'

The dinner went, on the whole, not so badly. There were dishes to be passed back and forth. There were questions to be asked or comments to be made. There were the servants to be spoken to. Yet, more and more, the pasha could not help wondering. When a silence fell, too, he could not help listening. And least of all could he help looking at Hélène. He looked at her, trying not to look at her, with an intense curiosity, as if he had never seen her before, asking himself if there were anything new in her face, and how she would look if — Would she be like

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this? She made no attempt to keep up a flow of words, as if to distract his attention. She was not soft either; she was not trying to seduce him, and she made no show of gratitude toward him for having sent Zümbül Agha away. Neither did she by so much as an inflection try to insinuate or excuse or explain. She was what she always was, perfect — and evidently a little tired. She was indeed more than perfect, she was prodigious, when he asked her once what she was thinking about and she said Pandora, tapping the chest between them. He had never heard the story of that Greek girl and her box, and she told him gravely about all the calamities that came out of it, and the one gift of hope that remained behind.

'But I cannot be a Turkish woman long!' she added inconsequently with a smile. 'My legs are asleep. I really must walk about a little.'

When he had helped her to her feet she led the way into the other room. They had their coffee and cigarettes there. Hélène walked slowly up and down the length of the room, stopping every now and then to look into the square pool of the fountain and to pat her hair.

The pasha sat down on the long low divan that ran under the windows. He could watch her more easily now. And the detachment with which he had begun to look at her grew in spite of him into the feeling that he was looking at a stranger. After all, what did he know about her? Who was she? What had happened to her, during all the years that he had not known her, in that strange free European life which he had tried to imitate, and which at heart he secretly distrusted? What had she ever really told him, and what had he ever really divined of her? For perhaps the first time in his life he realized how little one person may know of another, and particularly a man of a woman. And he remembered Shaban again, and that phrase about his wife being safer than Hélène. Had Shaban really meant anything? Was Hélène 'safe'? He acknowledged to himself at last that the question was there in his mind, waiting to be answered.

Hélène did not help him. She had been standing for some time at an odd angle to the pool, looking into it. He could see her face there, with the eyes turned away from him.

'How mysterious a reflection is!' she said. 'It is so real that you can't believe it disappears for good. How often Madame Pomegranate must have looked into this pool, and yet I can't find her in it. But I feel she is really there, all the same — and who knows who else.'

'They say mirrors do not flatter,' the pasha did not keep himself from rejoining, 'but they are very discreet. They tell no tales!'

Hélène raised her eyes. In the little room the servants had cleared the improvised table and had packed up everything again except the candles.

'I have been up here a long time,' she said, 'and I am rather tired. It is a little cold, too. If you do not mind I think I will go down to the house now, with the servants. You will hardly care to go so soon, for Zümbül Agha has not finished what he has to say to you.'

'Zümbül Agha!' exclaimed the pasha. 'I sent him away.'

'Ah, but you must know him well enough to be sure he would not go. Let us see.' She clapped her hands. The servant of the lantern immediately came out to her. 'Will you ask Zümbül Agha to come here?' she said. 'He is on the porch.'

The man went to the door, looked out, and said a word. Then he stood aside with a respectful salaam, and

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the eunuch entered. He negligently returned the salute and walked forward until his air of importance changed to one of humility at sight of the pasha. Salaaming in turn, he stood with his hands folded in front of him.

'I will go down with you,' said the pasha to his wife, rising. 'It is too late for you to go through the woods in the dark.'

'Nonsense!' She gave him a look that had more in it than the tone in which she added, 'Please do not. I shall be perfectly safe with four servants. You can tell them not to let me run away.' Coming nearer, she put her hand into the bosom of her dress, then stretched out the hand toward him. 'Here is the key — the key of which Zümbül Agha spoke — the key of Pandora's box. Will you keep it for me please? *Au revoir.*'

And making a sign to the servants she walked out of the kiosque.

III

The pasha was too surprised, at first, to move — and too conscious of the eyes of servants, too uncertain of what he should do, too fearful of doing the wrong, the un-European, thing. And afterwards it was too late. He stood watching until the flicker of the lantern disappeared among the dark trees. Then his eyes met the eunuch's.

'Why don't you go down too?' suggested Zümbül Agha. The variable climate of a great house had made him too perfect an opportunist not to take the line of being in favor again. 'It might be better. Give me the key and I will do what there is to do. But you might send up Shaban.'

Why not, the pasha secretly asked himself? Might it not be the best way out? At the same time he experienced a certain revulsion of feeling, now that Hélène was gone, in the way she had gone. She really was prodigious! And with the vanishing of the lantern that had brought him a measure of reassurance he felt the weight of an uncleared situation, fantastic but crucial, heavy upon him. And the Negro annoyed him intensely.

'Thank you, Zümbül Agha,' he replied, 'but I am not the nurse of madama, and I will not give you the key.'

If he only might, though, he thought to himself again!

'You believe her, this Frank woman whom you had never seen five years ago, and you do not believe me who have lived in your house longer than you can remember!'

The eunuch said it so bitterly that the pasha was touched in spite of himself. He had never been one to think very much about minor personal relations, but even at such a moment he could see — was it partly because he wanted more time to make up his mind? — that he had never liked Zümbül Agha as he liked Shaban, for instance. Yet more honor had been due, in the old family tradition, to the former. And he had been associated even longer with the history of the house.

'My poor Zümbül,' he uttered musingly, 'you have never forgiven me for marrying her.'

'My pasha, you are not the first to marry an unbeliever, nor the last. But such a marriage should be to the glory of Islam, and not to its discredit. Who can trust her? She is still a Christian. And she is too young. She has turned the world upside down. What would your father have said to a daughter-in-law who goes shamelessly into the street without a veil, alone, and who receives in your house men who are no relation to you or to her? It is not right. Women only understand one thing, to make fools of men. And they are never content to fool one.'

The pasha, still waiting to make up

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his mind, let his fancy linger about Zümbül Agha. It was really rather absurd, after all, what a part women played in the world, and how little it all came to in the end! Did the black man, he wondered, walk in a clearer, cooler world, free of the clouds, the iridescences, the languors, the perfumes, the strange obsessions, that made others walk so often like madmen? Or might some tatter of preposterous humanity still work obscurely in him? Or a bitterness of not being like other men? That perhaps was why the pasha felt friendlier toward Shaban. They were more alike.

'You are right, Zümbül Agha,' he said. 'The world is upside down. But neither the madama nor any of us made it so. All we can do is to try and keep our heads as it turns. Now, will you please tell me how you happened to be up here? The madama never told you to come. You know perfectly well that the customs of Europe are different from ours, and that she does not like to have you follow her about.'

'What woman likes to be followed about?' retorted the eunuch with a sly smile. 'I know you have told me to leave her alone. But why was I brought into this house? Am I to stand by and watch dishonor brought upon it simply because you have eaten the poison of a woman?'

'Zümbül Agha,' replied the pasha sharply, 'I am not discussing old and new or this and that, but I am asking you to tell me what all this speech is about.'

'Give me that key and I will show you what it is about,' said the eunuch, stepping forward.

But the pasha found he was not ready to go so directly to the point.

'Can't you answer a simple question?' he demanded irritably, retreating to the farther side of the fountain.

The reflection of the painted ceiling in the pool made him think of Hélène — and Madame Pomegranate. He stared into the still water as if to find Hélène's face there. Was any other face hidden beside it, mocking him?

But Zümbül Agha had begun again, doggedly: —

'I came here because it is my business to be here. I went to town this morning. When I got back they told me that you were away and that the madama was up here, alone. So I came. Is this a place for a woman to be alone in — a young woman, with men working all about and I don't know who, and a thousand ways of getting in and out from the hills, and ten thousand hiding places in the woods?'

The pasha made a gesture of impatience, and turned away. But after all, what could one do with old Zümbül? He had been brought up in his tradition. The pasha lighted another cigarette to help himself think.

'Well, I came up here,' continued the eunuch, 'and as I came I heard madama singing. You know how she sings the songs of the Franks.'

The pasha knew. But he did not say anything. As he walked up and down, smoking and thinking, his eye caught in the pool a reflection from the other side of the room, where the door of the latticed room was and where the cypress-wood chest stood as the servants had left it in the middle of the floor. Was that what Hélène had stood looking at so long, he asked himself? He wondered that he could have sat beside it so quietly. It seemed now like something dark and dangerous crouching there in the shadow of the little room.

'I sat down, under the terrace,' he heard the eunuch go on, 'where no one could see me, and I listened. And after she had stopped I heard —'

'Never mind what you heard,' broke

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in the pasha. 'I have heard enough.'

He was ashamed — ashamed and resolved. He felt as if he had been playing the spy with Zümbül Agha. And after all there was a very simple way to answer his question for himself. He threw away his cigarette, went forward into the little room, bent over the chest, and fitted the key into the lock.

Just then a nightingale burst out singing, but so near and so loud that he started and looked over his shoulder. In an instant he collected himself, feeling the black man's eyes upon him. Yet he could not suppress the train of association started by the impassioned trilling of the bird, even as he began to turn the key of the chest where his mother used to keep her quaint old silks and embroideries. The irony of the contrast paralyzed his hand for a strange moment, and of the difference between this spring night and other spring nights when nightingales had sung. And what if, after all, only calamity were to come out of the chest, and he were to lose his last gift of hope! Ah! He knew at last what he would do! He quickly withdrew the key from the lock, stood up straight again, and looked at Zümbül Agha.

'Go down and get Shaban,' he ordered, 'and don't come back.'

The eunuch stared. But if he had anything to say he thought better of uttering it. He saluted silently and went away.

IV

The pasha sat down on the divan and lighted a cigarette. Almost immediately the nightingale stopped singing. For a few moments Zümbül Agha's steps could be heard outside. Then it became very still. The pasha did not like it. Look which way he would he could not help seeing the chest — or listening. He got up and went into the big room, where he turned on the water of the fountain. The falling drops made company for him, and kept him from looking for lost reflections. But they presently made him think of what Hélène had said about them. He went out to the porch and sat down on the steps. In front of him the pines lifted their great dark canopies against the stars. Other stars twinkled between the trunks, far below, where the shore lights of the Bosphorus were. It was so still that water sounds came faintly up to him, and every now and then he could even hear nightingales on the European side. Another nightingale began singing in his own woods — the nightingale that had told him what to do, he said to himself. What other things the nightingales had sung to him, years ago! And how long the pines had listened there, still strong and green and rugged and alive, while he, and how many before him, sat under them for a little while and then went away!

Presently he heard steps on the drive and Shaban came, carrying something dark in his hand.

'What is that?' asked the pasha, as Shaban held it out.

'A revolver, my pasha. Zümbül Agha told me you wanted it.'

The pasha laughed curtly.

'Zümbül made a mistake. What I want is a shovel, or a couple of them. Can you find such a thing without asking any one?'

'Yes, my pasha,' replied the Albanian promptly, laying the revolver on the steps and disappearing again. And it was not long before he was back with the desired implements.

'We must dig a hole, somewhere, Shaban,' said his master in a low voice. 'It must be in a place where people are not likely to go, but not too far from the kiosque.'

Shaban immediately started toward

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the trees at the back of the house. The pasha followed him silently into a path that wound through the wood. A nightingale began to sing again, very near them — *the* nightingale, thought the pasha.

'He is telling us where to go,' he said.

Shaban permitted himself a low laugh.

'I think he is telling his mistress where to go. However, we will go too.' And they did, bearing away to one side of the path till they came to the foot of the tall cypress.

'This will do,' said the pasha, 'if the roots are not in the way.'

Without a word Shaban began to dig. The pasha took the other spade. To the simple Albanian it was nothing out of the ordinary. What was extraordinary was that his master was able to keep it up, soft as the loam was under the trees. The most difficult thing about it was that they could not see what they were doing, except by the light of an occasional match. But at last the pasha judged the ragged excavation of sufficient depth. Then he led the way back to the kiosque.

They found Zümbül Agha in the little room, sitting on the sofa with a revolver in either hand.

'I thought I told you not to come back!' exclaimed the pasha sternly.

'Yes,' faltered the old eunuch, 'but I was afraid something might happen to you. So I waited below the pines. And when you went away into the woods with Shaban, I came here to watch.' He lifted a revolver significantly. 'I found the other one on the steps.'

'Very well,' said the pasha at length, more kindly. He even found it in him at that moment to be amused at the picture the black man made, in his sedate frock coat, with his two weapons. And Zümbül Agha found no less to look at, in the appearance of his master's clothes. 'But now there is no need for you to watch any longer,' added the latter. 'If you want to watch, do it at the bottom of the hill. Don't let any one come up here.'

'On my head,' said the eunuch. He saw that Shaban, as usual, was trusted more than he. But it was not for him to protest against the ingratitude of masters. He salaamed and backed out of the room.

When he was gone the pasha turned to Shaban: —

'This box, Shaban — you see this box? It has become a trouble to us, and I am going to take it out there.'

The Albanian nodded gravely. He took hold of one of the handles, to judge the weight of the chest. He lifted his eyebrows.

'Can you help me put it on my back?' he asked.

'Don't try to do that, Shaban. We will carry it together.' The pasha took hold of the other handle. When they got as far as the outer door he let down his end. It was not light. 'Wait a minute, Shaban. Let us shut up the kiosque, so that no one will notice anything.' He went back to blow out the candles. Then he thought of the fountain. He caught a last play of broken images in the pool as he turned off the water. When he had put out the lights and had groped his way to the door he found that Shaban was already gone with the chest. A drop of water made a strange echo behind him in the dark kiosque. He locked the door and hurried after Shaban, who had succeeded in getting the chest on his back. Nor would Shaban let the pasha help him till they came to the edge of the wood. There, carrying the chest between them, they stumbled through the trees to the place that was ready.

'Now we must be careful,' said the pasha. 'It might slip or get stuck.'

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'But are you going to bury the box too?' demanded Shaban, for the first time showing surprise.

'Yes,' answered the pasha. And he added, 'It is the box I want to get rid of.'

'It is a pity,' remarked Shaban regretfully. 'It is a very good box. However, you know. Now then!'

There was a scraping and a muffled thud, followed by a fall of earth and small stones on wood. The pasha wondered if he would hear anything else. But first one and then another nightingale began to fill the night with their April madness.

'Ah, there are two of them,' remarked Shaban. 'She will take the one that says the sweetest things to her.'

The pasha's reply was to throw a spadeful of earth on the chest. Shaban joined him with such vigor that the hole was soon very full.

'We are old, my pasha, but we are good for something yet,' said Shaban. 'I will hide the shovels here in the bushes,' he added, 'and early in the morning I will come again, before any of those lazy gardeners are up, and fix it so that no one will ever know.'

There at least was a person of whom one could be sure! The pasha realized that gratefully, as they walked back through the park. He did not feel like talking, but at least he felt the satisfaction of having done what he had decided to do. He remembered Zümbü Agha as they neared the bottom of th hill. The eunuch had not taken hi commission more seriously than it hac been given, however, or he preferrec not to be seen. Perhaps he wanted tc reconnoitre again on top of the hill.

'I don't think I will go in just yet, said the pasha as they crossed thc bridge into the lower garden. 'I ar rather dirty. And I would like to re. a little under the chestnut trees. Woulc you get me an overcoat please, Shaban and a brush of some kind? And yoi might bring me a coffee, too.'

How tired he was! And what a shor time it was, yet what an eternity, sinc he last dropped into one of the wick chairs! He felt for his cigarettes. As did so he discovered something else his pocket, something small and har. that at first he did not recognize. Thei he remembered the key — the key. . . He suddenly tossed it into the pool beside him. It made a sharp little splash, which was reëchoed by the drippin basins. He got up and felt in the iv for the handle that shut off the water At the end of the garden the Bos phorus lapped softly in the dark. Far away in the woods the nightingales were singing.

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MOTHERHOOD AND THE STATE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

WHILE I was dining with a friend in a New York restaurant not long ago, a little family of five — father, mother, and three children — came in and took the next table. The parents were very young, hardly out of the twenties apparently, and there could not have been much more than two years between the oldest child and the youngest. The children were clearly quite accustomed to their parents: their manners did not reflect the nursery, and the mother looked after them with the indefinable tact and handiness that mark a person born to his trade. She gave the impression of a great, free natural talent for motherhood, as specific and unmistakable as Turgenieff's talent for writing or Rembrandt's for painting. Altogether, the sight of the little group was as pleasant and reviving an experience as one could have.

After looking at them a long time, my friend remarked, 'I tell you, that woman is earning her living!' There was no doubt about it. One who can ply a trade the year round and put the indisputable stamp of a master on each day's work turned out, may be held entitled to a living at least, and perhaps also some measure of gratitude from a world which is not overblessed with efficiency. The thought occurred to me that if I, for instance, could write and edit as well as this woman was doing the work of motherhood, I should expect to hear from my publishers and the public. And, in fact, I should hear promptly from both. I mention this economic comparison because there is a significance in it which will appear later.

For this little woman who was earning her living, earning it by the inspired work of genius, was not hearing from her employers or from the public in any substantial sense. Her husband gave her a living, no doubt, and yet could one say that her husband employed her to bear and rear children as my publishers employ me to write and edit? Hardly. Collaterally, her work brought him, I hope, such affectional gratification that he felt that he had his money's worth; but the economic profit of her work, the thing that she should be paid for, flowed elsewhere. He got none of it. In fact, one must conceive quite an improbable combination of circumstances to bring him even a return of one twentieth of one per cent on his investment in all three children. To begin with, he was evidently well-to-do, so probably he would never need a return or expect one. Moreover, two of the three children were girls; and while we may hope for a day soon coming in which girls will have an equal opportunity to work and earn money and keep what they earn, girls are comparatively a poor investment at present. Considering the initial cost of a place to live, or commutation of its interest in the form of rent, and counting in upkeep and improvements with the overhead charge for food, clothing, and education, it is plain that the young father had no chance, in the world, of economic profit or even of getting any of his

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money back. Nor is this an exceptional case. Children are seldom an economic asset nowadays as they were in times by no means out of memory, when the family was a self-dependent group. Oftener than not, they are a liability.

And yet there is an economic profit flowing from them somewhere, for they have a potential wealth-producing power. The three children we were considering will have some kind of ability or labor to sell, and largely by reason of their mother's genius for motherhood it is likely to be of a rather high order. Who will profit by this? Most certainly the State. Our common remark that a child-bearing woman has 'done something for her country' shows how much truer our instincts are than our practical interpretation of them. This little woman was working for the State, turning her superb genius to the benefit of the State in a unique and indispensable service; and yet she is paid for it only indirectly, or rather, not paid for it at all, since, gloze the fact as you will with whatever sentimental talk about 'sharing' or the 'spending partner,' it remains a fact that what she gets from her husband is not pay but largesse.

This does not seem fair or self-respecting or at all calculated to encourage good work. I take it that when some of our socialist friends proclaim that child-bearing and child-rearing are the State's most intimate concern, they have a proposition which logically is sound to the core. If so, the State should pay for the service, and pay for it in some kind of rough proportion to its value. No one would minimize the affectional delights of parenthood, but yet it seems a niggardly policy for the State to capitalize them in order to get out of paying its debts for services rendered. Why should the State take a mercenary advantage of this little woman's delight in her talent for child-rearing, any more than my employers, for instance, take advantage of my pleasure in writing? Some inkling of this unfairness has been getting into a good many minds lately. Some nations, frightened into recognition of it by a falling birth-rate, have put a bounty on children. Our nation has here and there made a timid beginning, such as it is, with mother's pensions. But these are chiefly for poor widows with dependent children; hence the principle is obscured and nothing has got very far.

Probably one reason is because it is so hard to see how a compensation for motherhood should be paid. If all mothers were like this one, it would be a simple matter. The best way to compensate Turgenieff, Michael-Angelo, Beethoven, Edison, would be to hand over the money and think no more about it. Any attempt to direct their genius would be a hindrance and not help. All they need is to be let alone; and this is quite so too with this little mother. Her genius, interest, and devotion to her trade could be relied on to produce the best results, and give the State its money's worth in full of future citizenship.

II

But all mothers are not like this, any more than all writers are like Turgenieff. In fact, so far as my observation goes, first-class talent for motherhood is quite as rare and precious as first-class talent for writing. I am aware that in making this statement one steps on burning ground, yet I believe that if one counted up the number of people engaged in the trade of motherhood and the number engaged in the trade of writing, the proportion of genius would be found to run about the same in both. Nay more, I believe the proportion of those who are acceptably doing what we may call the journeyman-work of motherhood is no higher than of those who are accept-

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ably doing the journeyman-work of literature. These are they who in both trades are working conscientiously, with the affections deeply engaged, but more or less incompetently. Now, if the State contemplated paying writers, it certainly would, and perhaps should, take this fact into account. In the great majority of cases, it would have to administer the compensation in some less direct way in order to avoid doing more harm than good.

Just so with motherhood. The State imperatively needs a birth-rate. It must have citizens. Mothers bear and rear citizens; hence mothers should be paid for the service. So far, so good. But if the State is paying for citizens it should have something more than the mere raw material of citizenship. It may fairly ask for a certain average training and discipline; and this is precisely what the great majority of journeyman-mothers are unqualified to provide. It is only our turbid and mawkish sentiment about motherhood that prevents our seeing how unreasonable it is to expect this of them, — the sentiment that keeps us continually confusing a biological function with a social talent. Suppose all men could write: still we could all see the absurdity of supposing that more than one in a hundred million could write the *Annals of a Sportsman*, or one in ten thousand ever even be taught how to report a fire in a fashion to satisfy the most lenient city editor. But we do not see the equivalent absurdity of assuming that if every woman could be a mother (and probably the number of sterile women in the United States is no greater than that of illiterates), she would be *ipso facto* able to turn out an order or quality of work that presupposes either genius or considerable ability.[1]

[1] The mischief wrought by this confusion, whereby we cast a monstrous and crushing burden on incompetent women, is truly lamentable.

However, women unquestionably have what our friends the economists call a 'natural monopoly' of motherhood, and their work is, with negligible exceptions, about as good as they can make it. The most pathetic sight, I think, in a world which rather industriously specializes in pathetic sights, is the grim acquiescence of so many women in a lifetime of work for which they are not fit, and their heroic effort to make an inflexible conscientiousness do duty for the genius or the ability which they do not possess. There are compensations in this, too, as there always are in processes of discipline and abnegation. The work of these women, unsatisfactory as it may be, is better than we with our blundering social arrangements based on impossible sentimental expectations, ever deserve. But life enforces discipline enough even when we make it as easy for each other as we can; and there is no doubt that the State would secure a far better quality of citizenship if it offered terms that took more account of human happiness and did not virtually prescribe such a dreadful sacrifice of body and soul.

III

But again, how? Direct payment for motherhood, as we saw, is perhaps impracticable except in a few special cases. Well, then, why not attack the problem at the other end, by lightening the mother's labor? If we cannot see our way to give her more pay, we can give her less work. If we cannot furnish straw, we may at least cut down the tale of bricks to a minimum. The best compromise at present appears

Its outcome in New York City can be partly judged by a remarkable pamphlet called *The City where Crime is Play*, the report of a unique survey of juvenile life, made by the People's Institute. I wish all my readers would write to the Institute, 70 Fifth Ave., for a copy, — it is free, — and read it carefully. — THE AUTHOR.

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to be for the State to give opportunity whereby the mother may be relieved of labor and responsibility in child-rearing, as far as possible, and left free with a larger portion of her life to regulate and occupy as she sees fit. This does not settle the State's debt to her, but it goes so far toward it that the State would no doubt find her a complaisant and delighted creditor.

Proposals of this kind have been made by the socialists and are invariably met with a cry of distress over the 'institutional child' whose fate of being state-bred instead of parent-bred makes him as it were a monster unto many. I cannot see the logic of this; not because of any tenderness toward socialism, for I have none, but because of the fact, which those who talk in this way apparently overlook, that our children are state-bred to a great extent already. Probably the truth is that when we speak of the institutional or state-bred child we think at once of reformatories, almshouses, workhouses and the like. We do not think of public schools as State institutions. Yet that is precisely what they are; and every child who attends one is an institutional child. Our public-school system is the first effort by the State to afford the mother a partial measure of the very relief we are talking about. In establishing the public schools, the State had not perhaps full sight of this object; yet their establishment tended directly and powerfully toward it. Now, while the public-school system has come in for a great deal of criticism lately, one observes with interest that the complaint is always that it does not do enough, does not touch the child's life at enough points. We never hear complaint that the schools are usurping the function of the mother or 'undermining the home' — to borrow a phrase much used by our conservative friends. The public-school system has been greatly extended in our day: at one end by the kindergarten and at the other by vocational training, manual training, trade-schools, continuation schools, and so on. Every one thinks that the schools should go yet further. No one, so far as I know, thinks that they should be restricted or abolished, — as it seems one should think if one's concern about the institutional child were logical or even intelligent.

Well, then, why not resolutely extend the public-school system to its logical length? This would not only satisfy every one who complains of the system's present inefficiency, but would also incidentally be the largest practicable step the State can take toward readjusting its iniquitous business relations with the mothers who serve it. The school now represents only a certain limited type of activities, but the limitation is purely arbitrary. There is no natural reason why the school should not be a centre where all sorts of opportunities for intellectual, social, and industrial improvement are offered. On the contrary, it seems most natural and logical that the school should include all possible factors of education such as are now furnished separately by various types of municipal and commercial institutions — libraries, parks, playgrounds, model gardens, gymnasiums, theatres, moving pictures, auditoriums, trade-schools, business-schools, apprenticeships. It is natural, too, that such an opportunity-centre should be available all day and every day in the year. The limitation of a six-hour day and an eight-month year is purely arbitrary.

By this simple and strictly logical enlargement of our conception of the public school, we should get what amounts to a new type of municipal institution. One could say a great deal about the general value of such an institution as compared with our pre-

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sent schools, but we are concerned, for the purposes of this paper, only with its reactions upon motherhood. We can trace these best, possibly, by considering such a practical example as the public-school system of Gary, Indiana, the only one, so far as I am aware, in which this radical development has been carried out in practice. The fable conveys a salutary warning to well-meaning outsiders who 'in quarrels interpose'; nevertheless I must suggest to the feminists and socialists that, in consistently overlooking the Gary schools, they are losing some very fine campaign material.

Children are taken in the Gary schools at the age of six weeks, which is almost as soon as the mother can be about. The domestic-science classes need the babies to practice on, — if this phrase does not suggest vivisection or something of the kind. They get the advantage of the best equipment and the best care, and there are never half enough babies to go around. Gary could take care of half the babyhood of Indiana in its several schools. The limit of school age is lifetime. You can go to school as long as you live. That is to say, adults may and do use the schools as freely as children, and there are inducements for them to do so. The schools comprise every possible opportunity for industrial and cultural training, and moreover, they are social centres in a complete sense. Everything that happens in town is scheduled there. The parks, gymnasiums, libraries, public meetings, — everything, so far as I could see, except churches, is there; everything free and wide open from eight in the morning until ten-thirty at night, and all the year round.

It is impossible to go into details of management and administration. The object, in a word, is not to provide mere instruction, be it ever so diversified, but to provide a complete *life*, a superabundance of opportunity for every sort of good employment. The system depends on nothing but gravitation, the purely natural tendency which every one has to cleave to the better thing rather than the worse, when the two are put in free competition, to bring and hold children to these opportunities. And it works perfectly; just as any one with a true insight into human nature might know it would. There is no problem of truancy and no problem of juvenile leisure. Every moment of the day the school is in competition with the street and alley, the vacant lot, freight-yard, pool-room, and saloon; and it wins without effort.

Now, surely we can see at once the inevitable reaction of this upon all classes of mothers. Take first the born genius for motherhood whom we have been considering. Gravitation takes her children to the school a good deal of the time, — but it takes her there too. She enters the life of her children and lives it with them, sweetening and tempering it not only for them but for all other children with whom she is brought in contact; thus extending the scope of her genius beyond the limits of her own family in an effortless and natural way, with the aid of innumerable facilities which she could not otherwise have; and thereby enhancing the value of her service to the State.

Then the journeyman-mother, she of the vast and pitiful majority whose natural affection is sound but whose ability is slight and weak, she too is interested, but only by her affectional side. She may relinquish as much initiative and executive responsibility as she chooses, and be free to devote herself to her children with that portion of her nature only which is profitable for them. Then the unnatural mother (though why, why in the name of reason and justice do we call her *unnatural?* Is it unnatural that women,

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poor souls! any more than men, should not all like the same kind of work?), the mother to whom children are an accident, a nuisance, or a calamity, may be relieved from a crushing burden and her offspring kept from the profound misfortune of her rearing. The depraved and vicious mother may have her influence as far as possible counteracted, and her opportunities for harm sharply limited. The poverty-stricken or over-weighted mother may go about her toil with a lighter heart, conscious that her children are having a better chance than she could ever give them. Then, finally, the feminist mother, who wants economic independence and a larger place on the social or political stage, may go about her enterprise cheered by the agreeable thought that the State, which has been so long the unimpressionable and stodgy object of her spirited attentions, at last is measurably 'squaring' her and enabling her children 'to live their own lives' as largely and profitably, perhaps, as she is living hers.

IV

And what, finally, is the reaction on the home? I could answer that question better if I knew what it means in the mind of those who ask it. When people speak of the home as though the term were one of precision and definiteness, like speaking of St. Paul's Cathedral or the House of Representatives, I confess that I cannot follow them. When they declare that this or that 'menaces the home' or 'disrupts the home,' I can only reply, 'Possibly; — but first tell me what you mean by the *home*, and then I will tell you what I think.' If home is a place, it is practically non-existent in a nation of migrants like ourselves. Few Americans have ever had the fortune to

Naître, vivre et mourir dans la même maison,

or are even sensible of the nostalgic charm pervading this profound and admirable verse of Sainte-Beuve. If home means a house, I point to the millions of Eastern desert-wanderers who have never heard of a house. If it means a household, a group of people whom choice in marriage plus the accident of birth has segregated, I call attention to two things. First, that the household was never organized with reference to children and is now less so than ever. It is organized with reference to adults. There is relatively little opportunity, little doing, for children in the household. This is inevitable and cannot be changed. Second, that we should carefully distinguish between the economic and sentimental reasons for the solidarity of the household.

Formerly, when the household was a self-dependent economic unit, these reasons were in a sense interrelated. Well within the memory of men now living, all the washing, cooking, baking, butchering, canning, preserving, gardening, tailoring, haircutting, carpet-weaving, dyeing, candle-making, soap-boiling, and so on through the long subsidiary list of 'chores,' — all were done in the household. There was an immense unifying and cementing power in this. Members of a family got at and knew each other by that noblest side of character that expresses itself in coöperative work. They learned compromise, adjustment, self-surrender; and their love for those from whom and with whom they learned could not help increasing. This school was an unmercifully hard one, but it carried incentives to mutual affection and esteem as great as the Nertchinsk mines or Libby Prison carried for their graduates, or as any hard, unyielding situation carries for those who make common cause against it. And here probably, we have the one drop of truth in all the ocean of ver-

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biage which, from Payne's song down to last night's anti-suffrage speech, has weltered round the name of home.

But when the economic character of the household changed, these cementing and unifying influences disappeared. Regret them as we may, they are gone. No power can restore them. No power can reproduce the precise sentiment which grew from them. Two graduates of Libby Prison will always feel a deep and peculiar regard for each other, but they cannot bequeath that regard to their sons and still less to their grandsons. At the present time we have the possibility (and of course in most cases, the fact) of a distinct affectional life obtaining between members of a household. But where affection obtains, it must now obtain *per se*. It is no longer sustained and shaped by the household's economic circumstances, since the household is no longer an economic unit.

If I were asked therefore whether or not the State is likely to 'disrupt the home' by pushing its public-school system to the limit of logical development, I should be very sure, sure as one can be of any matter which one judges before the fact, that it would not. A household pervaded by a disinterested affectional life lived and enjoyed for its own sake, — well, nothing can disrupt that — it is bomb-proof; and any situation short of that will be cleared and improved, it seems to me, by encouraging the children to cultivate outside the home such measure of affectional life as they cannot, for whatever reason, cultivate at home. Loving unlovely people and unlovely things is up-hill work, too much for the initial practice of a child's tender fibre, and he should not have it to do. It is work for the mature and toughened moral sinew. And really, it is not important that a child should love this particular person or that; the important thing is that he should learn to *love*. And he will learn this best where his opportunities are best: best of all from the genius for motherhood, and next best from the journeyman-mother whose responsibility is permitted to end with imparting that lesson, as the only one she is in any degree qualified to teach. From any other order of parenthood it is unlikely that he will learn much about the great power and philosophy of love. Better by far that his affectional life should develop among the contacts and incentives to disinterested sentimental attachments, which he would find abounding in the new type of public school.

Experience shows how wise it is to leave the settlement of all this kind of thing which we adults find so knotty and debatable, to the instinct of the children themselves. *Of such is the kingdom of heaven*, — free to move in the midst of opportunity, they will always go where it is best for them to be. This is their divine, inerrant wisdom, so uncomprehended of our logic-worn souls. The children of the genius or the journeyman-mother will spend much time at home, almost as much perhaps as at the school, — enough, at any rate, to get its unadulterated advantages. Children in the other categories (*pace* the feminist mother for cavalierly lumping her off with the unnatural and vicious,— it is by way of logic not of insult) will perhaps go home no more than to eat and sleep. If so, so best: best for them, and for the household whose organization virtually excludes them.

Every consideration of self-interest seems to point to the complete development of the public-school system; and in its development the State would find itself for the first time approximating fair play with the army of motherhood which is giving it an indispensable and at present wholly unrequited service.

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THE PLEASURES OF AN ABSENTEE LANDLORD

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

In the troubled history of Ireland the villain was the Absentee Landlord. Nothing good was ever said of him. He was a parasite for whom no apology could be made. The sum of his iniquities was that he enjoyed property without assuming any of the responsibilities that belonged to it.

In England he might be an excellent member of society, conscious of the duties of a citizen and neighbor. But his occasional visits to his estates across St. George's Channel were not even for the purpose of collecting his rents — that he left to his agents. With some careless companions he would spend a rollicking fortnight or two among his tenantry, receive their 'God bless you's,' for nothing at all, and then return to the serious business of life.

All this was very reprehensible, and justifies the reproaches which have been visited on absentee landlordism. The pleasures of the absentee landlord were wicked pleasures, because they were gained at the expense of others. But this is not to deny that they were real pleasures. Property plus responsibility is a serious matter. Irresponsible ownership is a rose without a thorn. If we can come by it honestly and without any detriment to others, we are to be congratulated.

The most innocent form in which this unmoral pleasure can be enjoyed is in the ownership of an abandoned farm. Of course one must satisfy his social conscience by making sure that the agricultural derelict was abandoned for good cause, and that the former owner bettered his condition by moving away. In the mountain regions of New England it is not difficult to find such places. At the gate of the hill farm the genuine farmer stands aside and says to the summer resident, 'After you.'

To one who possesses a bit of such land, the charm lies in the sense of irresponsibility. One can without compunction do what he will with his own, with the comfortable assurance that no one could do much better. This is particularly consoling when one proposes to do nothing but let it alone.

When as an absentee landlord I run up to my ragged, unkempt acres on a New Hampshire hilltop, I love to read the book of Proverbs with their insistence on sleepless industry.

'I went by the field of the slothful . . . and lo! it was all grown over with thorns; and nettles had covered the face thereof and the stone wall thereof was broken down.'

What a perfect description of my estate!

'Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction . . .'

The sluggard saith, 'Yet a little sleep and a little slumber, a little folding of the hands in sleep. So shall poverty come as one that travelleth.'

I say, How true! If I had to make my living by farming, these words would stir me to agricultural effort. But as it is, they have a soothing sound. If my

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neighbor does n't like the wild blackberries, that is his misery, not mine. I prefer the picturesque, broken-down wall to his spick-and-span one.

If he asks why, I will not reason with him; for does not the proverb say, 'The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.'

That is the way I feel. I propose for several weeks in the year to be a sluggard with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto.

'The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold, therefore in harvest he shall have nothing.'

My experience confirms this. But then I did not expect to have anything.

'By much slothfulness the building decayeth.'

This also I observe, not without a certain measure of quiet satisfaction. The house is not what it used to be. How much less stiff and formal everything is under the mellowing influence of time. Nature corrects our tendency to deal too exclusively in straight lines. What an improvement has come with that slight sag in the roof. How much more lovable the shingles are than in their self-assertive youth. What an artist the weather is in the matter of staining. It is an Old Master retouching the work of the village painter. Nature is toning down the mistakes of man. A little sleep and a little slumber, and the house will cease to be a blot on the landscape.

I should not like to feel that way all the year, for I am a great believer in the industrial virtues when they keep their place. When I observe people who feel that way all the time, I feel like remonstrating with them. When I observe people who never feel that way, I do not remonstrate with them — it would do no good. But I like now and then to escape from their company.

II

All this leads naturally, I hope, to the consideration of the question which I should like to present to the open-minded reader — namely, the use of history for a person who does not aspire to be a professional historian.

A recent congress of historians was congratulated on the progress that had been made 'since history ceased to be a pleasant branch of literature and had become the work of eager and conscientious specialists.'

Over the painstaking work of these scientific specialists we may rejoice just as we rejoice over the advance in intensive agriculture. And yet I should be sorry to think that history as a pleasant branch of literature is to be altogether prohibited in the interest of intellectual industrialism.

I suppose the eager specialists would not approve of Thomas Fuller's account of the way in which he approached History.

'We read of King Ahasuerus that, having his head troubled with much business and finding himself so indisposed that he could not sleep, he caused the records to be brought in to him, hoping thereby to deceive the tediousness of the time, and that the pleasant passages in the Chronicles would either invite slumber or enable him to endure waking with less molestation. We live in a troublesome and tumultuous age, and he needs to have a soft bed who can sleep soundly nowadays amidst so much loud noise and many impetuous rumors. Wherefore it seemeth to me both a safe and cheap receipt to procure quiet and repose to the mind which complains of want of rest, to prescribe the reading of History. Great is the pleasure and the profit thereof.'

Let not this Ahasuerus theory of History offend the scientific historian.

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There is no more real conflict than there is between the scientific farmer and the city worker who finds his recreation in an abandoned farm.

Conduct, said Matthew Arnold more than once, is three fourths of life. Let us be in a generous mood and not haggle over fractions. Let us say that conduct is nine tenths of life; the other tenth consists in having a good time. In like manner, let us admit that nine tenths of history is a serious study; the other tenth is pure recreation. Then let us follow the example of the old-time clergyman and not allow ourselves to be cheated out of our tithe.

Our work-a-day life is lived among our contemporaries. All our actions are consciously related to them, — unless one happens to be a very young author who is writing a masterpiece for the admiration of Posterity. Now, among our contemporaries, matters are so arranged that one thing always leads to another thing. Not only every act but every thought involves responsibility, and our contemporaries are always reminding us of these relations.

If you manifest an interest in a philanthropic movement, the next thing that happens is that some one presents you with a subscription paper. You are expected to 'make good.'

That phrase is disconcerting. It indicates that nothing stands alone. We are involved in an endless chain. A good word is not its own excuse for being. It is a promise to pay, and it is possible that when it comes due we may not be prepared to meet our obligations.

After a while we are in danger of becoming Malthusians. It seems as if the population of duties increased faster than the means of moral subsistence. It is all very well to say, 'Look out and not in.' But when we do so we must expect to hear the next admonition, 'Lend a hand.' When both hands are full, looking out ceases to be a pleasure.

It is in the attempt at self-protection that the danger to our intellectual and emotional spontaneity comes. The man who finds it increasingly difficult to make both ends meet, morally speaking, begins to economize in his thinking and feeling. He does not wish to make the acquaintance of new thoughts that might involve new expenditures. He will not intrude himself on ideals that are above his station in life.

In the hand-to-mouth struggle for existence he cuts off all luxuries and develops a standardized intelligence. This makes him safe but uninteresting. That does not matter to him, so long as he is young, for then he is at least interesting to himself. But after a time even that solace fails him. His state is that indicated in the familiar reports of the stock market, — 'Narrow, Dull and Firm.'

III

When one is in danger of falling into such a habit of mind, it needs no skilled physician to advise a complete change. Geographical change is not sufficient, for the traveler is likely to carry his sense of responsibility with him. What he needs is to get away from his contemporaries, so that he can exercise freely faculties which he has seldom used. In his own generation he cannot avoid responsibility for 'doing something' about everything he sees to be true. Let him then for his soul's health get now and then into a period of time where there is nothing for him to do but to see what is going on. He can thus entertain ideas with a carefree mind.

Several years ago I was pleased to see a proposal of a minister in a Pennsylvania valley for utilizing the rotation of the earth for reducing the cost

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of travel. His notion of the law of gravitation seemed more simple than that of most men of science in these days. His idea seemed to be that a few miles above the earth it is a negligible factor, and that rising in a balloon one could be at rest while the globe whirled round beneath him. All the traveler had to do was to adopt a policy of watchful waiting. When Pekin or Samarcand came into view, he would descend and make himself at home.

In travel through space there may be an objection to this plan on the score of practicability. But it expresses precisely the way in which we may make excursions into the past. All we have to do is to detach ourselves from the present, and there we are. We may drop down into any century which attracts our attention. We find interesting people who are doing interesting things. We may listen to their talk and share their enthusiasms.

In order to get the full measure of enjoyment, we should have acquaintances at various places with whom we are on visiting terms, or, better still, have a little place of our own to which we can retire. A person who is living all the time in the twentieth century cannot get on sympathetic terms with bandits and bigots and other interesting characters whom he would like to know. Either he disapproves of them or they disapprove of him. But when we drop into a past generation, such things do not matter.

I remember how in the Excelsior Society we used to debate the question, 'Was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots justifiable?' Sometimes we thought it was, and sometimes we thought it was n't. We changed sides in the most shameless fashion. We knew that she had been executed long ago, and that no mistakes which we might make would do any harm.

And there was the question, 'Was the career of Napoleon Bonaparte beneficial to Europe?' I reveled in the contradictory facts that we could discover. Nothing Napoleonic was alien to us of the Excelsior Society. It gave us something to talk about. But had I been living in France in the time of Napoleon, I should not have had these fine and stimulating pleasures. There would have been only one side to this interesting question. To argue that the career of Napoleon Bonaparte was not beneficial to Europe would not have been beneficial to me.

The pleasures of the absentee landlord are those to which the ordinary historian is often indifferent. He is like the man with the megaphone in the 'Seeing New York' motor bus. He tells us what we ought to see, and keeps moving. He is interested in the sequence of events. Now, we may find much more pleasure in getting acquainted with people whom we meet in their own homes. In such a case it is better to get off the bus and find our own way about.

Indeed a history may be so written as not to take us away from our own time at all. It may be simply the projection of familiar contemporary ideas upon the past.

I have a book published in the early didactic period of the nineteenth century which illustrates a certain way of imparting historical information. It was written with the laudable intention of making history interesting to people who did n't want to venture into the Unfamiliar. The author thought that if the patriarchs were conceived of as New England selectmen, their lives could be made as interesting as if they were New England selectmen. And I am not sure but that he succeeded. The book is divided into two parts: a conversation with Adam covering the space of 930 years, and an interview with Noah giving an account

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of the Deluge and the other events with which he was familiar. They are represented as nice old gentlemen rather formal in their language and strictly orthodox in their opinions. Adam speaks hopefully of Methuselah, who, he says, 'must be now about fifty-seven years old and is a discreet and well-principled youth.' He was very much disturbed over the radical views of the Tubal-Cains. There is nothing in the book that would indicate that either Adam or Noah had been out of Connecticut.

IV

A similar criticism may be made in regard to many historical monographs. Some particular thing with which we are perhaps too well acquainted is treated historically. It is shown to be the same in all ages. This may be perfectly true, but it does not serve to transport us into the realms of gold. That is the way I felt about *The History of Influenza*, which I have not read thoroughly. The author, it is needless to say, was a physician, who, instead of giving an account of the influenzas he had known, treated his subject historically. After one has followed influenza from the Greeks and Romans, through the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, and the Protestant Reformation, human history seems one prolonged sneeze.

The same effect is produced on my mind when a historian, starting with a modern political or economic theory, attempts to explain everything that has happened in past ages by his formula. I may be interested in the facts which he chooses to illustrate his thesis; but I cannot help thinking of the facts which he leaves out because they do not fit into his scheme. They were very much alive once. My heart yearns for these non-elect infants.

When one turns from the inevitable sequences and fore-ordained uniformities of the historian with one idea, to the experience of a single day, there is a sense of intellectual confusion and of emotional exhilaration. All sorts of things are happening at the same time. We are dealing with

> Reckoning time whose million'd accidents
> Creep in 'twixt vows to change decrees of kings,
> Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
> Divert strong minds to the course of alt'ring things.

In ordinary life we have to shut our eyes to these millioned accidents lest we be distracted from our proper work. We have to simplify the universe to an absurd degree. We cannot indulge in the Shakespearean hospitality of thought, and we warn off irrelevant ideas with the notice, 'No admission except on business.'

We are like passengers on a street car when the car collides with a butcher's cart. They resent having to put their names in a little book in order to be haled into court as witnesses. It was not their butcher's cart.

But in our excursions into the past there is no necessity for such economy of attention. We are in holiday mood and are resolved to do no manner of work. Having no axe to grind and no appointments to keep, we can indulge our idle curiosity. We mingle freely with the crowd, ready to see whatever is going on. And we are willing to see it as the crowd sees it, and not as the responsible tax-payer allows himself to scrutinize current events, anxious to know who is to pay for the damage. In order to get into sympathetic relations with men of another generation we must share their prejudices and their ignorance of what is to happen next. Only thus do we live their lives.

Suppose you were to meet Columbus on his return from his second voyage, and were to say, 'Admiral, I am proud to meet the discoverer of America.'

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This would be a tactless way of beginning the conversation. He would reply stiffly, 'Sir, you have the advantage of me.'

It would be a mean advantage to take of a simple-minded sailor. You know what he has discovered, and he does n't. Your mind is full of the Pilgrim Fathers and George Washington and the Louisiana Purchase and the Monroe Doctrine and all sorts of matters which were alien to his intention. You relate his voyage to posthumous history in which he had no interest, while you refuse to enter into his enthusiasms about the Crusades and the Holy Sepulchre and the marvelous shores of Cipango. Nor would you be able to share his disappointment at not being able to deliver in person his letter of introduction to the Grand Khan.

If you wish to become acquainted with John Calvin it would be a mistake to take for granted that he was a Calvinist, for the chances are that the only Calvinists with whom you are acquainted are of Scotch or Scotch-Irish extraction. Their national traits obscure the figure of the youthful French jurist who, while he was still in his twenties, published a radical book called *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*.

Take up the book as it comes fresh from the press. You learn what you can about him. They say he was a very precocious lad, and in his thirteenth year got an appointment as chaplain to a bishop. But by the time he was twenty he had become skeptical, had entered the profession of law, and had made a reputation among jurists. A little later he distinguished himself by publishing a commentary on Seneca. Now he has turned to religious subjects. It's a way these clever young fellows have. They advance revolutionary opinions of their own at a time when they should be listening to their elders.

If you are an Englishman of the moderate school you will find the young man's way of putting things is quite 'frenchy.' These Frenchmen are brilliant but not safe; they have a way of carrying their arguments to logical conclusions which it may not be expedient for us to reach.

If you can read Calvin's *Institutes* with some thrill of fear lest you be carried away by dangerous novelties, it is a sign that you have dropped into the year 1536.

Our pleasure in observing the changing fashions of our own day is marred by the feeling that we are in some degree responsible for them. If they are absurd we cannot smile genially upon them for fear that this should be interpreted as approval. On the other hand, if we criticize the latest fashion in dress or in thought it only proves that we are not so young as we once were. It is a a great relief to get where we may be spectators of the comedy.

When I go to an exhibition of pictures which purports to be the last word of the new art, I am not free in my judgment. I am told that the artist is not portraying any outward scene, but is only painting the state of his own mind. I hasten away for fear that my mind may get into that state also. It is an ignoble fear of contagion.

Then I take up the *Sentimental Magazine* for 1773–74. The editor feels that pure sentimentality is to be the final thing in literature. It must have an organ of its own. He guarantees that every number of the new magazine will force the tears of sensibility from the reader's eyes.

I have no responsibility for this literary force-pump. I only want to see how it works. If, after sufficient priming, the tears of sensibility come, it will be well. If they do not come, I shall feel

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no self-reproach. At least I shall enjoy thinking of the tears which other people have shed over these pages. I do not have to keep up with the fashion in sentimentality.

V

To one who lives among his contemporaries all the time there is something irritating in the perpetual opposition of special interest to moral progress. The monotonous answer to every appeal for relief from an ancient wrong is that the agitation is 'bad for business.' Now, it is evident that no change is ever possible without disturbing somebody's business.

I find satisfaction in dropping into the year 1675 and taking up a little pamphlet, *The Discovery of Witches*, by Mathew Hopkins, witch-finder, for the benefit of the whole kingdom. I can read Mathew Hopkins's plea for the restoration of his business without any irritation. I can really get his point of view. Mathew Hopkins was not a fanatic or a theorist. He was a business-like person who had taken up the trade of witch-finding as another man might be a plumber. He was not an extremist. He utterly denied that the confession of a witch was of any validity, if it was drawn from her by torture or violence. It is the practical side of witchcraft that interests him. When he took up the business of witch-finding it was on a sound basis and offered a living for an industrious and frugal practitioner. But now the business is in a bad way. Whatever people may think, there is no money in it.

How pathetic is the statement of present-day conditions. Mr. Hopkins 'demands but twenty shillings a town, and doth sometimes ride twenty miles for that, and hath no more for his charges thither and back again (and it may be stayes a weeke there) and finds there three or four witches, or it may be but one. Cheap enough! And this is the greate sum he takes to maintain his companie, with three horses!'

That touch of honest sarcasm makes me understand Mathew Hopkins. He is so sure that something is wrong, and so impervious to any considerations not connected with shillings and pence. That the business depression was connected with a great intellectual revolution did not occur to him. How pale all rationalistic arguments must have seemed to a man with three horses eating their heads off in his stables!

That which gives the sense of reality to our daily living is the multitude of little events which make up the day. We are not absorbed in the contemplation of one great public event. There are chance acquaintances, casual happenings, changing points of view. We meet people who know people whom we have known. If the meeting-place be far from home we are agreeably surprised, and greet one another as if we had been long-lost friends. We compare our impressions and indulge in reminiscences. We perhaps indulge in a little myth-making. As we recall half-forgotten incidents they assume an endearing familiarity. Most of our conversation consists of the comparisons of one half view with another half view.

The sense of really living in another age comes in the same homely way. A chance allusion does more than a labored description. We must begin with 'small talk' before we can feel at home. The volumes of the Nicene, Ante-Nicene, and Post-Nicene Fathers are not attractive reading to one who looks at them in the mass. But if you are fortunate enough to stumble upon a letter written by St. Basil the Great to his friend Antipater, the Governor of Cappadocia, you will at once feel that a Church father, even though a

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saint, is quite human. Basil is writing, not about heresies but about pickled cabbage, which his friend Antipater had recommended for its health-giving qualities. He has heretofore been prejudiced against it as a vulgar vegetable, but now that it has worked such wonders with his friend he will esteem it equal to the ambrosia of the gods — whatever that may be. This is an excellent introduction to St. Basil. Starting the conversation with pickled cabbage, we can easily lead up to more serious subjects.

If it happens that we can make any little discovery of our own and find it confirmed by somebody in a previous generation, it puts us at our ease and forms a natural means of approach. It is always wise to provide for such introductions to strangers. Thus, though I am not a smoker I like to carry matches in my pocket. One is always liable to be accosted on the street by some one in need of a light. To be able to give a match is a great luxury. It forms the basis for a momentary friendship.

One is often able to have that same feeling toward some one who would otherwise be a mere historical personage. My acquaintance with Lord Chesterfield came about in that way. Several years ago I wrote an essay for the *Atlantic Monthly* on 'The Hundred Worst Books.' For a place in the list I selected a book in my library entitled *Poems on Several Occasions*, published in 1749, by one Jones, a poet whose name was unknown to me till I perused his verse. The pages were so fresh that I cherished the belief that I was the only reader in a century and a half. I had the pride of possession in Jones.

It was some time after that I came across, in Walpole's letters, an allusion to my esteemed poet. It seems that Colley Cibber, when he thought he was dying, wrote to the Prime Minister 'recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel. Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him.'

I was never more astonished in my life than when I visualized the situation, and saw my friend Jones 'the bearer' of a demand for the reversion to the laureateship.

It seemed that Walpole was equally surprised, and when he next met Lord Chesterfield the eager question was, Who is Jones, and why should he be recommended for the position of poet laureate? Lord Chesterfield answered, 'A better poet would not take the post and a worse ought not to have it.' It appears that Jones was an Irish bricklayer and had made it his custom to work a certain number of hours according to an undeviating rule. He would lay a layer of brick and then compose a line of poetry, and so on till his day's task was over. This accounts for the marvelous evenness of his verse.

This was but a small discovery but it gave a real pleasure, for should I meet my Lord Chesterfield he and I would at once have a common interest. We both had discovered Jones, and quite independently.

VI

Let no one think that these little irresponsible excursions into the past are recommended as a substitute for the painstaking and systematic work of the historian. They are not. But they have a value of their own, and may possibly induce a state of mind that is salutary. For there are times when the historian gets beyond his depth and finds it impossible to reduce his material to an orderly and consistent narrative. The best historian is sometimes in the plight of the author of the *Book of Mormon*, when he tried to disentangle the history of his vague tribes. For page after page he pursues his theme,

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but it becomes more and more complicated.

'Now there were many records kept of the proceedings of this people, by many of this people which are particular and very large concerning them. But behold a hundredth part of the proceedings of this people, yea the account of the Lamanites and of the Nephites and their wars and contentions and dissensions and their preaching, and their prophecies and their building of ships and building of temples and synagogues, and their sanctuaries and their righteousness and their wickedness and their robbings and plunderings and all manner of abominations, cannot be contained in this work. But behold there are many books, and many records of every kind, *and they have been chiefly kept by the Nephites.*'

There you have the real difficulty in writing a history of the Lamanites. There may be plenty of material, but so long as it was collected by the Nephites it is impossible to get the Lamanitist point of view. For myself I confess that I could spare the generalized accounts of these tribal wars, if I could come in contact with a single Lamanite, even of low degree, and find out what he was thinking about. A personal acquaintance with a particular individual would make 'the proceedings of this people' seem more real.

The civil wars of England seem real to us because we can become acquainted with the people who fought one another. We see the feud between Puritan and Cavalier at its beginnings, and can watch its growth. Even in the time of Queen Bess we see that all is not affection. We enter a church and hear the preacher allude to the Queen as 'that untamed heifer.' As we go out we say, 'That will make trouble.' And so it did. Not very long after, we hear a Presbyterian zealot, when he is asked if certain great persons are not pillars of the church, reply, 'Yes, caterpillars.' That is not the kind of answer that turneth away wrath. It is the multiplication of exasperating speeches and actions which at last brings the parties to blows. There are things which cannot be arbitrated, chiefly because there are so many of them.

When we take up the book of Judges and read of heroes like Samson and Gideon, we seem to be peering into dim far-away times. But there is a short story that welcomes us into the domestic life of the day. It begins at the beginning, or rather in the midst, of a family misunderstanding. 'There was a man of Mount Ephraim, whose name was Micah. And he said unto his mother, The eleven hundred shekels of silver . . . about which thou cursedst and spakest of also in mine ears, behold, the silver is with me, I took it. And his mother said, Blessed be thou of the Lord, my Son.' The mother in her first excitement felt that she had wholly dedicated the eleven hundred shekels unto the Lord for a graven image and a molten image. But no comment is made on the fact that she actually took two hundred shekels of the restored silver and gave them to the founder who made thereof a graven image and a molten image, which were perfectly satisfactory. Somehow that bit of thrift opens the way to a pleasant acquaintance with the good man of Mount Ephraim. We are interested in the family economics. When, a while after, he is able to set up a private chaplain, we rejoice. A young Levite from Beth-lehem-judah passes by and Micah bargains with him.

'And Micah said unto him, whence comest thou? And he said unto him, I am a Levite of Beth-lehem-judah and I go to sojourn where I may find a place. And Micah said unto him, Dwell with me and be unto me a father

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and a priest, and I will give thee ten shekels of silver by the year and a suit of apparel and thy victuals.'

We feel sure that the ten shekels were a part of the saving of nine hundred shekels, owing to the unexpected reduction in graven images and molten images. We rejoice with Micah when he exclaims, 'Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to my priest.' And we share his indignation when the children of Dan tempt the Levite by a call to a larger sphere of usefulness, and he takes with him the precious images.

'The children of Dan said unto Micah, What aileth thee?

'And he said, Ye have taken away my gods, which I made, and the priest, and ye are gone away: and what have I more. And what is this that ye say unto me, What aileth thee?'

'And the children of Dan said unto him. Let not thy voice be heard among us lest angry fellows run upon thee and thou lose thy life with the lives of thy household. And the children of Dan went their way, and when Micah saw that they were too strong for him he turned and went back unto his own house.'

Micah was not a great person at all. He was only an average man. But he can be vividly realized. In the dim ages before there was a king in Israel there was a great deal of human nature there. It is a pleasure to drop into the house in the hill country of Ephraim and talk about ephods and teraphim, and the price of graven images, and the salary of young Levites, and the iniquities of the children of Dan. When our interest in these topics of conversation is exhausted we can come back at once to the current events of the twentieth century.

After all, the test of a vacation is the renewed zest with which we take up our work on our return. The person who lives among his contemporaries all the time has no idea what interesting people they are. They appear even romantic when one returns to them from a short trip abroad. There is a moment before we begin again to do things, when we have leisure to see things.

Of course we must take up our responsibilities again. Our serious business with our contemporaries is to improve their conditions, their morals, and their manners. We do not have too much time for this work. But before we begin again the attempt to make them what they ought to be, we may enjoy the moment when we have enough freshness of vision to see them as they are.

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VICTORIAN HYPOCRISY

BY ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN

I

FROM 1837 to 1901, as we all know, a woman was the Queen of England. From 1837 to 1901, all good English and American magazines, newspapers, and novels, were edited with the idea of pleasing women, of being suitable to the home, and of meeting the eyes of young persons without doing harm. Conversation, likewise, for all decent people, was guarded, and cultivated adults did not talk even among themselves in a way unsuitable for the ears of young people. Of course men, among themselves, were never so careful; nevertheless the conversation of a group of English or American gentlemen during most of that period was such as Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards dubbed 'hypocritical.'

Suddenly this has changed.

What caused this prevailing tone of protection and solicitude through those sixty years and more? Was it hypocrisy? And what was its consequence? Did it have any effect upon actual behavior? Did it benefit in any way the three generations which submitted to it, and shall we lose anything by this startling change which has rapidly come over magazine, newspaper, novel, and conversation since Queen Victoria died?

Definitely in America, since about 1898, when the Lexow Vice Committee's activities were openly reported in the New York newspapers, youth has been increasingly treated as a negligible portion of the reading public, the home has ceased to be protected by editors, and women are supposed to read whatever men read. That young girl's witticism, 'These are books I would not let my mother read,' had been perpetrated already in the late nineties. Parents must now contrive and enforce a new procedure to protect youth if it is to be kept fresh and sound-hearted. Publishers' etiquette and even drawing-room etiquette have ceased to help, — for woman has suddenly been taken out of the category of the sheltered, and youth, which shared her cloister, is overlooked.

By a curious irony the commanding word 'Victorian' has come to connote flabby and futile, prudish and trite, grandmotherly and sentimental. 'Victorian, in sooth! What stuff is this of which to make victors!' The epoch has been divided into hopelessly uninteresting periods — Early-Victorian, Middle-Victorian, and Later-Victorian: the first, the sentimental period; the second, the trite period; and the third, the futile period. This view of the nineteenth century was pronounced in the late nineties by it-matters-not-whom. It was hailed with delight and gayly reëchoed back and forth among the prevalent writers and talkers of the day. A wasted century, grown old along with the frumpy Queen who dominated it, seemed to them much miscalled by that ludicrously sentimental name, dotingly chosen for her at her coronation.

This is one view. Here is another. This talking of a whole era as if its men

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were cast in one mould like dolls from a factory is easy but inaccurate. For of course we all know that, by Galton's law of natural production, there are at each epoch (that is to say, in any given year) five groups among sincere, highly developed persons, in each of which great men may appear.

Group A is very small: it comprises the seers, who see ahead, and around, above, below; always they are two generations ahead of their own time; they arouse the youth who are to be the A's and B's of the next generation. Group B is the numerous advance guard, the van, not actually ahead, but seeming a little in advance; its members spread the ideas of the seers who aroused their own youth, and invent, for the fulfillment of those good tidings, new customs that embody them. Group C is the great mass of earnest pilgrims, — the many who keep fully abreast of the times; their foremost ranks are indistinguishable from the van, but they follow, in general, ideas inspired by the great ones of their fathers' youth and customs crystallized by their own fathers. Somewhat they are all touched and swayed by the van of their own time. Not infrequently they even struggle in a rush of enthusiasm to keep up with it. On the whole, however, they incline to seek to teach to their children by rote whatever they learned, and their hindermost members are indistinguishable from members of the next group, D, the numerous reluctants, who are always a little behind; these are moved mostly by the ideals of their great-grandfathers, and would cling if they could to the customs set by their grandfathers: that is, they have taken implicitly what was taught them by rote in their youth, and have been untouched by the great ones of their own youth. Last comes Group E, the stragglers and adventurers who are frankly without inspiration for a pilgrimage, but are in it for what they can get out of it; they call the enthusiasm of the others 'hypocrisy and cant.'

Besides all these sincere persons, of course, there is another body, not really on pilgrimage at all. These are they (who shall say how many?) who are moved simply by a weak desire to make life easy for themselves. They conform outwardly, so far as need be, for comfort and a quiet life; and the rest of the time they simply follow their primitive selfish impulses. These are the real hypocrites, though they, also, call all enthusiasts hypocrites. They are definitely more often moved by jealousy than by admiration, by suspicion than by faith.

Furthermore, in addition to all these persons who are measurably on a par in development, there are irregular companies innumerable. Even in the most forward communities of the most forward nations you always find individuals and groups who reproduce in actual personal development the men of any previous evolutional era you may be looking for: cave-men, tent-dwellers, Romans, mediæval barbarians, children of the Renaissance, gentlemen of the eighteenth century, all dwelling in New York, all using electric lights, and wearing tan shoes, and speaking some part of the English language. They dwell in one spot in the three dimensions of space, but in the fourth dimension of time, there, where the pilgrims are marching, these groups and individuals are so far apart as to be often out of sight of each other.

Frequently even one and the same man (less frequently a woman) is in different eras in different aspects, and seldom are whole families all in the same evolutional group. Curiously too, among people belonging actually in racial development all to the same evolutional era, you will find one and

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another who have stopped in personal development, wholly or in some portion, at five years old — at eleven — at seventeen — or at thirty, and so forth. Few indeed go on developing a year's worth for every year they live; hence, at seventy, few have gained seventy years of experience and growth.

These people often appear to be really in different evolutional eras, because in a sketchy sort of way the development of the individual follows the development of the race. So it happens that frequently when a man does not live up to the mass-standards and calls them hypocritical, he belongs really to an earlier age, or has not yet grown up.

Therefore it is clear that when we talk of the 'present generation' we generally mean a comparatively small fraction of the whole nation. We mean either the van or the main body (or both taken together) of the dominant minds, the sincere, highly developed people who voice their ideas and form public opinions and conduct.

Now, in any given year, the present generation which dominates it has already passed its thirtieth birthday. Thus, though a new generation is born every thirty years, each generation lives sixty years at the very least, and no generation begins to dominate before itself is thirty years old and the next generation has begun to be born.

When Victoria, a girl of eighteen, came to the throne, the 'present generation' was the Early-Victorian, born about 1780. Her own generation, the Mid-Victorian, was born about 1810. The next, the Late-Victorian, began (with her own children) about 1840, and the next, the Post-Victorian, now the present generation, saw the world first about 1870, let us say.

A generation's ideas and customs, its dreams and achievements, thoughts and fulfillments, lie recorded in its best literature, where the few great ones and their lesser voiceful brothers have said their say. These, in the Victorian age, were poets, novelists, and essayists. Taking one of each sort for each generation we may fairly choose for the Early-Victorians, Wordsworth, Scott, and Hazlitt; for the Mid-Victorians, Tennyson, Dickens, and Carlyle; for the Late-Victorians, Browning, George Eliot, and Huxley; and for the Post-Victorians, perhaps Masefield, Wells, and Shaw. (Not the much greater Kipling, because he is a young Late-Victorian, a 'lap-over' — born in 1865 at the very end of his own generation, but really too early to be Post-Victorian.)

In order to understand the epoch from its youth up, we must include one more generation, the Pre-Victorian, which formed the youth of the Early-Victorian. This is perhaps the most influential of all the five. And here we cannot take prose-writers, for the novel and the essay were still toddling, and earnest men still used poetry to speak their burning thoughts. Goethe, Byron, and Shelley, these were the men who gave greatest impetus to the Victorian era.

Byron roused the dormant power of personal passion in men's hearts. Shelley disclosed above their heads the wondrous spheres on spheres of disembodied beauty, pure fire of freedom, and love of spiritual perfections. Goethe drew forth woman, dazzled and breathless with the joy of a new-found soul, and showed her a wide expanse of splendid possibility. Chivalry had nominally queened her, but never had voice of man given her such breadth and richness and spirituality of infinite meaning. Even in her own innermost secret dreams there had not been a faint mirage of such significance for herself. Germany accepted it as a dream and an allegory; but America, being in the habit of practical performance promptly sequent on each

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ideal, acted upon her belief, and England strove to do so, too.

On such soaring magniloquent ideas, bred of the French Revolution, were the Early-Victorians formed. By such personalities were they dominated. Under this triple inspiration to personal passion, flame-like spirituality, and the magnification of woman, the Early-Victorians developed; and lo, at the moment when they were most dominant, a lovely, modest young girl ascended an actual throne in the first kingdom of the world and became an arbiter of manners for all English-speaking peoples.

II

What manners had the Early-Victorians beheld in their youth? In 1810, a young lady in New York's best society refused to spend the winter in New York because, being lately betrothed, she must wear a large miniature of the young gentleman round her neck and endure coarse and embarrassing jokes whenever she appeared. General Washington may be seen, in the pencil sketches by John Trumbull, comfortably sitting in church with his arm around a young lady's waist, nor was she kith or kin to him. Read the familiar memoirs of the reign of George IV, infer what the manners and conversation must then have been, and ask yourself seriously how comfortable you would have felt in the midst of them.

The Early-Victorians thought these manners unfit for the presence of a young girl. They adjusted their demeanor to shield her. In consequence, there arose from the court of Victoria an expectation of decorum, serene and assured, for every man or woman of sensitive fibre. A winnowing wind, with quiet, gleaning hand of selection and rejection, passed over all England and America, through every drawing-room and across every printing-press, gently up and down the thoroughfare. No one even smoked on the streets. Without outcry or indignation the change was wrought, and decent folk could go about unabashed. Of course, indecency and cruelty, barbarism and selfishness, did not suddenly die: they lived, and thought the change an awful bore. Delicacy, sympathy, civilization, and generosity were the accepted standard, and those who by nature had them or longed to have them, found encouragement all about. And so the Early-Victorians impressed propriety upon the rising generation of Mid-Victorians.

Then, when the Mid-Victorians came to live their own lives, of course, they put into detailed practice the ideas and lessons they had learned from the Pre-Victorians and the Early-Victorians. Religion, ethics, philosophy, poetry, and philanthropy were their chief interests. They took themselves seriously, — as all of us do. The accomplishment of the Mid-Victorians was substantial, but perhaps the most amazing thing about them was that their van actually impressed its standards on the many in its own generation. This was the fruitage of what Shelley, Byron, and Goethe had planted. By their fruits they may be known. They did their work, — passed the Reform Bill in England, freed the slaves in America, made intemperance a disgrace, established a general expectation toward betterment, and recorded in novel, poem, and essay their innumerable aspirations and discoveries. It was a marvelous harvest-home. Then first, through niceties and restrictions, women and girls could go freely among even strange men, wrapped in their delicate reserve, and gradually because of decorums so quietly conceived and enforced, the free intellectual and business intercourse of men and women became serenely possible.

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Thus were created those fine products of the Victorian age which have made the noble liberty of American women possible; they are the unchartered guild of modern gentlemen. Even today, though so much fine work has been marred, no man, looking round a roomful or a carful of people, knows how many such men may be in it. And because he cannot guess how many there are who will resent indecency, no man not in liquor dares openly to insult or annoy a woman. This multiplied perhaps, the band of hypocrites, for 'Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue'; there came to be prevalent a recognition that however inconvenient and unnatural good conduct may be for one's self, it is liked by the race at large — in others, at least.

But the total strength of a potent tendency cannot be measured by counting noses. We must ask, not what per cent were vicious or virtuous, but how strong was the influence of each. The contribution of each age to future progress depends upon the vigor of the van. It is they always who set the standard. If they create hypocrites by setting a standard of achievement so high that others of their time can only talk about it and pretend to it, then their contribution is indeed notable. What they do breaks the record. Then the astonishing happens. Just as in athletics and horse-trotting the record of one generation becomes in a mysterious process of development the commonplace of the next, so the standard of the van in any one age tends presently to become the practice of the many.

The enforcement of those nice maxims of civilized society has actually increased the number of more civilized persons in the rising generation. Granting that about four in each nice family grow up nice, we get the number of nice people doubled in each generation, — that is, eight times as many now as when Victoria came to the throne.

Thus they did their splendid work, did those Mid-Victorians. Devotedly they raised their children in a shielded atmosphere as in an enchanted garden, taught them new inhibitions, and hoped to see in them the return of the Golden Age. Their impressive conviction, their large passionate way of believing, carried assurance to the young minds which they formed, and the main body of Late-Victorians grew up implicitly trusting in what they had been so generously taught. But these Late-Victorians did not understand the primitive simple reasons for their own niceties, and therefore had not a live fire of conviction in their action. Inevitably, their children, the Post-Victorians, looked and doubted. The religious sanction which had been used to enforce action on the unwilling and weak-willed, had concealed the practical reasons. Therefore, when religion slackened as it did, the children said, 'There is no reason.' And because they did not know why their parents were silent on so many subjects, they supposed the subjects must be thought disgraceful; yet that could not be disgraceful which was so natural. They had been taught to reverence nature.

When the Mid-Victorians had seen their ideals of character blossoming in each other, they had been exuberantly appreciative. But their children, bred to think such character simply a duty, were 'disillusioned' when they discovered that every one has faults. Introspection was a new method in 1830. By 1870 it had become worn and unwholesome. At last, beginning to grow up in the '90's, the Post-Victorians announced that, 'The ten commandments are mere conventionalities.' The reason they said this so boldly and unexpectedly is after all not far to seek. One lesson which the Mid-Victorians had taught passionately was the prin-

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ciple of individual liberty. This their children, the Late-Victorians, believed implicitly. Seeing no slaves to free, for they mostly were unobservant of the laboring world, they applied the sacred principle of liberty to the nearest persons at hand: they freed their own children.

III

At this inopportune moment, — or shall we call it opportune? — science, urged on by the Darwinian theory, shook a finger of doubt in the face of every creed, and every code. It was then that the Late-Victorians lost confidence because they had not understood what had been taught them. They sighed: 'We do not know what is true; we will teach our children nothing; we will leave each to work out his own personality; we will impress our views, our hopes, our ancient faiths, on no man, — not even on a child. Only, pray God, we may not lose hold upon our own faith before our time has come to die!' So they have struggled on; some have won out: some have fainted by the way; some have taken up with the new ignorance and tried to be happy, self-confident, and materialistic. What the parents did, the schools did also, and throughout all America, at any rate, the greater part of a whole generation abjured responsibility.

Certes, it is the first generation, since time was, that sought not to impart a rule of life to its offspring. All animals so impart. It is a law of nature. Nor could this generation really break the law, earnestly as it tried. By the strength of its determination not to impress itself on others, it did so impress itself. It not only taught that 'it is presumption to tell another what he must do,' but carried conviction of sincerity by practicing it.

This is another view of the nineteenth century. How did a century which can sincerely be so described, get to be called sentimental, trite, and futile, grandmotherly, prudish, and flabby? How can a century which nurtured sweeter manners and finer morals, which elevated woman and cultivated sympathetic imagination, be so derided. Who so described it? The latest Late-Victorians and the earliest Post-Victorians; those children who were set adrift some thirty years or so ago, — 'because no man is wise enough to direct the life of another.'

The children born in the '70's, '80's, and '90's are now Post-Victorian men and women in early middle life, who begin to feel that dominance belongs to them. What will they do with it? By what power, and with what leave, will they dominate? What is their creed and code? The mass of them have been bred to 'develop their own personality,' they have learned to question every creed and code, every custom and convention, from the veriest primeval truism to the latest ingenious error. They have no manual of principles, arranged by genus or species, and divided into essential, non-essential, subordinate, and principal, — healthful, harmless, and noxious, — by which they may identify a new specimen in ideas and even approximate to a guess at its probable value. They have not even an arrangement of pegs and boxes with samples and labels pasted on each, by which they may sort out new notions as a grocer does, and know at least where to find them again. In consequence, they are singularly open to believe the assertions of any one who speaks with assurance and thinks he knows what he is talking about. They have been cast out naked into the wide universe by scrupulous, unnatural parents who imagined they were obedient to the command of the gods and were doing a splendid service to civilization. Perhaps they were.

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These Post-Victorians go unimpeded. They have a single creed, the brotherhood of man; and a single code, the duty of service. The creed is identical with that of the French Revolution. The call of the French Revolution was to insistence on individual rights. This insistence worked out completely all the good it could do through two generations, until in the third, among the Late-Victorians, it came to a *reductio ad absurdum*, 'Every man, every woman, even every child, has the personal right to choose his own life and to live after his own convictions according to his own impulses.' Then the mass of serious persons in America were back at an inclination which would have swiftly slid us down again into savagery.

But belief in the brotherhood of man and in the call to personal service doubtless will save us, — as it saved the world before, when primitive christianity rescued what ancient civilization had proved incompetent to save. In fulfilling the one duty of service we shall continue to progress. But how is the present generation to know what is true service?

Most women in polite society just now have no clear principles; 'I wonder,' — 'I guess,' — 'I think,' — 'I wish I knew,' — 'I have a theory,' are their commonest phrases in expressing ideas, and 'I believe' has come to mean 'I think it likely.' Perhaps most men in the same society are equally vague in their minds, though their habit of speech continues more positive. Said an intelligent, sweet-natured, clean-living, loyal Episcopalian youth not long ago, 'The creed? What do I mean when I say "*I believe*"?' — (Thoughtfully and carefully.) — 'I mean, "I believe with all my heart and soul and mind" the first article. And after that — in the others — I mean gradually less and less; it "peters out," till toward the end it just means "May be it's so."'

In general the characteristic mental attitude in educated America to-day ranges from a 'restless neutrality to an anxious credulity,' through a more or less troubled incertitude. The crystal clarity of opinion, the passionate conviction of belief, habitual in the Mid-Victorian, burns now only in single persons. The community mind has it not. Then earnest men knew, they were certain; and what men thought, women thought too. Then 'I believe' was a ringing, convinced *credo;* now it is a tentative *puto*, a sort of pragmatic willingness to believe. The serious minded of the present day have not *lost* faith — they never had it. They were not given a chance to have it.

IV

Do the surviving Late-Victorians, the present still-young generation of grandparents, realize that around them moves and works a whole generation which does not know Emerson, never read Tennyson, has not heard of Mrs. Gaskell, and despises George Eliot? Every book which inspired the Mid-Victorians is 'outworn,' it is 'a back number' to the Post-Victorians. What have they read? They may have read Trollope, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy, those doubting Late-Victorians. Many of them have read nothing published before 1890, and practically none go back of 1870. This means that they have read chiefly what is expounded by Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, and Masefield, not to mention Robert W. Chambers. Now, such literature, coming into the reader's mind after what preceded it, frequently took its place as refreshing and novel. But suppose you have read nothing else, what has Meredith or Hardy to tell you about the conduct of your own af-

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fairs, what precious secrets of civilization do they transmit? How will Wells, Shaw, and Galsworthy do for rulers of life? What laws do they expound? What inspirations do they offer?

This generation has not even been bred to throw over tradition. It has no idea what traditions are. Since about 1880, the general confusion of thought seems to have kept careful thinkers silent. In the '90's the stragglers, adventurers, and irresponsibles of the latest Late-Victorian era were the conspicuous writers of books, and now in the first years of the Post-Victorian era the same condition seems still to prevail.

Oscar Wilde, for instance, began about 1890, in a truly Late-Victorian manner, to invade the helpless fold of the ignorant Late-Victorian generation. A Late-Victorian straggler and adventurer he was; decadent we may rightly call him, for he was of the generation which saw the last rays of the great light still gleaming and he might have followed the gleam. Kipling did. Stevenson did. But they said old things; he said a new thing. The practical outcome of his subversive point of view translated by himself, not into pretty words but into primitive practice, terrified the British public; but it is doubtful whether most people in cultivated England really understood what had happened or saw the direct relation between his iridescent words and his obviously ugly deeds. The fact is that in deeds there are few kinds to choose from, and once one gives up the better, one is promptly landed in the worse.

Oscar Wilde is only an instance. He was the first of the Paradoxians, those purveyors of the preposterous. But quantities of his like, garbed in the vocabulary of innocence and idealism, are still cheapening and befouling life's aspect to-day by the same little trick. Here are hypocrites indeed. But exactly what were the hypocrisies of which the Victorians seemed so guilty in 1890 odd? They were guilty of laying down such maxims as these: —

Not to speak of what is disagreeable, unless one must in order to serve a good purpose.

Not to speak of what is private and sacred, except among one's nearest friends or on special occasions.

Not to choose, among the many forms of expression suited to any thought, that form which will rouse in one's hearers disquieting emotions.

Not to introduce, by one's phrasing, aspects of a subject which cannot properly be considered by all present; that is, in general society, not to call a disagreeable thing by a disagreeable name or describe carefully a disagreeable act, but to mention it, if you must, in such terms as will not rouse unpleasant sensations.

Not to assume positions, make noises and gestures, use perfumes and costumes, which will set people thinking and feeling things irrelevant or unsuitable to the whole company.

Not to make a jest upon things serious or sacred.

All these are axiomatic maxims of civilized society. These and their like were the Victorian hypocrisies. What was their purpose? Their purpose was to embody in actual conduct those dreams of perfection which had so captured their youthful imaginations, —

Do noble things — not dream them all day long.

Byron, Shelley, and Goethe worded the thoughts, felt the emotions, beheld the visions, but they did not live the life. It took — as it always must take — two generations to fit real life to the vision. For life is not thoughts and emotion. Life is what we do: it is our conduct with its consequences upon ourselves to-morrow or next year, and upon others immediately or next year or in the next generation.

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V

This conduct is our real life which determines our total happiness and success, because it determines the treatment we get from our fellows and from the insensate world. To each man, by an illusion of interior optics, his own real life appears to be, not what we see him doing, but what he feels himself feeling — his own invisible sensations, emotions, aspirations, and satisfactions. He is to himself the centre of a weblike universe, and every least nerve-message that comes to him is, by a necessity of his soul's unity, equally interesting and exciting to him. But this subjectiveness is not life; it is existence. Life is conduct; it is growth and betterment; it is what follows the emotion and desire; it is effort and achievement or failure. Unless we do the things, we cannot get beyond to seek further things. As far back as man began, he has thought and felt delicately. The Mid-Victorians set out to do delicately. It is this doing the things that makes us grow up.

The youthful human creature cannot disentangle himself from himself, his physical being from his spiritual. 'Most of the things he thinks he knows, he ought to know he only thinks.' When he grows up he will understand this. But the youthful mood is primitive; to it, time is not, cause and consequence are not. This is because naturally or animally we regard everything as durable. 'Now is to be eternity' in my childish, animal, æsthetic mood of mind. A child treats a toy as if it were made of iron and his nurse as if she could not tire, and his own joys and sorrows and fears as if they could never end.

Thus there are two things which can never be understood by the man or woman who has not yet got beyond the æsthetic, sensory, animal stage. One is the deceptiveness of himself to himself, and the other is the illusiveness of language. The complexity of humanity and the insufficience of the symbol are both invisible to him. This made it hard for the Victorians to see their own absurdities and makes it hard for the Post-Victorians to see their forerunners' excellences. When we grow up in our minds, we have had experience. We remember and we compare our various memories. We have tried experiments and we understand the complexities of human affairs. But a youthful incapacity to separate cause from effect, and attendant circumstance from both, together with an unripe dependence upon words and aspects, has made the injudicious read stupidity, coldness, and narrowness into the motive force of Victorian manners, Puritan principles, and Quaker practice. Stupid, cold, and narrow many of those manners and principles, and much of that practice, prove to have been; but it was because of restricted information, not because of deficient intelligence or feeling. The Victorian spirit, like the Puritan spirit and the Quaker spirit, was intrinsically sincere.

It has been set down as Victorian hypocrisy that 'they talked a lot of fustian about wedded bliss, when everyone knows that marriage is a sorry makeshift.' Yet to many married couples, then as well as now, wedded bliss was a sober everyday fact. Except for that 'fustian,' the way to civilized marriage would never have been found out. It took far more universal hold than ever the French Revolutionary principles did, and Dickens was more widely read than Rousseau had ever been. The same process which created the truly happy equal marriage fostered also self-control, self-sacrifice (we call it self-devotion now, or personal service), ennobling friendship, personal reserve, modesty in riches, purity without as-

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ceticism, and several other excellent realities. Victorian notions of relative human values and of excellence in conduct were incontrovertibly correct. And any one who thinks them trite would better try how easy it would be to put them in practice. No truth is or ever can be trite to any one who uses it: this is a truism.

Of course the rapid and widespread raising of standards increased abnormally, among the Mid-Victorians, the number of persons who conformed without understanding and who pretended to be appreciative when they really were blankly acceptant. Hence, there was much said and done which was in truth grandmotherly, sentimental, flabby and trite, futile and prudish, as well as very much that was hypocritical. But the spirit of the age was highly sincere.

Still, even the sincere, able thinkers had of course a full share of the characteristically human capacity to fool themselves. Like all mankind before them, they frequently confused the word with the thing, took the symbol for the thing signified, and failed to distinguish between that part of the world which man has created and that part which exists independently of him. Their notion that a thing must be so because it ought to be so, was a mistake, not a sham. All self-absorbed people make this same mistake. Thinking does make some things so, — subjective things, all the things mental and physical which the mind rules, — but the insensate world cannot be ruled that way. As an instance of the results of subjective methods being carried into objective life we have what their children, the Late-Victorians, produced in philosophy and religion, — Pragmatism and Christian Science.

Each of these is a sincere effort to mingle the new scientific truths with the old faiths. They are thought out and expounded in the Mid-Victorian manner — subjectively — through sentiment and discernment, through introspection and from the inner consciousness. Pragmatism, seeing that science prognosticates nothing, assumes that there is nothing to prognosticate, and says, ''t is thinking makes it so.' Christian Science, following the same general line of reasoning, comes to the same conclusion with different results. Both forget that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the universe goes on without regard to man's existence or what he thinks — and that ninety-nine one-hundredths of his own personal life develops without consulting his consciousness.

VI

The worst Victorian hypocrisy, of course, is held to be prudishness: that is, unwillingness to speak or write of physical sex in any aspect. The Mid-Victorians had a repulsion for the subject. Every one over forty years old today knows how strong that repulsion was. How strange it already looks! But they were right, in their time. Sex is the most conspicuous, the most picturesque, the most enduring of all facts, except self. As the '80's discovered, man is endowed for evolution by unescapable, indestructible primitive instincts — self-preservation and race-preservation. He has also, be it noted, an equally indefeasible thirst for perfection, but this escaped the notice of those early observers. Looked at animally, æsthetically, childishly, personally (call it what you will), self-preservation becomes self-protection in all its forms, physical and emotional, verging always upon rank selfishness; while race-preservation, or the instinct to reproduction, becomes self-gratification.

Sex is not only unescapable and omnipresent, but the nerve-sensations which impel to reproduction are the

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only ones which can be set in full motion by imaginary stimuli. Therefore the Mid-Victorians were right; the Puritans, the Quakers, were right. In order to make progress, to get beyond the old recurrent eddies of mental association the attention of at least two whole generations must be diverted from this subject which had been so persistently conspicuous since man was a mere mollusk. Gross preoccupation with self-preservation had already been driven from completely blocking the road of attention, by outward physical alterations — chiefly by the growth of trade; moreover, it was being pushed aside by interest and morality. But this other must be put in due subordination from within, because its origin is from within. It must make room for the hunger and thirst and lust after perfection. Men had to be cured of the habitual impression, natural to a self-centred consciousness, that women were always thinking about men, and were aware of the effect on men of their every little action. Women had to be released from the idea that they existed to subserve men. Abstinence must come before temperance. To take men's minds effectually off the subject as an all-absorbing interest, they must be prevented from talking about it or in other ways referring to it. It must become not only subordinate, but subconscious. No danger of killing it. It is primitive and unescapable. So long as no man can be born into the world without its exercise by man and woman, so long must every man and woman born inherit it in all its pure intensity.

All this the Mid-Victorians darkly but convincingly discerned. They knew nothing of conscious or subconscious, of attention, inhibition, association of ideas, tendency of emotion to expression, reflex action, or vasomotor nerves. They only knew that Christ commanded them to crucify the flesh, that salvation came through faith and self-sacrifice, and that self-control was essential to a virtuous life. What they knew, they knew from the personal observation of themselves and their forebears. What they said, and the explanations they gave, were in the vocabulary and atmosphere of religion and emotion. They had learned to feel that all which was disagreeable must be concealed. The idea that it all might be destroyed or turned to good had not occurred to them. They drew the form of their ideas from the Bible, — the early chapters of Genesis and the epistles of St. Paul.

They were steeped in the Bible, but they never questioned or analyzed it. The Old Testament was to them an oracle. The epistles of Paul were a voice from Heaven. In the third chapter of Genesis we of to-day recognize Jehovah, the Lord God, a God conceived by man's fear and weariness, discouragement and bewilderment — who curses two primal instincts, reproduction and self-preservation, and wholly overlooks this third and strongest of all, the love of perfection.

In the first chapter, however, is God, the everlasting Father, the omnipotent, the timeless One. We know that He has appeared in all ages to all sound, sane, large natures, because they were balanced and in tune with the universe, and that He pressed for recognition close on the borders of all men's consciousness. But along with the splendid vigor of Jewish faith and conscience, along with the wonderful tenderness and self-consecration of early Christian vision and rapture, our grandparents absorbed the antique ignorance and superstition of false science. The ancients knew a great deal about the quality of virtue, but very little about the cause of vice. Neither the origin of good and evil, nor their relation to character, did those worthies under-

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stand at all. Nor have we more than begun to know much more, though it is now nineteen centuries since Paul thought and wrote, so magnificently, seeing through a glass darkly.

So the Puritans and the Quakers were as right as they could possibly have been. Serious people are often right even when their explanations and excuses are wrong; the Mid-Victorians themselves often said, 'A good man's life is better than his creed!' The *bourgeoise* Queen was right; Victorian 'hypocrisy' was right, at bottom.

VII

Civilization consists in thought and conduct. In thought it is achieved through ever clearer and clearer symbols. In conduct it is achieved through wiser and ever wiser inhibitions. Civilization is man's contribution to progress, and he has accomplished it by persistently using his two original inventions, his only two, — tools and morals.

Morals, as every one knows, consist in preventing yourself from following a natural impulse because you wish to avoid its secondary consequences. That is, the moral code is a call to the exercise of innumerable inhibitions. Without inhibition, no civilization!

Ordinary tools, the outward material tools of manufacture and transportation and consumption, are only a small and insignificant part of the tools which have created civilization. Man's really great tools are his symbols. These are various: there are words, the symbols of ideas, of memories, generalizations, and abstractions; and there are letters, figures, diagrams, and so forth, which are the symbols of words; and there are customs or manners which are the symbols of feelings and purposes. Symbols are the stimuli to thought and memory. Symbols, too, body forth ideas which never yet man saw or can see but with the eye of the mind. Without symbols neither art nor science could exist. Art is not man's original device. The whole creation loves beauty, strives for it, produces it. But representative art — this is man's own contribution. He invented these symbols of drawing and painting and sculpture and music, which bring to our minds what we have seen or felt before, or wish to have seen and felt.

Science, too, is not of man. The whole natural world evolves by using scientific truth. But the words and signs by which man represents his knowledge of truth, by which he conveys it to other men and condenses it and enlarges it — these are his own inventions.

No more is invention peculiar to man. The natural world is constantly inventing. The bird invents his nest — the tiger invented his claws — each new upward form in evolution was once the happy invention of some 'sport,' some genius among its kind. Even his love of perfection, his passionate searching after God, is not man's own, not his alone. He shares that insatiable yearning with every atom of the universe, every cell of his own flesh, every drop in the ocean.

But love, *caritas* (not *eros* or *philos*), that offspring of imagination and memory which created the desire for the good of others and which prompts to virtue and morality, this is man's own, — and by it he is building civilization slowly and blunderingly, for it is his own invention and it runs on quite without aid from the evolutional forces of the universe. He maintains it by the force of his own firm will, it is his own creation. He has chosen it. So soon as his will falters, it slips from him. The cat cannot, when she ceases to care to be a cat, slip back into an invertebrate; but a man, so soon as he

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ceases by one tittle to care to be civilized, slips back just so far into a savage. Does the sudden change from Victorian reserve to a heterogeneous vocabulary and behavior mean that we are tired of trying to be civilized? Are we ready to slip back a bit? We easily endorse the abolition of spontaneous murder and wholesale drunkenness, but does not the inhibition of spontaneous talk and of wholesale selfishness seem too much trouble? Are we going back to the hearty vulgarity of the Pre-Victorian English, or are we crossing over to the narrow, monotonous cynicism of the traditional French? Can the Continentals hail us as converts? Or are we perhaps issuing from a good into a better custom, from a pious into a scientific reverence which will continue decency and reserve, not because they veil what is profane, but because they protect what is sacred?

Every one who looks about him without excitement must see the answer. Conversation is still guarded among decent people, but with a larger propriety and a more comprehending reserve. Books, magazines, and newspapers, the best of them, are more reverent and more just than ever before. Conduct? We cannot say so much for conduct just now, but we may reasonably expect it to follow presently.

Science, that other familiar fruit of the nineteenth century, which even the decadent whippersnappers have never dared deride, has laid its calm firm hand upon us. The scientists were the seers of the Mid-Victorian era. Freed by the doctrine of personal liberty to speak as they thought, they spoke impersonal truths learned from watching, not themselves, but nature, and thereby they inspired a new epoch in man's history. Just as the effect of Goethe and Byron and Shelley was not publicly felt till thirty years had passed, so the effect of Darwin, Pasteur, and Mendel was not publicly felt for thirty years. Then its first manifestations were in agnosticism and materialism, and, among the lesser minds, in scoffing and despair. Even now, after sixty years, the scientific method is still young, and is making many ridiculous mistakes, but it is old enough to be the method of the dominating generation, and already it is giving us a new vocabulary. In order to talk about the ills that flesh is heir to, and about the disorders of the social fabric, — in fact, about 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' — we need no longer draw from a vocabulary indicating wholly personal or moral or religious or emotional aspects. The cool phraseology of impersonal fact is at our disposal, unexciting, intellectual, impartial. In this language we can instruct our children, discuss conditions, and contrive remedies, without once brushing upon those sensitive nerve-ends in our brain which carry thrills down our spines, contract our diaphragms, and all over our bodies set vibrating uselessly sensations which, reinvading our minds we know not whence, make us believe that emotions have visited us.

Religion, ethics, philosophy, and philanthropy to-day are ceasing, for the van, and presently will cease for the many, to be emotional and personal, subjective and sensational. They have taken on the universality of science, releasing men into the joy and power of infinite expansion.

Who may be the seers of the present era none can guess — the seers always belong in spirit to the next generation. But the van to-day consists of those persons who by fair fortune have not lost hold on tradition, who were not set adrift by their parents, or who, being set adrift, chanced to have a compass in their boat.

In this Post-Victorian age, the strag-

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glers and adventurers have been the first to speak vividly upon its problems. The reluctants have had much to say. Small men, too, have rushed in where the great ones felt themselves unready to speak; and such have chattered much. Some of this much-speaking is truth, much is nonsense, and most of it is sufficiently sparkling and musically well said to capture the untrained ear of the many. The van is beginning to be heard, but has not yet reached full maturity. This strong scientific light makes the world, the old, old world, look so 'new and all.' The wonder and the mystery, the glory and the dream are not less, they are more. But with what words and phrases shall it be worshiped! All the old warm words were made to symbolize that old world in the old personal way; the new words are all impersonal, colorless, precise,—perfect for the purpose of quiet instruction and calm discussion, but not fit for poetry. We must go to Emerson, the great, free, forward seer of Darwin's own generation, if we would find poetry adequate to our new conceptions. As well as could be, in the old way, he has phrased it. Anon will come another, in a new way.

Indeed, regarded cosmically, no harm at all has been done; a natural sequence has been followed, another turn of the spiral has been gone about, and the race, a whole generation in our part of the world, is learning one more lesson —a truth which single wise men have known for ages: no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself. But regarded humanly, individually, domestically,—as the pathetic biography of our own children and grandchildren, or of ourselves and our friends,—much harm and suffering, confusion, and failure have been wrought; many things still remain to be adjusted. 'L'homme arrive novice à chaque age.'

Of course with every generation the gaps in actual custom between the evolutional groups of men tend to grow wider. The problem is, not how to insure advance, but how to help bring up the many of Group C more rapidly and surely without so much individual loss, and how to get at the unsorted groups of people who are far behind the times. The first is the problem of the educated parent. The second is the problem of the social worker, and is quite another story.

VIII

Parents must again become responsible. Serious parents must now contrive and enforce a new procedure to protect youth from its natural errors, and to guard it from the misapprehensions of the uncivilized in our midst. To keep ourselves and our children fresh and sound-hearted we must exercise vigorous open-eyed choice, and accustom them cheerfully and eagerly to do the same.

The impatient uncomprehending Post-Victorian thinks reserve is used for things we are ashamed to speak of. 'What is there to be ashamed of in sex?' he demands. Nothing to be ashamed of (except its perversion), but much which is too sacred, personal, delicate, potent, and marvelous to be mentioned at random. 'What is the use,' says the critic, 'of getting up a lot of sentimental talk about virtue when we all know perfectly well that human nature is but so-so?' Nevertheless, unselfishness, loyalty, delicacy of feeling, generosity, reverence, truthfulness, and self-command are, as a matter of fact, more admirable, and more acceptable to the world, than greed, jealousy, scoffing, roughness, meanness, deceit, and irritability, common as these latter undeniably are. Moreover, those modern oracles, the neuropathists and psychiatrists, unanimously assert that

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these virtues are the qualities which men need to protect them from the nervous disorders which beset our generation.

A child's mind is, as it were, a precious vessel formed of the most delicate material. Outside, it is finite and has been carefully protected by evolution in the bony encasement of the skull. Inside, it is infinite, and has by nature no protection at all. Experience is to be used by it for nourishment and growth. In the natural world, experience comes higgledy-piggledy, without regard to its effect upon this tender human thing. Nature goes by law. But man is a creature of choice — and the young of man cannot safely receive into its mind the raw, hard, heterogeneous material of natural experience. First must the mind be carefully and firmly lined all round, close and soft up against the sensitive nerves, with an elastic transparent protection of noblest truth blended from the experience of all the long ages through which man has been watching and choosing; then, when the precious vessel has been as carefully protected by human choice on its spiritual side as by natural evolution on its physical side, then may and must the child come wholly to make his own choice, to store up his own experience for further nourishment and growth, and to devote himself to the duty of personal service.

This is the century of choice, the wonder-point of man's individual achievement. This is the country of freedom, the wonder-spot of man's individual liberty. Every one of us who is Americanized is free for the pursuit of perfection. We have life and liberty; self-preservation no longer need absorb us. We are freed, if we choose, from the pressing consciousness of physical sex. We are free to discover and follow the things which are more excellent, to pursue happiness with the only snares that ever capture it.

For our children, too, we must choose, and we must help them choose, until they have captured for themselves the secret qualities of essential and non-essential, subordinate and principal, healthful, harmless, and noxious, so that they are qualified as independent experts and may set forth to make further discoveries and gain their own experience. We owe it to them to give them as perfectly as we can all of good that the past has had, and all of wisdom that it has learned. We must not expect our children to believe that a thing is true, or to follow a rule as good, simply because we tell them it is, or give it to them. They are born as ignorant as the first cave-dwellers, though they are as capable as civilized men. With this fine capability they have to go through in twenty years all the experience that man has acquired in twenty thousand years. Of this experience they have time to learn the merely primitive part by actual encounter, but most of it is compacted into symbols, — based on these simple physical experiences. We *must* give them the chance to learn what is true and what is good by the shortest proofs, and to become so reasonable that they can accept a course of reasoning as an experience without having to waste the time to prove it physically; that is, they must learn to experience vicariously through symbols, else they are not civilized. Seeing the symbol, they must apprehend the aspect symbolized, never taking the symbol for the thing and never shirking the inhibitions which are necessary to gain the good they see. Thus only can they learn what is true service.

Then we need not worry, though all the reluctants tremble at our temerity, and the stragglers, adventurers, and camp-followers call us 'hypocrites'!

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AS I DRANK TEA TO-DAY

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS GIFFORD

As I drank tea to-day
With a dozen women, chattering, gay,
In delicate drooping gowns, in jewels like dew,
Laughing, light-voiced, — I thought of a certain hunger I knew
Hid in the heart of one, the merriest laugher there.
I saw three little dull threads in the lazy dusk of her hair;
Three little keen wrinkles about her beautiful shining eyes.
And I wished I were not so wise.

I wished that I did not know
Those symbols of pain: — that low
Under her pride and sweet warm-worded address
She was shaken with loneliness;
That the one great dream she had dared to dream was a lie,
And half of her life went wearying, 'Let me die.'

I wished that I could not hear
That murmur of mortal fear
Through the clink of silver and subtle whisper of lace.
I dared not look in her face. —

Then I thought (while I laughed aloud
With my cup at poise), 'Ah, the proud
Masques that we wear! We too,
All of us, dancing through
Some queer little pantomime each day, —
Jeweled and gloved, deft-spoken and gay, —
Ah, but God only hears
All of the follies and fears,

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Meanness and courage, breathed out and in
Over these tea-cups' delicate din.'

Then I looked in that woman's face,
Over its pearls and roses and lace,
And I knew that I need not fear to see
Those little dull threads, those wrinkles three,
Or hear the cry of her life. I knew
We were all of us crying too:
Crying with wonder or weariness,
Too much love or too little. Yes,
It was Life, just Life, that we hid away
Under our gossip and glad array.
And that woman's laughter and pride,
Shielding her heart, half-crucified,
Seemed bravely done, — although
I thought, 'Must Life hurt, hurt so?'

Till as I took her hand,
Saying good-bye, the smooth words planned
Choked in my throat. She stood there dumb,
Folded my fingers and pressed them numb,
Knowing I knew.
Ah, yes! I knew!
All of us seeking, hungering, hiding too,
In delicate drooping gowns, and jewels like stars and dew!

So we all went away:
A dozen women, chattering, gay.

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OUR NEAREST, AND OUR FARTHEST, NEIGHBORS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

Our nearest neighbors stand a bit aloof, and do not visit us except for the briefest stay. Newcomers, we are somewhat hurt; peering out of the corners of our windows we watch and wait, as silent, as motionless as they when they watch us, and still they pass us by. It is true that we have forced our way into an old community, and have broken soil among the undisturbed trees on a green hillside still clothed in the primeval grass of the wilderness. Those earlier settlers, the meadow-larks, have perhaps a right to complain of our intrusion. Complain they do, their notes of gentle protest coming early in the spring, and sounding on through warm summer days to late autumn. What has gone wrong with their housekeeping, I wonder, that they so persistently lament? Certainly we have not disturbed the homes of their building, and are ready to go more than half way in making friends.

As I see, though pretending not to look, the bright, untrusting eyes that watch us from adjacent trees, as I hear swift wings beating retreat, I marvel that they do such scanty justice to our good intent. Is it because of our coming that the mourning dove so mourns? Do they not like our way of housekeeping? It is as careful, as methodical, as industrious as their own. It is, moreover, as old-fashioned, for we like ancestral ways, and are averse to the new-fangled devices of the ladies' journals, — oh, horror of pink teas and lavender luncheons! And we share their woodland tastes: one doorway opens on a hill-side with a wood beyond, the other upon what the English would call a copse.

It cannot be our clothes that they object to, for our modest greens and browns are as unobtrusive as the wear of any bird or squirrel of them all. Indeed, I should not think of going abroad in the colors that certain of them wear, — scarlet, or vivid blue, or brilliant orange, — for even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like some of these. Perhaps they do not like the company we keep, yet our one meek gray cat who strolls with us in the evening coolness on hillside or by garden path would not hurt them; only, at sight of them, an impotent lashing of the tail and a faint, queer snarl recall his far-off savage ancestry. It seems perfectly automatic and unconscious, and is certainly incongruous in the presence of the Christian virtues which that cat has acquired from us. *He* is not proud and unfriendly, but is willing to go as far as his four paws can carry him across that space which separates even the friendliest beasts from their distant human kin.

We have courted our new neighbors with crumbs in winter-time; we have courted them in April with string laid out enticingly on the grass, as the starting-point of home; we have tied suet to the trees in snowy weather, and have maintained luncheon counters of nuts and of wheat; we have, quite in the prevailing fashion in social service, estab-

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lished a public bath. All these favors they have accepted, with mental reservations, on tip-toe for flight, a-wing at first sight of us. We have even established model tenements; well-lighted, well-ventilated residences are offered rent free. Some of them were fashioned of cigar-boxes, some of grape-baskets; all were covered with birch-bark to match the trees on which they hang. Yet the blue-birds pass by the homes intended especially for them, and the wren-house, made with the exact size of doorway that the bird book prescribed for the least of the sweet-singing Christendom, has never lured the longed-for tenant to our eaves.

To that cold table, winter-set, come jays and juncos and chickadees. I find on the porch-roof in the new-fallen snow innumerable little footprints of the latter, or see in the morning sunshine a whole white and gray flock feeding like one, flying away like one, if I go too near. I am always expecting the nuthatch, who feasts royally for one of his size, with a kind of Christmas gusto; but he has never accepted his invitation. When the sky is heavy with snow about to fall, I think often that perhaps he will come to-morrow, for, with the inhabitants of air as with the inhabitants of earth, necessity increases friendliness.

Regarding these, and our few other winter birds, meadow-larks, kinglets, brown creepers, I often wonder in what corners they cuddle, and whether snow, rightly used, makes a warm blanket. A yearning sense of hospitality in the stinging cold weather, a desire to share the warmth of the hearth with wee things shut outside, human or other, pauses here at the bounds that nature has set. That which one has to offer is not that which is needed; this puzzled wish to help is touched by the chill of philanthropy, and baffled by the lack of understanding that must exist between those who share no common threshold.

As for our most constant winter guest, the jay, I cannot accept the common scorn of him, often shown by critics in reality no more generous than he. Wherein eating other birds' eggs differs from the methods commonly employed by the fittest in surviving, I have yet to see, and I watch him with the remote wonder wherewith, at a distance, I watch our predatory merchant-princes masquerading in the brilliant plumage of philanthropists. The jays have dash, presence; they lack scruple, and, with their loud platform manners, — for they seem always, through their shrill cries, to be addressing an audience, — they are curiously akin to others successful in business and in public life. I am told that the jay behaves better at home than when he is away, and I respect him for that he reverses the practice of many, and forgive him for his noise in my yard, knowing that he is silent in his own doorway. I could forgive him much, too, for the beauty of his outstretched wings against the world of winter white and the white birch trunks. Often, on the coldest days, his tap-tapping at the hard suet wakens me; from porch railing or branch of tree he watches me, his head cocked on one side, with a judicious and critical expression, and I feel, as I watch him in return, that no creature more mentally alert crosses our domain on feathers or on feet. Yet he lacks something — shall I call it imaginative vision? — that impels other birds to seek far shores and new horizons, in unceasing quest.

Most neighborly, of course, are the robins; and on July mornings troops of spotted-breasted birdlings cross our lawn, each headed by that model father red-breast, who, as I am told, takes charge of the early brood while the mother-bird is hatching out the second,

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roosts with them by night among the trees, and by day teaches them the lore of robin life. The small, low branches of the birch trees are evidently excellent for the robin kindergarten held here, and I can bear witness to the thoroughness of the pedagogical methods, if any aerial agency requires testimonials. Flying lessons, swimming lessons, foraging lessons go on incessantly, and all day long they search for worms. Once, when I thought of adopting a young robin that had fallen out of the nest, a scientist told me that it would require twelve feet of worms in twelve hours, and I desisted. It is fortunate that my own students have no such appetites! The young things trail solemnly around after their parent, two or three at a time, like chickens; if his head turns but for an instant, beaks fly wide open, as if moved by springs. It is a pretty sight to see the deftness wherewith he drops in a worm, the young one squatting on the grass, or waiting on a twig, and swallowing the booty before the old bird has even ceased flying. The kindergarten has always seemed to me questionable in rendering the child too passive, and I have my doubts about this. Surely these fat babies could bestir themselves a little sooner! Though a 'mere picker up of learning's crumbs,' with only intellectual relations with the young, I cannot help being absurdly pleased when I see these birdlings begin to find bits for themselves.

In the flying lessons more independence is insisted upon from the first, and the notes wherewith the nestlings are urged from branch to empty air are sharp, incisive, and full of anxiety. More coaxing tones lure them to the bird bath in the shallow Italian basin on the lawn, and here they are shown how to dip and spatter the water with fluttering wings, and how to dry their feathers afterward. I saw an old bird teaching three at a time one day, and then shooing them out one by one when the bath was over. Later, one of the young ones went back, once, twice, three times, and stood shivering on the brink, afraid to plunge, for all the world like a ridiculous baby.

These marvelously competent creatures converse with their young with a wide range of notes, and ward off from them the very appearance of danger, valiantly fighting away the jays, and ordering me to take in the cat if he put but the tip of his gray nose outside the door. Expert parents, entirely taken up with the diet and the physical education of their progeny, they seem, more than most birds, to belong to our era, and I think of them as better able to cope with the ideals of our present civilization than are many of our songsters. Their cheerful, bustling materialism, their content in unflagging search for the necessary worm, strike one as distinctly contemporary. Yet like the jays in their alert practicality, they fail in that charm of elusiveness and mystery that we associate with winged things.

II

Watching and waiting, we get glimpses of the many-sided neighborhood life about us, even of creatures more exclusive than robins. The oldest inhabitants, the crows, are always with us, slowly moving on black wings against gray clouds of winter, or congregating among sunlit pine branches in July. At the first touch of warmer sun, the first deeper blue in the February sky, they are astir; what significance has this busy and systematic flying, with loud caws, back and forth along the line of trees that border the stream? What do they discuss, what plans do they make, when they gather in vast numbers in the tree-tops?

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Although distant, I half overhear debates that sound far more interesting and important than those which it is my duty to attend; opinions are uttered with more conviction, an energy of rough speech that will not be denied. The assembly would seem to be appointing committees to act with power, then suddenly to resolve itself, with outstretched wings, into a committee of the whole.

I have always had a special admiration for these neighbors who watch, with apparent disdain, generations of mere human life, and a special curiosity in regard to what they know. Harsh oracles of primeval speech issue from their throats as we draw near, but they will not admit us to their councils; and the way in which they watch our approach, slowly make up their minds in our disfavor, and fly deliberately away, is more insulting than sudden terror. I am told that their success in life is largely due to coöperative, highly organized thieving, as yet undisturbed by any anti-trust law, and that the social instinct is in them very fully developed. What care I how social they be, if they are so unsociable with me? Some of the subtleties of their deep knowledge have been made known, but more are as yet unfathomed. Timeless, they dwell in immemorial mystery, and have solemn associations with long-forgotten sunrises and sunsets. A sombre significance clings to them, different from that attaching to any other feathered things, sombre but not malign. Yet when, a day or two ago, a huge crow flew so close to the window where I was watching that I could have touched him, for a pagan moment I shrank, for he was as a mythological creature out of an elder world, and I seemed to see my doom descending on black, slow-beating wings. For the most part, however, though these neighbors stand aloof and hold me in deserved contempt, I count them friends, and find little in the world more expressive than they, flapping their way over distant fields and cawing I know not what ancient wisdom. A single crow in the gathering twilight, flying toward the darkening wood, has a look of going straight to the central mystery of things, and in him I seem to see

The last bird fly into the last light.

Nearer our human comprehension are the red-winged blackbirds, in whom we take great delight, with their fascinating housekeeping among the long swamp-grasses and reeds, through which a many-branched stream threads its wet way. Blue flag flowers grow here, tall cat-tails and rushes; something—perhaps the way of the stream with the grasses, the moist fragrance of it all, the gurgle of the water among the lily-pads, or the meeting of the sloping meadow beyond with the wood—brings an encompassing sense of shelter, of comfort, and of home. The blackbirds come early, with the first faint green in the hidden hollows of the surrounding hills; they call over bare, brown meadows where only close-watching eyes could see spring. As the marsh begins to turn green, and roots quicken, they build and sing, making their nests by the water-side, many near together in pleasant comradeship; more and more protected as the grasses grow tall and create, with their feathery green heads and deeper green of the blades, an exquisite shelter of delicate shades and gradations.

These builders in the shadow and the sun have a poetry of note and of motion that the robins lack; whistling, chuckling softly, they sink, with what loveliness of flight! low, low to their nests in the reeds. The protectiveness of the parent wings, the little answering peep from the nest, are as something

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remembered from lullaby times of long ago. Not because of any overtures from them, for they fly swiftly, with menacing wings, toward us if we venture too near, writing 'thus far and no farther' upon the twilight air, we count them among our most prized companions, and again and again go reluctantly from these red-and-black-clad neighbors who do not call, to put on polite attire and walk sedately down the village street, making belated visits to those justly irate human neighbors, who called so long, so long ago! Near of kin these winged things seem, though separated far in the world of physical being, in their jealous guarding of the threshold, their deep sense of the inviolability of home. Through the last days of wind and snow we watch and wait for them, and each succeeding summer the greater is our loneliness when they are gone and there are no more brave wings with touches of red against the sky above the sunken meadow. Something of the sense of loss of vanished human companionship attends our autumn walks near these 'fledged birds' nests' whence the birds have flown; alas for these old friends, and the white stretches of winter silence that they leave behind them!

It is with me in regard to birds as in regard to people: I have no desire to know all, nor do I wish to catalogue the entire species, but I sorely covet friendly intimacy with a few. In both cases I have a pleasant acquaintance with some whose names I do not know. With the flicker that I find clinging to my screen in the morning, — having heard his knocking at my window, dimly, through waking and dreams, — in all the brave beauty of his brown-spotted, creamy breast and his red crown, I would fain have further intercourse, but his quick wings will not so. I could 'desire of more acquaintance,' too, with the evening grosbeak, who, despite his name, called at nine o'clock one stormy March morning, then flew away forever.

I want to know, but never shall, the little screech owl, whose cry, most significant and characteristic, shrill, sweet, and weird, sounds out from the near-by wood and now and then from our own trees. I hold my breath when, lying in bed, I hear him, and, even in the dark, I see him clearly, yet not him. Long, long ago a kind friend caught one and gave him to me; tame him I could not; he only stared at me with big, unseeing eyes, and refused to swallow the food placed in his beak. At last I let him go, perhaps untactfully, in the daytime,

> Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings.

Gossip has told me about his housekeeping: how he is thrifty, forages in winter and stores up in a hollow tree mice and other prey enough for a week's housekeeping. When my own goes wrong I sometimes wish that I could go and board with the little owl.

I should like to be admitted to further intimacy with these feathered folk, but perhaps they are right in holding me, if not at arms' length, at wings' length, and the wings' length of a suddenly startled bird is something to marvel at. Their wisdom I envy, their sky wisdom and earth wisdom, their exquisite skill in building, their canny household ways. Even through the slight intercourse which they permit us, marvelously they enrich our lives, as contact with other life inevitably must, not only through this sense of fellowship in home-building and home-keeping, but through the endless charm of music, and motion, and color.

In spring the song of the oriole, unbelievably beautiful, comes from trees near by, but he never builds close enough. Venturing near human habitations, he still jealously guards his

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seclusion. Though he refuses our proffered string, he sings to us, often pouring out his heart among our trees; then, a swift, red-golden flash, so swift that the swaying birch-leaves seem to go too, and he is away toward home. He lives in the huge, stately elm at the corner, disdaining lesser residences, and I can hear his song, fainter but not less appealing, from his own doorway. His brother builds in another elm, farther along the busy highway, singing high and unafraid above the puffing automobiles and the creaking carts; and surely it is a near relative who has his home in a clump of tall green trees on the greener hillside. There he sings, high and sweet, the morning long. Toiling over books and papers, I can hear him, and the 'God-intoxicated' bobolink who lives in the meadow below the hill. Together they bring back always the story of the two nightingales, those symbolic nightingales who sang from the laburnum to the young Robert Browning after that day of days when he had first opened his Shelley and his Keats, — too great an intellectual and spiritual experience for a single day of boyhood, one would think, even for that robust poetic vitality.

The long elm-branches toss in the wind, yet the swaying nest is always safe. On sunshiny days there are such trills of pure and varied melody, that I cannot work, — for oh, how he sings one's childhood back! The music flows across the silences as through the discords of the days; surely the oriole has found some inner soul of melody in all things!

The bobolink keeps house in the meadow-grass by the stream just over the fence from the highway. I know where it is, though he does not think I know, having taken pains to alight, singing his maddest, on reeds and grasses far away, and distinctly on my path toward home. I have not called on him, and shall not, for I too have my reserves. His choice of a home shows that he has learned something of the hard wisdom of the world. Last year he had a devastated threshold, for the mowing machine went ruthlessly over that loveliest spot of waving meadow-grass where he had built. This year he has chosen a place where the swamp-grasses are never touched by the mower's knives; surely I am right in thinking he is the same, our neighbor of last year, though I cannot be sure, for there is always a certain family likeness in the voice.

Some relatives of his, who live a mile or two farther, came before he did, on a green May day. I go often to hear them, for, as they sing, one and then another, in that little colony of songsters, they bring back all the vanished Junes, with their wild strawberries and their fragrant hay. Yet, as I stroll along the highway toward home, in the perfectness of this special June, I am glad to hear my own near neighbor again, and to watch his rapturous flight upward, with lyric trills of song, and his dropping low to grass or reed, where he sways back and forth in the breeze. It seems to me that there is an added madness of assurance in his melodies this summer as he sings on, unafraid, that all's right with the world; and I hold my breath, with a touch of the old Greek apprehension of swift turn of fate over too perfect moments. Are he and Robert Browning a trifle oversure?

III

Many are the birds that charm us by beauty of color and of song; there are others that compel our eyes primarily through sheer beauty of motion. Such are the wide-winged gulls at the not-distant New England shore, with the slow and stately rhythm of their white

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wings; such are the eagles that I remember from long ago circling majestically against a clear blue sky about the high gray cliffs of Mount Parnassus; such are swallows of every kind. Bank swallows live near us, the top of certain high sand-cliffs being pierced all along its edge by their mysterious, enticing thresholds that one may not cross. Great delicacy and reserve of demeanor is necessary in approaching them, for they are careful of the company they keep. This year they made no holes in one sand-cliff where, last year, many of them dwelt, — a mystery of choice to us until we saw the kingfisher's nest hollowed out there, and remembered the grim look of the kingfisher with his fierce crest, on a limb by the water, watching for his prey. About our roof these swallows circle in the open sky at eventide against the sunset clouds; they fly low before the coming rain, low and higher, swaying, swinging, dipping in joyousness of motion and grace of untrammeled flight. The little call of the swallow, what is it, — thanks for the insect just caught, or greeting to neighbor swallow, as they pass and repass in the oncoming twilight, like 'ships that pass in the night'?

Color and grace of motion together make up the loveliness of the bluebird's flight. These gentle creatures light on branch and twig about us in earliest spring, pair by pair, in radiance of blue raiment against a paler sky, but they never linger. As they sit with their wise little heads on one side, considering, do they find us unworthy of the close companionship of adjacent homes? Once, long ago, a pair of them built in a hollow tree near our doorway, and I should rather have the grace of another stay like this than any other household boon, but I ask it in vain. They call, too, in early autumn, to say good-bye, punctilious, and yet distant. A few days ago, in late summer, the yard was full of them, parents and children; some, full blue with soft, bright breasts, others, evidently fuzzy youngsters, with wings just growing blue. Their little chirp, the gentlest and sweetest of all sounds in nature, sounded from among the birches and the wild-cherry tree in most companionable fashion, and yet they fled, parent and children, across the browning grass, leaving us to the yellowing leaf and the cricket's chirp, and the mellow loneliness of autumn.

Other bird-friends we have, and many. The little song sparrow makes music for us in all seasons, in all weathers, even sometimes through a sleepy snatch of song at night. The vesper sparrow greets us on the close-shorn hills to westward when we walk there at sunset; and on summer afternoons, from the shady coverts of the adjacent wood, comes the full golden melody of the wood thrush, with that liquid tone which only thrushes give. I have listened, but listened in vain hereabout, for the high, celestial note of the hermit, but he does not venture so near, inhabiting some far region between us and the heavenly hills.

Greatest of all privileges is the charm of the minor snatches of song, the momentary glimpses of wings, often of visitors we do not know, and yet half understand; — we are wayfarers all! A red-breasted grosbeak comes to chat in friendly fashion among the twigs, then flits away to his undiscovered threshold. A humming-bird calls now and then for a minute at the threshold of larkspur or columbine; his lichen-covered home I can imagine, though I have no skill to follow his swift flight. The goldfinch means a gleam of celestial beauty, as does the yellow warbler; and there was one wonderful minute when a scarlet tanager paused in a birch, the sunshine falling on his bright body through the translucent leaves.

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These and other winged visitants we have, in wavering flight or sure, now high, now low, drifting past birch leaf and hollyhock, shining visitants, with the swift splendor of sunlight on wings of blue or red or gold, making us wonder why a pallid modern imagination clothes angels all in white. The old painters knew better, and on Italian canvases and walls, one may see wings of green and azure, splendid pinions of celestial creatures wearing gorgeous markings of moth and of butterfly. Oftentimes quick wings pass, of we know not what, above pergola or sky-light; swift, nameless shadows float over yonder waving green meadow; a sound of wings reaches our ears though we do not lift our eyes. In their very elusiveness lies the deepest appeal of this people of the air; the sordid philosopher who said that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush was as grossly mistaken as his kind are wont to be, for a bird in the bush is worth twenty times twenty in the hand. When was anything worth having ever capable of being held in the hand?

The nearest, yet the farthest, of our neighbors, one feels a wistful sense of kinship with them, and yet, the distances, the distances! Wordsworth's

> Stay near me — do not take thy flight!
> A little longer stay in sight!

in his poem to a butterfly suggests something of the baffled longing for companionship that marks our intercourse with winged creatures. They only, of all living things, know to the full this migratory instinct that lies deep in human nature, the need of new horizons, the deep recurrent stirring at the heart in spring. They flit on the edges of our humaneness, akin, yet not near of kin, piquing our desire, quickening our sense of wonder. One watches them with dim understanding, and with unconfessed or unrealized envy.

Of all creatures they are the least bound in the chain of things, with their brief term of earthly ownership, watching their nests for a single season and then away, not clogged and hampered by property rights, whether of real estate, or of heavy flesh and bone. Are not their bones filled with air? Free of the universe are they, unencumbered for the long trail, just this side of being pure spirit. Theirs is the charm of that which comes but in moments, and which you may not keep; about a home, which stands for the settled and permanent, lies this haunting mystery of wings that come and go between us and the sky. They touch the soul within us, quicken the sense of quest, for each beat of these encompassing wings stirs something deep within. They make us aware of far spaces, of distance, freedom, mystery, infinity, — of a sky for the human spirit to circle in, even now, even now!

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SOMETHING BIG, LIKE RED BIRD

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

'GEE!' Red Bird complained, 'I don't see what it had to go an' rain on a *Sunday* afternoon for!'

'Just — just when we was goin' over to the Big Spring, too,' Jimmie Little's rather wavering voice piped in. 'An' — an' I was goin' to git 'em to put me somewheres where I could n't hit nobody, an' then I was goin' to throw rocks, an' — an' throw rocks, an' *throw* rocks, just *all* the afternoon.'

The very thought made him twist his little blind face from side to side in excitement. 'Just Jimmie' he always asserted that he was. ''Cause — 'cause, you know,' he was wont to explain, 'I was raised in the Poor House down in Lupin County an' never heard 'em say who my folks was, an' they never *did* call me nothin' but just Jimmie.'

Looking at his very small and wizened person of eight years, his hearers might have been tempted to doubt the ability of the Lupin County Poor House to grow little blind boys, whatever else they might 'raise' successfully there.

He and Red Bird, another blind boy, whose real name was George Washington Morris, and who was Just Jimmie's running mate and adored hero, were seated by the open window of the boys' sitting room at Lomax, the State school for deaf and blind children, and were listening to the purr of the spring rain in the courtyard, and to the monotonous slip-slop of the dripping eaves.

'Shall I read to you?' suggested Miss Lyman, the matron for the blind boys, who happened upon them just then, and was struck by their dejected attitudes.

'Is it sump'n 'bout fightin'?' Red Bird demanded with a languid interest.

'Oh, yes! A book full of fighting,' she promised; and, taking them up to her room, she unlocked the doors of romance for them with the magic key of the *Boys' Froissart*, and after the reading was over she told them, from her memory of an old quaintly illustrated copy of the original, how the Bishop of Lincoln and certain gallant gentlemen had resolved to wear a black patch over one eye until they should have performed some deed of chivalry. At that Red Bird's imagination blazed up.

'Jimmie, let's you an' me do it!' he cried. 'Let's you an' me wear patches like the Bishop of Lincoln an' them other fellas 'til *we've* done sump'n noble, too!'

'Let's!' Jimmie assented joyfully (he always assented to everything Red Bird proposed). 'But, Red Bird, we got to wear our patches over our y'ears.' (Just Jimmie's ear was always prefixed by a *y*.) ''Cause — 'cause course there ain't no sense in *our* wearin' patches over our *eyes!*'

'An' we got to have a beautiful lady to sort of pay our deeds to,' his running mate added.

This gave them pause until Red Bird suggested Miss Lyman.

'Aire — aire you the fairest lady in the land?' Jimmie demanded in Frois-

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sart diction, somewhat flavored by Lupin County.

Miss Lyman hastily denied any such distinction.

'Course she'd *say* she was n't,' Red Bird reproved Jimmie. 'Let me feel,' he added imperiously.

With a butterfly touch his fingers quested her smooth plump cheeks, her hair — which was indeed very soft and thick — and her crisp and fresh Sunday blouse; also he sniffed the general clean fragrance of orris-root, and pronounced the whole good.

'Well,' he said, 'you may n't *look* pretty, but *we* don't care nothin' 't all 'bout that so long as you *feel* pretty.'

Thus she was accepted as their liege lady, and at their request accoutred them with their patches. And if the patches were made from the tops of the fair lady's discarded stockings — Oh, well, it is a rude reality that stares too closely at romance.

Of course Red Bird was the first to get his patch off, though even he wore it for a week.

He and Jimmie came nightly to Miss Lyman's room to have her review their day's record, and see if there was anything in it sufficiently noble to justify the removal of a patch. That is to say, they reviewed Red Bird's. Just Jimmie never appeared to have anything remarkable to show on his own account, but he could become almost lyrical over Red Bird's achievements. They were both sure Miss Lyman would unpatch the latter the day he fought and licked Edward Saunders, a boy almost two years older than Red Bird. Strangely enough, however, she did not. She even went so far as to assert that, as Edward had merely stumbled over Red Bird's foot by accident, she would have considered it more worthy the removal of a patch, had Red Bird refrained from the licking. And the boys were forced to admit in private that even the fairest ladies had strange ideas.

But at last Fate favored Red Bird.

He was up in the blind boys' dormitory one day at play-time. Spring was in the air and the window was open. Red Bird went over to it to feel the wind on his cheeks, and to listen to the myriad sounds which the playground gave up: the shouts and laughter of the blind children; the slurring scuffle of a company of deaf boys marking time as they drilled in the brick courtyard below; and from around on the girls' side the plaintive notes of little Phœbe West's horn. As he leaned there he turned a large orange — a windfall from his friend Mr. Heartwell, the deaf baker of the school — in his hands, essaying little tentative nibbles at it, and trying to make up his mind as to the most delightful way of eating it. Should he bite a hole in it then and there and suck it dry? Or should he peel it, divide it into segments, and, hunting up Jimmie, do the generous thing and divide it with him? Or again — sudden and delightful inspiration — suppose he induced Jimmie to invest that penny he had been hoarding so long, in a stick of lemon candy, and then they would share the orange, imbibing it through the candy, suck and suck about, a linked sweetness long drawn out? Fired by this plan, he was just turning away, when something came avalanching down the roof and brought up in the wide gutter just outside his window. Red Bird jumped back. It was so near, so strange. What could it be?

'Who you?' he demanded backing farther away.

There was no answer, but there was the sound of scrambling feet against the tin of the gutter, accompanied by certain alarming grunts and puffs.

'Who you?' Red Bird repeated more sharply.

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The scuffling and scrambling seemed very near, and the friendly sounds of the playground very far away. He was just turning to scuttle off downstairs to the safe companionship of the other boys, when he bethought him of his patch. Would the Bishop of Lincoln and his gallant friends have run away, even from a puffing creature that they could not see, and that would not speak? Not likely. Again he approached the window.

'Lady,' he said, 'see here your knight who will not fail to die for you.'

For, of course, the sounds *might* be made by a damsel in distress, and that was the way Sir John of Hainault had addressed the fugitive Queen of England. Red Bird said the words very fast, half under his breath, for, of course, there was always the chance of its being a grown-up who would n't understand, and who might laugh.

If it were a distressed lady she should answer as the Queen had to Sir John, 'Sir, I find in you more kindness and comfort than in all the world besides.'

Red Bird strained his ears for these flattering sentences. They failed to come, but suddenly, in the courtyard below, someone screamed piercingly. "*Look!* Oh, my goodness! Look at that little deaf boy up there in that gutter! He'll fall — he'll break his neck!'

There followed the frantic sound of running feet, but they were two flights of stairs away, and any moment that little boy, who was n't more than six years old, might miss his footing and — the courtyard three stories below was paved with brick.

'Here you —' Red Bird cried plunging wildly for the window. Immediately, he heard the child edging out of reach along the gutter. Goodness! that was no way to go about rescuing him! Then a sudden inspiration flashed upon Red Bird. How he came to think of it he never knew. He said afterwards that sump'n sort er snapped in his head, and that was as near as he ever came to explaining it. He approached the window cautiously and held out the tempting orange. The deaf child did not move, this time. Red Bird put the orange to his lips and made as if to eat it, then held it out again, and now he heard the little boy scuffling slowly nearer. At his back he felt the room full of tense grown-up watchers.

'That 's right, Red Bird, that 's right,' Mr. Lincoln's voice encouraged him.

Gradually, as he heard the little boy approach he withdrew farther into the room, and at last with a final puff and scramble the child climbed over the sill and jumped down to safety, his eager hands upon Red Bird's orange.

The grown-ups swooped forward and caught him fast, and Mr. Lincoln's hand fell upon Red Bird's shoulder.

'Good boy!' he cried in a somewhat shaken tone. 'Good boy!'

That night Miss Lyman held a party in her room to celebrate the removal of Red Bird's patch. The party was small but very select. The invited guests were Red Bird, Just Jimmie, W-on-the-Eyes, and the little rescued deaf boy. The latter had not the slightest idea of what it was all about, and not having yet learned to talk, he could not ask questions. W-on-the-Eyes was the sign by which Charlie Webster, a little deaf boy of ten, was known to all the other deaf children of the school. He was invited because Benny Adams — the explorer of the gutter — was his especial charge, Benny's mother having intrusted him to Webster when she sent him to school. Ever since his arrival, Webster, and indeed the whole deaf department, had found their hands full. He was as likely to appear on the ridge-pole as in the schoolroom, and he had thrown the whole corps of matrons into a state of consternation

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and wild telephoning to doctors by calmly eating a moth-ball. Like the Elephant's Child in the *Just So Stories*, by Kipling, he suffered from an 'insatiable curiosity'; and not being able to voice any of his questions, when touch and sight failed, he very naturally had recourse to taste for the furtherance of his inquiries. Doubtless the eating of the moth-ball satisfied his mind on that point at least. Probably also he had derived further information from his explorations that afternoon of the roof and gutter outside the blind boys' dormitory.

Charlie Webster made on his behalf a very beautiful speech of thanks to Red Bird. He had to make the speech on his fingers, but Red Bird felt his hands and understood some of his signs, and Miss Lyman interpreted the rest for him. Altogether it was a great occasion. Everybody's heart overflowed with good feeling and good cheer, and Just Jimmie, who had nearly burst with pride over his hero's achievement, burned to imitate him. He might have taken his patch off over and over again for proficiency in his lessons; but this he scorned to do. To his mind there was nothing romantic in being able to spell conscientious, or in repeating the names of all the presidents in order. For its removal that patch called for the romantic and gallant; or, as he himself put it, 'some kind er fightin', or 'sump'n *big* like what Red Bird done.'

II

There came at last, however, a heavenly warm spring Sunday, when one of the teachers, assisted by a couple of pupils who could see a little, took all the blind boys over to the Big Spring, — a long happy ramble through the perfumed woods, — and when the desire of Just Jimmie's heart in the matter of throwing stones was realized.

They placed him by the side of a creek, which afforded an unlimited supply of stones, and where there was a clear space ahead with no danger of hitting any one, and here he did indeed throw rocks, and throw rocks, and *throw* rocks, just all the afternoon. It was pure joy, but finally even his devoted arm gave out. He cuddled down on the bank to rest 'jus' er minute' as he specified to himself, but in reality to fall fast asleep. He had dropped down, as it happened, behind a fallen tree, so that the teacher, when she came to gather her flock together, failed to see him, and supposed he was on in front with Red Bird. And so, when Just Jimmie sailed up to consciousness once more, the woods were still and deserted and he knew himself all alone. In the general scramble of life, however, he was rather used to being overlooked. If he philosophized about it at all he probably put it down to the score of his having no folks, and coming from the Lupin County Poor House; moreover, he had found that, given time, people usually remembered his existence. Therefore he had no doubt that some one would presently return for him. In the meantime, this out-of-door world still lent a delightful warmth to his small body, and brought intoxicating spring perfumes to his nostrils. Also, here were the stones and the creek again, with his good right arm refreshed by sleep, and the heart of Just Jimmie asked no more. Sometimes the stones went into the deep water with a full round 'plup'; sometimes they landed in the shallows, making a pleasant sharp splash; sometimes — oh, joy! — they flew clear across the creek and greeted the ear with a delightful clip-clap, as they skipped on the stones on the other side; and each time Jimmie jumped up and down, and clapped his hands and gave vent to extraordinarily gleeful shouts of merriment.

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All at once he heard a crackling sound in the bushes behind him, and knew that somebody, or something, stood there and looked at him.

After listening a moment, as no one spoke, he took the initiative.

'Aire you a cow or a person?' he demanded.

It seemed to him that the breathing was more human than animal, so he was not surprised when he heard a man's laugh. But it was the strangest laugh Jimmie had ever heard. Just the sound of laughter, with no mirth to back it.

'Do I look like a cow?' a voice demanded.

'I dunno,' Just Jimmie returned. 'I ain't so very sure what a cow looks like. I ain't seen one — not since I was two weeks old — an' course a fella don't recollect so awful well as fer back as that.'

'Have n't seen a cow since you were two weeks old!' the voice exclaimed.

'No,' said Jimmy simply, 'I ain't seen nothin' since I was that old.'

In his desire to explain he turned his little thin gray-mouse face, with its blind eyes, more fully in the other's direction, and the voice cried 'Oh!' sharply. And then after a moment it said 'Oh!' again, softly this time. 'What are you doing out here all alone?' it asked after a moment.

It was a man's voice, Jimmie was sure of that, but it had a queer uncertain throb in it, that he found very disconcerting.

'I was asleep,' he explained. 'An'— an' so the fellas went off an' lef' me. I reckon they thought I was somewhere with Red Bird.'

'But you can't stay here alone. Where do you live?'

'I'm at Lomax. That's where all the deaf an' blind kids goes to school,' Jimmie explained. 'It's 'bout two miles from here, I reckon.'

'I'll take you back,' said the man. 'I'll *have* to take you back. The other can wait.'

He seemed to be arguing something out with himself.

'Oh, you need n't to bother if you have sump'n to do; they'll send back for me after a while,' Jimmie assured him.

'No — no — I'll take you,' the other returned in that nervous jerky way of his.

Jimmie was conscious of a certain odor which he had encountered in times past. Also, when he cuddled his hand sociably into the big one that closed on his, he found that, warm as the day was, and large as the hand was, the fingers nevertheless were cold and damp, and clung to his, moreover, in a desperate, twitchy way that almost hurt. Somehow the clutch of those fingers, for all that they were so big, waked a curious protective feeling in Just Jimmie. He did not know how to express it, how to say that he was sorry, nor indeed what there was to be sorry about; but some instinct infinitely older than his eight years made him endeavor, as it were, to fling a corner of his own mantle of happiness about the other and so protect him — though what there was to protect him from, again he did not know. But as they went their way, he began a long rambling discourse on what a fine day it had been; how nice it was to be in the woods and throw stones; and how he liked the spring; and at last, inspired by his own eloquence, he drew a deep luxurious sniff of sheer contentment, and the perfume-laden air rushed through his little body and into his very soul, and 'O Gee!' cried Just Jimmie happily, 'I certainly *am* glad I'm erlivin'!'

Again the man laughed, another of those sudden explosions that had no sound of laughter.

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'Glad you're living!' he cried wildly. 'Glad you're living! I wish to God *I* was dead!'

'Oh, *that's* just 'cause you're gittin' over er drunk,' Jimmie assured him cheerfully.

The man dropped his hand. 'Good Lord!' he whispered, and Jimmie could feel his startled eyes upon him. 'Good Lord!' Then, 'What do *you* know about that?' he demanded.

'Oh, I smelt it on you!' Jimmie returned, crinkling his nose. 'An' there was a fella at the Lupin County Poor House — that's where I was raised — allus used to say gittin' drunk was all right if it was n't for the blue blazes next day. He said that was — was — Well,' he caught himself up, 'it's er word Mr. Lincoln don't 'low none of us boys to use, but — but,' — with sudden inspiration — 'I'll *spell* it for you.'

Carefully his fingers formed certain letters of the manual alphabet, which he had picked up from the deaf children.

'Is that first letter an H?' the man asked.

'Yes, an' it's er E when you put your hand like this.' (Jimmie illustrated.) 'An' you make a L —'

'I can guess the rest,' the man broke in hastily.

'Well, that's what the fella used to say it felt like next day,' Jimmie concluded.

Suddenly the man's hand fell hard upon Jimmie's shoulder and his face stooped close to his.

'Little pal, don't *you* get drunk,' the shaky voice implored. 'You would n't find anything so nice again, not ever again; you — you might n't even like to be alive — not even on spring days when you could throw stones.'

'Oh, I won't,' Just Jimmie promised easily. 'That fella at the Poor House, he give me er drink onct, but I did n't like it. Red Bird an' me, we don't keer nothin' 't all 'bout whisky.'

'Thank God for that!' said the man. 'If there is a God,' he added.

'Why, *course* there's er God,' cried Just Jimmie, even his tolerant little soul shocked by such a display of sheer ignorance.

He told Red Bird afterwards that that man was the 'funniest fella he ever *did* see.'

'How do you know there's a God?' the other demanded.

'Why — why, I've knowed *that* ever since I was nothin' but a little old kid. A old nigger woman at the Poor House, she told me all erbout God.'

'And of course she knew,' the man returned.

'Oh, yes; she knowed all right,' Just Jimmie agreed. 'She did n't know so very much else, but my O! she certainly did know er heap erbout God.'

'Perhaps I've known too much else,' the man said, half to himself, and his voice sounded more discouraged and far away than ever. 'So you were brought up in the Poor House?' he added after a moment.

'Yes,' said Jimmie. 'They found me when I was a baby just throwed erway 'longside the high-road, sorter — sorter you know, like folks does with little dogs an' — an' cats they ain't got no use for — an' they never did call me nothin' but just Jimmie, 'cause I did n't have no folks. But — but,' he went on with breathless eagerness, 'I know er boy that's got *three* names. All the fellas calls him Red Bird, but that's just a kind of a nickname, 'cause he comes from a place called Red Bird. His real name's George — Washington — Morris' (Jimmie pronounced the words impressively), 'an' — an' he's got folks, too. Folks 'at sends him postcards. Why, *his* folks they'll send him er postcard — why — why most *any* day.'

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And then his favorite topic of Red Bird thus gracefully introduced, Just Jimmie's small tongue ran happily away on a long eulogy of his friend. Once the man interrupted him to ask about the patch over his ear, and that gave him a chance to tell of his hero's extraordinary feat, and how he, too, burned to do 'sump'n *big* like Red Bird.'

The man vouchsafed almost no comments; but he held fast to Jimmie's hand, and at last they came to Lomax.

'I — I guess maybe I'd better tell Mr. Lincoln I'm back,' Jimmie said, conscientiously.

The man said he would like to see Mr. Lincoln, too, so they went into the study together. Jimmie liked to go there. The place always held a warm atmosphere of friendliness, and moreover, he liked the smell of books, and the pleasant whiff one got of typewriter ink, and other exciting smells which always conveyed so much to his keen little nose.

He could not, of course, see anything of what passed between the two men, but he heard it all.

'I found this little chap out in the woods all alone, and so I brought him home,' the strange man said in that queer shaky voice of his.

And after Mr. Lincoln had thanked him he went on again. The words seemed hard to say, and indeed every now and then they stumbled and fell away altogether into silence.

'He and I had a little talk and — and'— here the voice failed temporarily — 'and I'd like you to take *this*.' (Jimmie knew that something was changing hands.) 'Look out! it's loaded,' the man added sharply. After a moment the words picked up their difficult way again. 'There is n't — is n't any reason for my asking you to take it except — well, there is n't any one else for me to give it to, and somehow I wanted to give it to some one — I thought I was down and out — A lot of things had happened.' (Jimmie could hear him swallow chokingly.) 'Those woods seemed as good a place as any to do it in. They — they were —' the voice stopped altogether for a moment — 'they were quiet, and nobody would recognize me round here — I'd have dropped out without bothering any one — and then — *then* I came on this little chap — and — he thought I was a cow!'

The voice collapsed suddenly into laughter — that strange wild laughter of his. 'He said he did n't recollect so very well what a cow looked like — he said he had n't seen one' — Jimmie could hear the man swallow — 'had n't seen one — since he was two weeks old — He came from the Lupin County Poor House — and — and he said he was glad he was alive.' The voice went out abruptly, and when the words came again they were barely more than a whisper. 'I guess if — if Just Jimmie finds it so good to be alive — a fellow like me — ought n't to — to quit.'

'Why, no; I should think not,' Mr. Lincoln's voice acquiesced after a moment.

'If I had n't come on him throwing stones out there in the woods, in half an hour I'd have been — well, been nowhere, or — or everywhere — whichever it is. But now — well, while Just Jimmie plays the game so well, I'll not fling down my hand.'

There was a short silence, and then the man went on again.

'He's wearing that patch over one ear until he has performed some gallant deed.' (The voice was still shaky, but Just Jimmie thought this time there was a hint of real laughter in it.) 'I — I think it might come off now.'

'Yes,' Mr. Lincoln agreed. 'Yes; I think so too. Suppose you take it off.'

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'But — but — but I ain't done *nothin'*,' Just Jimmie broke in suddenly, backing away. 'Red Bird's done sump'n, an' — an' — an' —' he was on the verge of tears over his disappointment — 'an' *I* wanted to do sump'n *big* like fightin' or — or sump'n like what Red Bird done.'

But the man went on fussing with his twitching fingers over the knot that secured the patch, and paying no attention whatever to Jimmie's outburst. And at last the latter's very small ear emerged.

'Why, *this* ear's all stuffed up with cotton! I don't believe he can hear a thing with it!' the man cried.

'*Course!*' said Just Jimmie, 'it would n't be no *sense* to wear a patch if you did n't stuff up your y'ear too.'

'Did Bird Red have cotton in his ear?' Mr. Lincoln demanded.

'Why — why — why — why, maybe not,' Jimmie stammered, torn between truth and loyalty.

'No eyes, and no folks, and only about the size of my fist, and yet he was willing to sacrifice one ear! While I — Great Heavens!' the man burst out.

'I ain't done nothin'!' Jimmie picked up his almost tearful complaint. 'It — it — ain't anything to spell, an' — an' know 'rithmetic, an' presidents' names. I want to do some kind of *fightin'* — or — or sump'n *big* like — '

Suddenly he was swept up into arms that held him convulsively.

'You tell Red Bird you've done the biggest kind of fighting to-day,' the man cried, almost roughly.

For an instant Jimmie was held fast. Then he was set down again, and Mr. Lincoln put him out into the hall and shut the door so promptly that Jimmie was never sure what the sounds were the strange man was making then; only they made him feel shivery and glad to snuggle up close to Red Bird who was waiting outside.

'Gee! that was a awful funny man,' he confided to the latter. 'Yes, sir! he certainly was funny, but,' he added tolerantly, 'somehow I kinder liked the fella.'

But there was nothing in what he could tell Red Bird of the afternoon's adventure to warrant the man's assertion that Jimmie had done the biggest kind of fighting, and the boys put the statement down as just one more evidence of the 'awful funniness of the fella.' And why Just Jimmie's patch had been removed neither of them had the least idea.

But a queer thing began to happen. Every week after that, Jimmie received a postcard, just like the children who had fathers and mothers.

'Why — why,' he announced joyfully, 'Why, Red Bird, seems like *I've* got folks, too!'

'Just *one* person don't make folks,' Red Bird retorted.

'Well — well, may be I ain't got folks like *you*, Red Bird, but — but anyhow I got *a* folk,' Just Jimmie amended happily.

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FATHER FRED

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

I

His older and contemporary parishioners called him that, because they had, most of them, known him all his life; and, though they revered him fast enough, they loved him even more. He was rector of the church in which he had been born and brought up, among whose people he had knelt as child and boy and college youth, as deacon and as curate.

A difficult position? So it was considered, but Father Fred did not seem to find it hard. Or, if he did, he paid no attention to the difficulty. He had a simplicity and directness and an utterly baffling humility which ignored and disarmed criticism. Of what use was it to carp at a priest who either remained unaware of the carping or accepted it gently as his natural due?

His face indicated that he had never expected or been accustomed to have things made easy for him. Of course not. What should a soldier of the cross be doing with ease? There were lines on his forehead and about his eyes, strong lines about his mouth. People do more or less choose and make their own lives. Doubtless, Father Fred's spirit chose to perfect itself through suffering.

His features were rather rugged for one who bore such a gentle spirit. He suggested comparison with a granite cliff played upon by a tender evening light. His lips were certainly granite; inflexible will governed their feeling curves, and occasionally released the humor that always lurked in their corners. There was nothing in all the world the owner of that mouth could be made to do if he did not think best. His eyes were dark and changeful, reflecting inscrutable moods. His face was often so pale that, glimmering in the dusk of the chancel, it made the observer think of Moses fresh from the mount. As for his figure, its tall height was thin to the point of emaciation.

Ascetic? No, not exactly. The humor of the mouth objected to that characterization, and many a gleam of the eyes reinforced the refusal. He was only a very brave and gentle and holy man.

Just as he might have chosen his own personal, poignant reaction on life, so was his objective opportunity precisely suited to him. But indeed it is not well to deal with the terms subjective and objective in connection with Father Fred. He was more completely integrated than are most of us. He was wholly identified with his purpose: that says everything.

Losing one's life to find it, is a Christian paradox still all too little practiced for the good of the world. We are timid and cautious and reasonable. We will not understand that to let ourselves go out of our hampering individual likes and dislikes, is to enlarge and deepen ourselves, to take on force and ability, to win our souls. A man's purpose is more entirely himself than he can ever be.

Father Fred did not think all this out. It is a paradox within a paradox

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that a man defeats his own end when he loses his life in order to find it. He must lose it for the sake of his cause; then the great, unexpected reward of selfhood will be added to him.

Father Fred was born into his purpose. More than that, the particular, dynamic phase of it which he served was strictly contemporaneous with him; it and he grew up together. Although he gave the impression of never having thought of himself as apart from it, it is probable that his utter devotion was the work of time and pain. He was simple by nature, but he was too intelligent not to know what he was not doing as well as what he was. He said of himself once that, coming to self-conscious manhood, he found his mind endowed with a rather alarming facility. He could understand and accept half a dozen points of view in as many days. But he knew that no force results from scattering, that a man must choose. Therefore he chose, with no hesitation, but with a resolution that gathered into one channel the life-giving power of many streams. That was what gave his simplicity depth. All his other possible purposes served his one ruling cause.

What, now, was his purpose — this great end that governed all his brave young life? Well, in a way, it was nothing new, being simply the purpose of the ages: the Kingdom of God. But different periods seem to present different opportunities for service, and there is at present one explicit hope which enlists all the love and thought and effort of those who believe in it. To awaken his church to a realization of its full Catholic privilege, was the work to which Father Fred devoted his whole being.

To him there could be no doubt that it was the greatest work of his generation. Unobtrusive, almost obscure, it holds on its quiet, patient way underneath the din of our social reforms, our political purgations, our science, our stress of emancipation, all the clamorous, insistent things for which we seem to stand; and perhaps the next generation will find that the gentler movement has achieved more than all the rest put together. It has the same vision as they, the same earnest longing for righteousness. But it strikes at the root of the evil that blocks the way, instead of going to work on the leaves and branches. Sin is the root, is it not? Separation from God, disobedience. Very well; the way to cure that is simply to show God in the flesh, to shame and summon humanity by holding up ever before it the sign of its own divinity. If people truly realized that Christ was incarnate in them and that their lives were hid with Him in God, the wrongs of the world would have no choice but to right themselves at once.

The Catholic Church has always taken its stand supremely on this one simple, sufficient fact of the Incarnation. It has surrounded its message with all the suggestive beauty of symbolism that worshiping ages have been able to divine and hand on to one another. For a symbol is nearer reality than any attempt at direct expression. The result is a marvelous service, a mystic ritual, full of the sublimest intuitions and intimations that groping humanity has ever glimpsed. It certainly is not too much to say that any worshiper, truly assisting at a Catholic mass, must spring to the heart of God and, at least for the half hour, be gloriously good and free.

But — sad and perplexing fact! — it has happened that a great part of the Church has lapsed from its simplicity. Doubtless, four hundred years ago, it had to take itself severely in hand and right some of the grievous errors into which it had fallen. But that was no reason why it should — nay, it was the

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reason of reasons why it should not — forget the sacramental significance which was its soul and breath of life. It has had a precarious time of it, trying to uphold the noble externals without the inner substance, and it has dissipated its efforts in endless experiments. Now, here and there, more and more, it is beginning to realize its distraction and loss, and it is coming back — coming, coming. Or, rather, it is waking to an appreciation of the mysteries which it has all the time held in its sleeping hands. Prejudice and ignorance make its rehabilitation a slow and difficult matter. But that is all right; it is willing to work and suffer. Father Fred had need of all the resolution that moulded his lips and of all the humor that lurked in their corners.

He was not the first one to promote the Catholic tendency in his church. The rector who preceded him had instigated the return. Under this good and wise man Father Fred had served as curate; and the two of them, working together, had built the church edifice. That was a profoundly sagacious proceeding, already a sort of fulfillment of their high desire. For a church, designed and built on a sacramental theme, silently, day in, day out, demands the realization of that which it typifies. Soaring Gothic pillars and arches, glowing windows, a noble rood screen, a gleaming white altar, silence, holiness — these things connote the solemn ritual of the mass, the thrilling daily presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and all that goes to make the spot significant of the immediate touch of God. As the two priests brought their church to completion and steeped themselves in its spirit, it must have seemed to them often that the Kingdom was already come.

But then it must have seemed doubly hard to turn from the vision and understand that, instead of being immediately present, it was very remote, and that it could not be hastened, but must abound in delays. Father Fred's parish was more responsive than many, but it knew its own objections. Such shaking of heads over the first cope! Such murmurs at the idea of confession! Such a long and indignant refusal to forego participation at the late Celebration! Admonition and concession went hand in hand.

II

When I first became aware of the gradual process, I was a somewhat idly attentive Protestant, dropping in at the beautiful church from time to time. I did not live in the town hallowed by its presence, and my visits were infrequent enough to impress me vividly with the change at work. Of course I did not understand it. I only knew that every time I entered the place I saw or heard something new to fill me with love and awe. Inconsistent emotions on the part of a professed agnostic! But it is one of the peculiar characteristics of the Catholic ritual that it does not wait to be understood or accepted before it produces its effect. I received the Lord Christ in my heart long before I knew anything about the doctrine of the Real Presence, and at a time when (heaven forgive me!) I would have repudiated the doctrine with scorn and indignation.

Father Fred himself I regarded with admiration and solicitude. He looked so frail and so worn as, in the pulpit, during the singing of the hymn immediately before the sermon, he brooded over his people, yearning to divine their need. His face had a beautiful, strong wistfulness. 'O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!' But why need he be quite so inexorable, for himself or for the rest of us? His sermons made no conces-

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sions — none. They voiced such an imperative summons that if we had obeyed them literally, the floor of the church would have been strewn with plucked-out eyes and cut-off hands. As it was, we went away sobered and thoughtful, stung out of our complacent acceptance of the limitations of human nature. Father Fred recognized no limitations, that was evident.

The contrast between his fiery sternness in the pulpit, and the shy friendliness with which he waited beside the church door afterwards, both encouraged and frightened me when I at last made up my mind to speak to him. I had a question to ask. During the Communion service just ended, I had been surprised by the touch of two novel, conflicting emotions. When the congregation had begun to steal past me up the aisle, going to receive their Lord at the altar, I had risen from my knees and started to join them. Then I had hesitated, wavered, and had knelt down again, baffled and perplexed. Something at the same time called me and held me back. If I had only known it, the moment was deeply important and significant. What did it mean, that an agnostic should desire to partake of the most imperiously assured mysteries in the world? And what did it further mean, that an independent Protestant, thus desiring, should hesitate to act? My first response to the Church went hand in hand with my first submission.

But the rebellion proper to my intellectual condition was not slow in following. Father Fred, looking tired and pale and thinner than ever in his black cassock, received my question as if he had already divined it: Would a Congregationalist be welcome at his church's altar-rail? He looked at me soberly, with the whole many-faceted import of his lifelong purpose and conflict darkling in his eyes. He sighed a little, he could not help it. He was very tired, he had not yet had any breakfast, his sympathy had already responded to a great many claims; and here was a stranger enlisting him in a discussion which his sensitive intelligence told him must be long and grievous. But he did not hesitate. Could I stop and talk with him a few minutes? Indeed, I could not. I was tired myself; and, though I had had plenty of breakfast, I now wanted my dinner. All the Protestant's native antagonism sprang up in me at the priest's failure to grant me the privilege I so inexplicably desired. Well, then, might he come and see me? I graciously consented, and we parted with an air of having picked up each other's gloves and looked to our lances.

It was indeed long and grievous, the conflict which we waged during the next few months. But it was not altogether painful, there was too much humor in it. The shock of encounter between two opposed, mutually incredulous points of view strikes out many a smile as well as many a sigh. Father Fred kindly hid most of his smiles, savoring them on the inside instead of on the outside of his mouth. For the laugh was almost always on me.

There was that primal discussion in which I began the statement of my position by setting forth with explicitness the things I did not believe. They were so many that I might have talked for a week if Father Fred had not taken advantage of my first pause for breath to say gently, 'If it is n't too intimate a question, would you mind telling me some of the things which you do believe?' The request took me aback. Agnostics have no call to believe; their business is denial. But I could not utter the 'Nothing' which logic pushed to the door of my lips. Something deeper than logic rose up and cried

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shame upon me. I sat in bewildered silence a moment; then my nature made the second of its unexpected responses to a summoning authority. My astonished ears heard my faltering voice define a very creditable if somewhat limited creed which I had not known that I possessed. Father Fred approved it, and astonished me still further by proceeding to build on it a superstructure, the fitness and reasonableness of which I could not deny.

There was that other occasion on which, outraged by an imperious sermon on Confirmation, I forswore the church entirely, shook its dust off my feet; and then, in less than a week, was reduced to an abject scheme of devices to get back again. The natural, obvious method was simply to go back; but I thought I had to preserve something which I vaguely called my self-respect. I had been sincerely affronted; I must be pacified. The Confirmation sermon had left none of the 'sects' — to one of which I belonged — a leg to stand on. In truth, the zeal of the discourse did carry it too far; but that was no reason why I should presently deliver myself of a burning criticism of it, a denunciation which I addressed to Father Fred himself. As a method of getting back into the church, once I had dispatched it, it did not strike me as happy. 'Now I have done it,' I thought ruefully. 'No self-respecting person can pay the least attention to one who arraigns him so officiously.'

But, ah, that tinsel trait, self-respect! I had yet to learn that its absence can give more grandeur and dignity to a life than its presence ever bestows. Father Fred's answer to my denunciation was the most surprising epistle I had ever received. I could not believe it; I rubbed my eyes dazedly over it. He craved my pardon, he said that he had gone too far, he denounced himself more severely than I had dreamed of doing, he implored me not to let his blundering stupidity come between me and the Church who, in spite of all that he could do to make or mar, must always vindicate her supremacy. Not one touch of offended priesthood, not one hint of resentment. There was never a nobler letter than that. As I read it, I felt myself in the presence of a truly great man.

The warfare between us was typical of the whole conflict of the generation, and I hope that the result was typical too. Little by little, I ceased to contend. Having been several times disarmed, dismounted, amusingly disconcerted by the gentle reception of my defiant charges, I came to have difficulty in remounting my embattled steed. Somehow, he looked ridiculous; I was ashamed of him. Having again and again perceived that the points which my intellect challenged had long ago been confessed by my heart and my worshiping knees, I grew cautious in my denials. They, too, had a way of turning ridiculous. The dawn was a slow one. The symbolic meaning of objects which in the dark I had taken for mere shadows, gradually unfolded itself to my wondering eyes. Of course, of course! As the human body stands for the soul, expressing it and interpreting it, so the Church stands for Christ, for the whole principle of world-divinity. And, just as self-revelation depends upon richness and fullness of utterance, gesture, expression, inflection, so the more facets the Church has, the more brightly it will flash its meaning abroad. Every phase of its ritual stands for some invaluable connection between man and God.

The personal holiness of her children has ever been the Church's greatest vindication. They have not always granted it her, — and surely their failure has not been her fault, — but when they have responded, the argument

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has been irresistible. I found it impossible to deny the peculiar potency of the source from which Father Fred drew his amazing saintliness. He was continually astonishing me. I had known good people before (thank heaven, many and many of them); but they had often chosen to create for themselves certain definite limitations. Father Fred, as I said before, knew no limitations; and his ignorance worked both ways. He devoted himself as whole-heartedly to the small details of the parish work as to its vaster possibilities. 'Let's go and ask the Father about it,' was the prevailing formula with which perplexed committees, and troubled social workers, solved their difficulties.

At first this seemed to me all wrong. I thought the many petty demands an imposition on the part of the parish, and Father Fred's patient attention to them a waste of time and strength. But I soon found that my criticism was incomprehensible to the priest. 'Why, that's what I'm here for,' he said, with a certain courteous blankness when I shamefacedly began to apologize for 'bothering' him with a question about the material welfare of one of his parishioners. The impulse was as inevitable in me as in all the rest of his flock; and, after a deprecation or two, I gave over hesitating and apologizing, and was very soon running to him as freely as every one else. Being away from town on a visit and meeting with a stranded forlornity who appealed to me for help, I promptly wrote a letter of introduction to Father Fred. Then for a long time I sat and pondered the significance of that spontaneous act on my part; and ended by concluding that it must be a superlatively good man whose name sprang into the minds of his friends as the natural answer to all their problems of service and salvation.

That, with all his holiness, he should have remained so humble and lovable, so humanly companionable, was the final proof of his genuineness. His virtue gave no offense to the most worldly sinner.

III

The church services grew swiftly in beauty. Father Fred was not patient by nature — all the more marvelous his control! — and perhaps he felt that his time was short. At any rate, he began to hasten the steps. The parish responded. It was not very rich, but it gave eagerly, lavishly. Beautiful is the look of a church occupied by plainly dressed people and glowing with alabaster-box costliness which the shabby shoes and the worn gloves have made possible. Incense, a sanctus bell, an occasional glorious solemn procession, new vestments and altar-cloths — these lovely symbols crowded to open the gate of heaven a little wider. Father Fred's tired face showed an ever-deepening content. Finally, just before Passion Week, the best realization of all took up its thrilling abode in the church and transformed and quickened it with an awful holiness. On the altar of the Lady Chapel, beneath a glowing, darkling light, the Blessed Sacrament was reserved.

Oh! that was a great day. As the unaccustomed people passed about the main body of the church and caught the unfamiliar gleam between the pillars, they hesitated, stopped, and knelt where they were. Thus instantly does the authentic touch of God prostrate the soul. The whole dear edifice had been lifted to heaven; or, rather, heaven had come down to inhabit it. Father Fred was not very well; but he forgot his ailment, forgot himself, forgot everything, as he knelt before the altar. He lingered so long that he was finally left alone; and in the shadowy

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church, with its dim soaring arches, its silence, and its one vivid heart of light, he — but one must not try to imagine what he felt and knew. Did he sing, 'Nunc dimittis'? One wonders.

The next day he was taken ill. The parish was at once uneasy. He was so frail, so other-worldly. Body and spirit both seemed sealed to a high doom. But supplication fought with fear. As the menace deepened and the uneasiness turned to alarm, a desperate common purpose ran through all the different scattered lives of the church and bound them into one endeavor which constantly, by night and day, voiced itself before the altar where the priest had last knelt. Ah, how they loved him! They could not let him go. During the six days of his illness, there was never a moment when the altar-lamp was not shining pityingly on some bowed head and some imploring hands.

Cruelly stricken must the heart have been that pleaded there when the slow, tolling strokes began to fall from the tower and to reverberate through the church. Oh! all in vain, then, impotent was the entreaty. Has not God promised to answer prayer? The test which Father Fred's death made of his parish was bitterly hard.

But they met it triumphantly. With tears raining down their cheeks and sobs choking their throats, they turned their broken supplication into a song of praise. Thus their rector had taught them, and thus they would do. They lost no time about it, either. They seemed to feel that upon them depended the degree of bliss with which Father Fred would enter Paradise. He had ever been one to think of them before himself, to consider first the effect of a crisis upon his people. It was impossible not to picture him turning back from the gate of heaven and watching with his anxious, yearning, summoning look to see whether his church was going to prove itself loyal or faithless. They must not disappoint him, they must not shame him; they must send him on to his great reward with immediate, definite proof of his worthiness. He must bear with him the sheaves of their acquiescence.

It was Wednesday in Holy Week when he died. As Saint Francis, fasting for forty days, ate one crust of bread that he might not presume to imitate his Master too closely, so Father Fred chose to die on Wednesday rather than on Friday. The burial was on Saturday. There had never been a service like it in all the progressive annals of the church. Good Friday had given the people a chance to ease their hearts by yielding themselves to their grief; they had mourned unrestrainedly. But on Saturday they summoned themselves and one another to a resolute pitch of triumph. The most critical of them forgot their prejudices in the desire to give Father Fred all that he loved and had worked for, all the beautiful, solemn symbols of eternal truth. They counted neither the cost nor the consequences. If they had considered the latter, they might perhaps have thought the occasion too exceptional to entail ordinary results. But surely it is not unseemly to suggest that the rapt, triumphant face of the priest in his coffin bore a trace of his old, never-failing humor as the glorious ritual came to its own in his beloved church. A noble practice has only to gain one complete expression to establish itself. The tear-thrilled voices that sang the Requiem Mass on that Easter Eve were not likely ever again to indulge in criticism. Glad that he had lived to such purpose, Father Fred must have been still more glad that he had died.

But has he died really? Or does death mean all that we imagine? His

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presence seems to inhabit his church more vitally than ever. May it not be that death, dissolving the shows of things, admits the spirit to the realm of reality? that heaven and earth are only the bright and dark sides of the same truth? In that case, Father Fred did not leave his church when he died, but found the streets of the New Jerusalem in his familiar aisle. There he still kneels and prays, there he works. But he has lost all his anxiety, for he knows that he cannot fail. As for the church, it goes ever from glory to glory, plucking God, holding Him by new corners of his shining robe.

AN HOUR IN CHARTRES

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

THROUGH the brown French fields, ploughed into powder, the curving lines of their furrows stretching like the fine grain of wood to the villages and forests on the horizon, I rode on Easter Monday down to Chartres. The fruit trees were white with blossom, and the sombre little farmsteads, toned to a soft gray or brown by the winters that had passed over them, and built in a square of almost indistinguishable medley of house, stable, granary, and orchard wall, were fantastically gay with their wealth of flowers. A glimpse of black-haired women waving vivacious aprons at the flying train; a crowd of peasants, holiday-garbed, assembled in a farmyard; a château or two standing stiffly with its clean white classic lines in its park, which showed between rows of poplars a flash of marble statues and water; brown sprawling villages, climbing with overlapping roofs uphill to a gaunt church tower; delicate woods with trees that looked as if they had stepped out of a Corot; and the soaring towers of Chartres on the horizon.

The first scene one has in Chartres is one of those perfect things which seem to concentrate in a composed picture all the essential qualities of a place, a picture that seems the very incarnated body of a soul. A very green little meadow, dotted with twisted moss-covered trees, surrounded by still canals down below the town; the banks lined with slender tapering poplars, such as march in solemn state along the canals and roads of northern France, and give that charming quality to its far-reaching countryside. Through the poplars of the meadow gleam the white arches of a spacious viaduct, with red roofs climbing the slopes of the little valley through which the canals run out of the River Eure. Along the banks walked blue-garbed nuns in their flaring white starched caps, and dowdy red-legged soldiers, while in the walks were children rolling hoops and whipping tops. It was the very essence of daily France, its peace, its color, the sweet richness of its immemorial life, the charm of its perfect blending of house and tree and grass, all become through the centuries as personally and as intimately French as

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the people who inhabit them and love them, — a scene as far removed in spirit from the prim stinginess of the English scene as it is from the savage largeness of our own American.

The moment when one first steps from the station into a foreign town never loses its thrill for me. It is always the threshold of an adventure, the meeting of a new communal personality, to be grasped and won and made intimate. One sniffs the air in anticipation of what its quality is to be, as one feels rolling toward one a welcome of individuality, to which one's heart goes out in a rush of response.

To explore alone a picturesque town, — what experience packs more of human charm and delight into itself than this attack, for indomitable possession, on the foreign scene? In Chartres, the explorer darts about the narrow crooked streets, discovering at every corner some interesting house or gable or window; catching down every turning street some charming picture of massing houses, or tower or little square; coming unawares upon some busy figure of a man or woman who reveals suddenly from his occupation or gesture what it really means in terms of life to go through the daily duties and to dwell in this town. Farther on, the traveler watches the old roofs mass themselves up a hill, and climbs to church-tower or nearby rise to look down on the clustered chimney-pots. He flashes his eyes about at the shops and the carts and the market-place, if he is so lucky as to come upon the graveled square bulging with heaped produce and ruddy old women under vast umbrellas. Here, he delights to catch the postman at work, or to meet the little boys pouring out of school, black-aproned and bare-kneed, with their bags under their arms; there, he peeps straight into an open window, and unabashedly records in his mind the arrangement of the room and the style of the life lived in it, — pleased at some slight little touch of taste in a humble apartment. Now he looks down a long court past fantastically squalid cottages, or up a dark stairway, — wondering what is above. And at last he slips into the chill and silent church, makes a swift tour of aisles and ambulatory, contrasting the gaudy little chapels with some exquisite Gothic detail of fretted stone, or rose-window. Exploring ever hungrily and greedily, he draws deep breaths and imagines that he has always lived in the town and is now going about native and important business. And in this way he assimilates, and comes away saturated with, the rich spirit of the place, a hundred pictures indelibly etched on his mind, and a quite inexpressibly satisfying sense of quality felt, warmly and glowingly. Finally comes the mad dash into the train as it pulls away, in order to leave himself no tedious wait while the virtue might slowly drain out of him. And at the end there is a last swift incomparable glimpse of the immovable majesty of a cathedral towering over the huddled town.

And it was in some such fashion that I saw Chartres. The cathedral on the hill, towering above the diminished town with so soaring a bulk as to give one a fantastic fear that it is about to lose balance and fall over into the gray roofs of the old town which slide away from it on all sides, pulls one toward it; but one reaches it only through a newer France of straight little boulevards bordered with lines of horse-chestnut trees remorselessly trimmed into an interlacing screen whose top forms a line as clean as if some gigantic knife wielded from heaven had sliced over it; through sidewalk cafés, and new red villas, discreetly veiled in tight little gardens by grilled iron fences; through the broad graveled

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'Marché des Chevaux,' from which a shady boulevard stretches down toward my meadow and viaduct, whence one plunges into narrow old streets, high above which the cathedral seems to struggle as one zigzags one's way toward it.

But first, what is this soul of a people or of an epoch that imposes so inexorably upon the communities, small and large, from one end of the land to the other, these trimmed trees, these red-and-gray houses, this harmonious 'style' which makes even the countryside and the woods take an individuality characteristically French: a spirit which seems wholly to disregard any particular choices and tastes of the individuals who are actually moulding these forms for themselves, but rather works impersonally through the most varied temperaments and minds? One explains it all by 'imitation,' but that is merely to name it and not to explain it. One never loses one's wonder, in these foreign scenes, at the way things hang together, so that they seem the very emanation of a sort of vast overspreading communal taste, which makes the little individual tastes of men seem very petty and insignificant. You may have your centuries juxtaposed, as at Chartres, but each one is a harmony, a toughly tenacious fabric of quality, which not only merges material things together into a satisfying whole, but speaks eloquently also of the thought and feelings and attitudes of the time.

As I poked into the old town at Chartres, I asked myself where I had felt before this quaint, gray, quiet atmosphere of the seventeenth century. Where but at Quebec, which has preserved so unquestioningly both the soul and body of the old France? And this soft, flat countryside about Chartres might be the Ile d'Orléans itself, sleeping on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. There was something familiarly English also in these little plastered gabled houses, through which the jutting timbers seemed to show how honestly, as it were, the old houses had been holding themselves up through the centuries. Occasionally too there was a touch of something German, reminiscent of earlier centuries still, when, paradoxical as it must seem, Europe had a soul far more international than in our own age, with all its incomparable modes of communication, — of centuries when nationalization had not yet made great headway upon that *European* nation, culturally speaking, whose homogeneity was the inspiration of the democratic Gothic civilization of the Middle Ages, and which we are just now setting about to reconstruct.

It is a little difficult to imagine modern people living in the quaint streets of Chartres. The holiday gave a Sabbath-like calm to the streets, through which moved only a little procession of orphans, shepherded by careful nuns, or a soldier or two, or English tourists, or families 'endimanchées.' Even a modern shop, here and there, decked out with an almost American glitter, did not destroy the provincial calm of the place, prosaic, Catholic, undisturbed, as its life must be.

Progress toward the soaring cathedral was difficult. The streets had the air of twisting themselves through a resisting mass of houses, with a curious indeterminateness of direction. Starting up hill, they would run down again with you, or bring you out suddenly at the top of a long flight of steps, or into a little graveled place by some incredibly worn old church, forlorn and deserted, or upon some curious old house, straddling the sidewalk, and propped up with carved pillars that might have stood in some old abbey or Gothic ruin. Or one came suddenly on the town hall, as aristocratic in its faded red and

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buff as some contemporary marshal of Henry of Navarre. Through streets of fantastic names, — Street of the Great Stag, of the Golden Sun, of the White Horse, — one climbed toward the cathedral, and found it gloriously visible, with a 'place' before its façade from which one could get the perspective of its noble towers and not lose, as one does at Rouen, the splendor of the soaring piles in irritatingly diminished foreshortening.

What must have been the soul — not of the people, for they were but tools of a spirit — but of the community that raised this splendid bulk, now so sombrely gray and worn, its great blocks of stone curiously punctured, as if Time had been gnawing away at them? If it was the madness of fanaticism that caused the peasants to yoke themselves to the carts and drag the stones to rebuild their church in the twelfth century, what a divine madness, and how divine the reach and imagination of that social soul of theirs which inspired this splendid form! The contrast between the flaming splendors of these French façades and portals and the primitive squalor of the decaying houses at the foot of the cathedrals is eloquent of a time when it must really have been believed — O miracle of the Western world! — that the body and its comforts were as nothing, and only the soul had life. There is an austerity in this façade of Chartres that is absent from the flamboyant northern cathedrals; but the delicate perfection of the north tower, and the noble proportions of the south tower, quite unlike the north one but beautifully complementary to it, invest the whole picture with an incomparable gravity and sweetness, a richly sincere nobility.

Through a little portal at the side of the great gloomy wooden doors, ironclad as if for a castle rather than a church, I slipped into the overpowering majesty of the vaulted nave. In this rich Rembrandtian duskiness the eye only gradually distinguishes the superb march of the fluted columns down its broad and majestic length to the beautiful choir, on which all the light seems to converge, touching softly its gray lines which carry the eye up until they are lost in the vaulting above. The air of the nave was very thick and heavy; it seemed almost to lave the heavy columns and to flow into the dark side aisles. Whatever light filtered into them was shut from the nave by these columns, which, heavy as they were, fitted themselves in perfect purity of proportion to the vast spaciousness of height and breadth. The nave is one majestic dim vestibule before the lighted transept and choir. In no other church have I seen this sense of composition, this superb convergence and directness of aim. The soaring interior was a unity, and all the parts flowed together in concentration upon the supremely beautiful choir.

In this majestic vitality of Chartres, there was something infinitely mournful in the inevitable band of black-bonneted old women performing their devotions before the altars. After dozens of European churches, they have come to represent for me a sort of symbol of the receding Catholic religion; these vacant-faced, tragic old creatures seem a sort of last desperate bulwark against the encroachments of the modern spirit. If the old cathedral could think, would it not feel a touch of sad irony that its majesty, so unimpairedly human and divine, should have found little more serviceable use to-day than to quiet the fears and minister to the feeble hopes of these poor old creatures? Would it not desire to see the soul of the community at its feet grow superb enough again to learn how to use it worthily and magnificently for the glory of humanity?

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UNION PORTRAITS

II. GEORGE H. THOMAS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THOMAS ranks among the highest as a general and is most winning as a man. But the fact that, although a Virginian, he remained true to the Union and fought against his state and family and friends gives perhaps the chief interest to the study of his character and mode of thought.

It will be advantageous to present first in the abstract all the arguments that appear to justify a military man in such a position.

First, there is the oath of allegiance. In all countries and under all governments it has always been held that the officer is bound to follow his flag, that he has accepted training and support under the constituted authorities, and that he is pledged to render obedience and to devote all his efforts and his life to carrying out the orders that come to him from his lawful superior. A man's conscience is, of course, higher than his military duty, but the instances where the two should be separated are very rare indeed.

In the case of our Civil War there was a great deal more to the question than mere mechanical loyalty. For nearly a hundred years the Union had grown and flourished, in spite of sharp political disputes. The possibilities of future expansion and prosperity were enormous. It needed but little prophetic vision to look forward to wealth and happiness for coming generations such as the world had hardly ever seen before. But a man who knew what war was, and what armies were, and what military government was, did not need to be told that such a future would be gravely imperiled, if the Union were shattered into fragments. To a man with that knowledge, the attempt to break up the Union was stupid, fatal, intolerable folly. This was what Robert E. Lee meant when he said: 'I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union.' And again, 'Secession is nothing but revolution.' And yet again, 'It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established and not a government by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution.'

It was not only the future of the United States that was involved, but the future of Democracy. Those who urged secession claimed to be defending popular government against a usurping executive. In reality nothing could show more clearly the danger of centralization to a republic than the history of the Confederacy. And the nation which was founded on state rights ended in a tragic — or comic — exhibition of building a strong central authority on state wrongs. Every one who longed passionately for the success of free institutions must have appreciated that there could be no greater

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danger to such institutions than the establishment of two or a dozen confederacies watching perpetually in armed eagerness to cut each other's throats. A striking illustration of how forcibly this was felt by outsiders appears in a speech made by Disraeli in 1864, less often quoted than are some other English utterances of that time: 'After the conclusion of the war we will see a different America from that which was known to our fathers and from that even of which this generation has had so much experience. It will, I believe, be an America of diplomacy, it will be an America of rival states and of manœuvring Cabinets, of frequent turbulence and frequent wars.' You perceive from what the good Lord, working through Thomas and others like him, delivered us.

And if this was the patriotic view of a broad-minded American, it might have been equally the view of a loyal Virginian. What was fatal to the whole could not well be advantageous to the parts. If the preservation of the Union meant peace, freedom, and popular government for Maine, Illinois, and California, it meant the same thing for Virginia, and the destruction of the Union meant an abyss of possible disaster for Virginia also.

Writing formerly in the *Atlantic*, I had occasion to say that in the apparently most remote contingency of a secession of Massachusetts or of New England, I should follow my state even if the cause of such secession did not meet with my approval. I now repeat the statement without hesitating in the slightest. The love of home, the might of ancestral tradition, New England habits of thought and habits of affection are too deeply rooted in every fibre of my heart for me to take any risk of being exiled from them perpetually. But it may easily be maintained that one who followed a different course would show a broader, a more far-seeing, a more self-sacrificing patriotism, even as a New Englander.

Reasoning from analogy is always defective and often misleading, but when Southerners say, with Colonel McCabe, that Thomas turned his back on Virginia in the hour of her sorest need, I am tempted to put the matter thus. If a man sees his mother about to commit suicide in a fit of temporary insanity, which is more truly filial, to stand reverently by and watch her do it, or to do his best to restrain her, even with a certain amount of brutal violence?

So much for the line of argument that Thomas might have used. How far did he actually use it? Nobody knows. His numerous admirers are ready and eager to tell us what they thought, and what they think he ought to have thought and must have thought. But the actual reliable evidence as to his own mental processes is meagre in the extreme.

One thing we can say at starting, as positively as we can speak of any human motive. It is alleged that Thomas was governed by considerations of personal advantage and promotion. The same thing has been alleged in regard to Lee, and with just as much truth in one case as in the other. The characters of both men absolutely preclude the assignment, even the consideration, of anything so contemptible.

Further, Thomas is said to have been influenced by his wife, who was a New York woman. Probably he was, though Mrs. Thomas makes the almost incomprehensible assertion that 'never a word passed between General Thomas and myself, or any one of the family, upon the subject of his remaining loyal to the United States Government.' I say 'almost incomprehensible,' because the general spent the fierce winter of 1860–1861, when everybody was talk-

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ing politics, with his wife in New York. And I repeat, probably he was influenced. Who is not, by his surroundings and by those he loves? Does any one believe that Lee was not influenced by Mrs. Lee and by his friends and family? But that either of these men could be persuaded to do anything he thought wrong, by his wife or by any one else, is a mere dream of prejudice and party passion.

What actual evidence we have, however, as to Thomas's attitude in that trying time goes practically all one way and, I think, shows beyond question that he had his hour of doubt and difficulty. The story, widely current at the South, that Thomas wrote to the Confederate authorities to know what rank would be given him if he joined them, may be rejected at once, on Thomas's own vehement statement, and was merely a misinterpretation of documents to be considered shortly. The explicit testimony of Fitzhugh Lee that Thomas told him in New York early in 1861 that he intended to resign cannot, of course, be for one moment disputed as to intentional veracity. It is possible, however, that Lee, in his own enthusiasm, may have taken Thomas more positively than was meant. Evidence less likely to be questioned by Northerners is furnished by Keyes, who knew Thomas well before the war and regarded him with the greatest esteem and affection. Keyes attributes the general's final decision to his wife, and adds, 'Had he followed his own inclination, he would have joined the Confederates and fought against the North with the same ability and valor that he displayed in our cause.'

Further, there are two letters of Thomas's which have a very interesting connection with the point we are discussing. On January 18, 1861, he wrote to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, the school in which Jackson was an instructor and which bore something like the same relation to the state that West Point bears to the nation, as follows: 'In looking over the files of the *National Intelligencer* this morning, I met with your advertisement for a commandant of cadets and instructor of tactics at the institute. If not already filled, I will be under obligations if you will inform me what salary and allowances pertain to the situation, as from present appearances I feel it will soon be necessary for me to be looking up some means of support.'

It is urged by Thomas's biographers that this letter has no political significance whatever, that the general was at that time doubtful about the effects of a severe injury recently received which he thought might disable him for further active service.

This explanation may be correct, but it must be admitted that the coincidence is singular and unfortunate. It becomes much more so when we weigh the language of another letter written on March 12, 1861. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, had caused the position of chief of ordnance of the state to be offered to Thomas, if he wished to resign from the United States service. Thomas replies: 'I have the honor to state, after expressing my most sincere thanks for your very kind offer, that it is not my wish to leave the service of the United States as long as it is honorable for me to remain in it; and therefore as long as my native State, Virginia, remains in the Union, it is my purpose to remain in the Army unless required to perform duties alike repulsive to honor and humanity.'

Here we have almost the identical words of Lee as to the Union, written at about the same time. 'I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation.' I do not see how any

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unprejudiced person can doubt that up to the middle of March, at any rate, Thomas was divided between his loyalty to the Union and his loyalty to Virginia. The only shred of actual evidence on the other side is Colonel Hough's report of a conversation in which his chief declared that 'his duty was clear from the beginning.' But this conversation occurred long after the struggle was over, when time and bitter memories had accentuated everything, and by the phrase 'from the beginning,' the general may well have meant only the actual beginning of the war. To me the comment of Grant, who must have spoken from reliable hearsay, if not from personal knowledge, seems a perfectly satisfactory statement of the case. 'When the war was coming, Thomas felt like a Virginian, and talked like one, and had all the sentiments then so prevalent about the rights of slavery and sovereign states and so on. But the more Thomas thought it over, the more he saw the crime of treason behind it all.'

And why should any one blame him for hesitation in the matter? If he was a man, with a man's heart, and not a mere military machine, was he not bound to hesitate? The point would not be worth the space I have given it, if it were not for the folly of Northern apologists on the one hand, who insist that their hero must always have thought as they did, and for the cruelty of Southern partisans on the other, who insinuate ignoble motives where there is no possible foundation for them. Whatever may have been Thomas's doubts when the dispute was in a theoretical stage, the guns at Sumter settled the question for him. When he heard that echo, he wrote to his wife words which are equally significant of his decision and of his previous indecision: 'Whichever way he turned the matter over in his mind, his oath of allegiance to his Government always came uppermost.'

A few days later than this, in the very interesting letter of Fitz-John Porter printed in the Official Records (volume 107, page 351), we see Thomas assisting to hold others to their duty; and from that time on there is no indication of the faintest wavering or regret, any more than there is with Lee who had chosen the other side after a bitter struggle of his own. Indeed, with the progress of the war Thomas's language in regard to rebels and rebellion becomes more and more energetic, as appears in one very curious passage regarding deserters, written in April, 1864. 'I believe many of them return to the enemy after recruiting their health and strength, because they are rebels by nature, others because of family influence, and others like the drunkard to his bottle, because they have not sufficient moral courage to resist the natural depravity of their hearts.' In the last clause I think we see what Thomas would have felt to be the just analysis of his own psychological experience. He had found the moral courage to withstand a terrible trial.

As shown by Grant's remark above quoted, Thomas's attitude before the war in regard to slavery was probably that of the average moderate Southerner. He was never an extensive slaveholder. While in Texas he purchased a slave woman for actual needs of service, and rather than sell her again into the hands of strangers, he sent her home to Virginia at very considerable expense and inconvenience.

II

The difficulty we have met with in getting at Thomas's state of mind during the critical months of 1861 forms an excellent introduction to the study

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of his character. There is the same difficulty in getting at his state of mind at any other time. He was very insistent that none of his private letters should be published after his death, and very few have been. His official correspondence is extensive; but it is singularly formal in character and tells us almost nothing about the man's soul, except that such reserve is in itself significant, and that even trifling hints of self-revelation become valuable in such a scarcity. Thus a letter that begins 'Dear Sherman,' is almost startling in its contrast to the usual staid formulæ of subordinate respect.

Not only in letters but in everything was Thomas reserved, self-contained, self-controlled. 'A boy of few words, but of an excellent spirit,' was about all the information that his biographer could gather as to his childhood. At West Point, where he was graduated in 1840, in the Indian campaigns, during the Mexican War, in which he distinguished himself greatly, and through the interval till the Civil War came, there is a similar record: quiet, faithful service, and no more said than was necessary; a strong, calm, patient, dignified soldier, ready alike for good and evil fortune. Nor did he appear differently throughout the great conflict, from his first victory at Mill Springs in January, 1862, through Shiloh and Perryville and Murfreesboro and Chickamauga and Chattanooga and Atlanta, to his last victory at Nashville, one of the most skillful and decisive battles of the war. Everywhere it was a question of deeds, not of words, of accomplishing the task set and making as little fuss about it as possible. Everywhere there was shrinking from cheap publicity and the advertising through self or others which did more for some reputations than great fighting. When asked to become a candidate for the presidency after the war, Thomas declined, giving as one reason, 'I can never consent, voluntarily, to place myself in a position where scurrilous newspaper men and political demagogues can make free with my personal character and reputation, with impunity.'

The advantages of this splendid poise and self-contained power in Thomas's character will bear analysis in many ways. Let us consider the negative advantages first. For one thing, Thomas was free from over-confidence. He did not press eagerly into undertakings beyond his strength, and consequently he and his army were saved the humiliation and demoralization that come from drawing back.

Moreover, Thomas was free from the brag and bluster which disfigure the glory of so many really able soldiers. He may have felt in his heart that he could do great things, but he did not proclaim it. Indeed, on this point he erred in the direction of excessive modesty. 'So modest was he that his face would color with blushes when his troops cheered him,' says one who knew him well. To be sure, his enthusiastic biographer observes, with fine discrimination, that when a modest man does break out, he does so thoroughly. A curious instance of this is a speech Thomas was forced to make after the war, in which, announcing that he was a modest man, he went on to explain his merits in refusing to take command when it was offered him to the detriment of his superior. A less modest man, with his wits more about him, would perhaps have left the remark to some one else.

On the other hand, a much more important illustration of the underlying truth and nobility of the general's nature appears in another speech in which he explained the battle of Nashville, and his chief concern seemed to be to point out his great mistake in

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not making use of the cavalry to destroy Hood completely. You will go some distance before you find another commander busy enlarging on the things he ought to have done and did not do.

Again, Thomas's reserve saved him from the fault, too general on both sides during the war, of speaking harshly in criticism of his superiors or his subordinates, of allowing that jealousy of others' success, which is perhaps inseparable from human weakness, to become manifest in outward speech and action. It is rare indeed that he expresses himself with such frankness as about Schurz: 'I do not think he is worth much from what I have seen of him, and should not regret having him go'; or in regard to an expedition of Stoneman: 'The Stoneman raid turns out to be a humbug. . . . It seems that when twenty-five of the enemy are seen anywhere they are considered in force.'

On the other hand how admirable was the loyalty, based of course on sound judgment, which made him unwilling to be put in place of Buell on the eve of battle, and in the highest degree reluctant to succeed Rosecrans. When the latter change was first proposed, Dana writes that Thomas refuses absolutely; 'he could not consent to become the successor of Rosecrans, because he would not do anything to give countenance to the suspicion that he had intrigued against his commander. Besides he has as perfect confidence in the capacity and fidelity of General Rosecrans as he had in those of General Buell.'

Even when it would have been easy and natural to say something unpleasant, Thomas refrains, as in his comments on the victory at Chattanooga, won, as is usually supposed, quite contrary to Grant's plans. 'It will be perceived from the above report that the original plan of operations was somewhat modified to meet and take the best advantage of emergencies which necessitated material modifications of that plan. It is believed, however, that the original plan, had it been carried out, could not possibly have led to more successful results.'

If, as is sometimes asserted, Thomas was jealous of Grant, the moderation of the passage just cited is all the more noticeable. That there was a certain amount of the very human jealousy I have suggested above, is possible. How difficult it is to discriminate motives in such a case is shown by comparing General Wilson's description of Grant's first arrival at Chattanooga, wet, weary, and wounded, and Thomas's reception of him, with Horace Porter's account of the same scene. According to General Wilson, Thomas was completely out of sorts and treated Grant with inexcusable rudeness, arising, Wilson thinks, from smouldering jealousy. Porter, on the other hand, feels that the undeniable remissness on Thomas's part arose rather from preoccupation with other cares, and he analyzes excellently the probable facts as to the relation between the two great leaders. 'There is very little doubt that if any other two general officers in the service had been placed in the same trying circumstances there would have been an open rupture.'

III

So far, then, as to the negative advantages of Thomas's reserve and self-control. But the positive advantages were much greater. To begin with, he was by nature businesslike, a man of system. The story that his chief complaint of the enemy at Chickamauga, when everything was collapsing about him, was that 'the damned scoundrels were fighting without any system,' may be apocryphal, though I am inclined

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to believe it. But all the evidence shows that he loved to have things work by rule, and arranged even little matters with patient care. He was always neat as to his dress and person. He liked a completeness even approaching display about his camp service and equipage, and had formal Negro attendants and silver tableware. All Sherman's efforts to reduce this equipment for the sake of example during the Atlanta campaign were quite unavailing, yet it does not seem to have resulted from any instinct of aristocratic superiority, but simply from an established habit. In the same way, Thomas insisted upon an elaborate administrative apparatus, and the story goes that Sherman, after unduly stripping himself, was very glad to make use of his subordinate's facilities in this direction.

It was the same with discipline. Thomas was always approachable, always kindly, but he wanted no time spent without a purpose, and even in accomplishing a purpose wanted methods to be brief and direct. This thoroughly businesslike element of his character is shown by nothing better than by the change which is said to have taken place in the army when Thomas succeeded Rosecrans. Rosecrans was brilliant but erratic, full of clever schemes, but without settled grasp on either men or movements. Under his control, or lack of control, administration had become utterly haphazard and unsystematic. With Thomas's appointment everything was altered. As Dana wrote, in his vivid fashion, 'order prevails instead of chaos.'

It was Thomas's habit, before starting on any important movement, to see that all pending matters of business were attended to, all papers properly arranged, his own signature affixed to every document that required it. Even matters of comparatively slight importance were not overlooked. Thus, on the morning of December 15, 1864, when he was riding through Nashville to begin the battle which he knew was the great and long-delayed crisis of his life, he stopped his whole staff in the street to give direction that fourteen bushels of coal should be sent to Mr. Harris, his neighbor. 'I was out of coal and borrowed this number of bushels from him the other day.' Has not such an anecdote the real ring of Plutarch? is it not as fine as Socrates's last payment of the cock to Æsculapius?

This thoroughness of method shows in all Thomas's military activity. 'The fate of a battle may depend on a buckle,' he once said to an officer whose harness broke. He wanted to know where he was going, what he was going with, what material he had with him and against him. He provided for all possible contingencies of accident. 'There is always a remedy for any failure of a part of Thomas's plans, or for the delinquencies of subordinates.' He left nothing to others that he could do himself. 'On a march or a campaign, he saw every part of his army every day. . . . If, when he was at the rear, the sounds indicated contact with the enemy, he passed on to the very front, where he often dismounted and walked to the outer skirmish line to reconnoitre.'

The extreme of this methodical care is displayed in his curious remark to Dana: 'I should have long since liked to have an independent command, but what I should have desired would have been the command of an army that I could myself have organized, distributed, disciplined, and combined.' It is a striking piece of irony that when Sherman left him in chief command to confront Hood, he should have had the exact opposite of this, an unorganized, incoherent, scattered, chaotic army, which he had to make before he used

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it. He did make it, shape it, put it together, before he would stir one step. Then he struck the most finished, telling, perfect blow that was struck on either side during the war.

And the natural result of this splendid thoroughness was a universal reliability. Everybody, from the commander-in-chief to the camp-followers, trusted Thomas. When he telegraphed to Grant from Chattanooga, 'We will hold the town till we starve,' everybody knew there was no bluster about it, everybody knew the town would be held. In this connection perhaps the grandeur and force of his character made themselves more felt at Chickamauga than even at Nashville; and the soldiers' pet name, 'Rock of Chickamauga,' implies solidity and stability more than any other qualities. When everything is marching steadily to victory according to a preconceived plan, you may know the power that is behind, but you do not feel it directly and vividly. But when things go wrong, when strong men are breaking blindly, when disaster seems sweeping on beyond check or stay, then to lean back against one magnificent will, of itself sufficient to change fate, that indeed gives you a sense of what human personality can be.

It is in moments like these that a physique such as Thomas's, with all it expresses of the soul, is most imposing. He was tall, broad, solidly built, with firm, square shoulders and a full-bearded face as firm and square as the shoulders were. Some say that the expression was stern, some say kind and gentle. Probably it could be either according to circumstances; and I delight in Garfield's comment on the eyes: 'cold gray to his enemies, but warm blue to his friends.' Equally enthusiastic is Howard's denial of the charge of coldness and severity. 'To me General Thomas's features never seemed cold. His smile of welcome was pleasant and most cordial. His words and acts drew toward him my whole heart, particularly when I went into battle under him.' And this is the impression that I get most of Thomas as a battle-leader, one of immense comfort. Others may have been more showy, even more inspiring. To fight under Thomas was like having a wall at your back or a great battery to cover you.

IV

Naturally, characteristics so strongly marked as the reserve, and poise, and self-control we have been analyzing in Thomas carry some defects with them. Strongly marked characteristics always do. His love of system and the regular way of doing things did sometimes degenerate into a defect. This shows in little foibles of no moment except for what they indicate. Thus Thomas was walking one day with Sherman and they came across a soldier parching corn from the fields. Thomas commended him, but cautioned him not to waste any. As they passed on, Sherman heard the fellow mutter, 'There he goes, there goes the old man, economizing as usual.' And Sherman's characteristic comment is, 'economizing with corn which cost only the labor of gathering and roasting.'

Again, it is said that Thomas hated new clothes, and when his promotions began to come faster than he could wear out his uniforms, he was always one uniform behind. Of similar triviality yet significance is the story that when he was put into a good bed in a Louisville hotel, he could not sleep, but sent for his camp cot in the middle of the night.

More important in this line is his criticism of the Sanitary and Christian commissions. With all their usefulness, they were something of a nuisance

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from the point of view of system, and Thomas complains, 'They have caused much trouble and could be easily dispensed with for the good of the service, as their duties are legitimately those of, and should be performed by, the medical department.'

Most illuminating of all for Thomas's mental constitution is his attitude toward rank, promotion, and official dignity. Advancement was slow in coming to him at first, partly perhaps because of his Southern antecedents, partly also because of his quiet discharge of duty without talk or political effort. When others were placed over him, he made no protest of ambition or desert, and was disposed to bear slights which merely touched his personal worth with dignified indifference. But the minute he felt that the regular order of procedure was interfered with, he was ready to object. Thus, when he is put under Mitchell, in 1861, he writes, 'Justice to myself requires that I ask to be relieved from duty with these troops, since the Secretary has thought it necessary to supersede me in command, without, as I conceive, any just cause for so doing.'

At a later date he is subordinated to Rosecrans and protests in the same spirit. 'Although I do not claim for myself any superior ability, yet feeling conscious that no reason exists for over-slaughing me by placing me under my junior, I feel deeply mortified and aggrieved at the action taken in the matter.'

This, I think, shows clearly the instinct of system, tending to harden into a red-tape habit. We can all imagine how differently Sherman would have written under similar circumstances, perhaps as follows: I don't care a jot whether the man is my senior or my junior. The one question is, can he do the work better than I? To speak frankly, I don't think he can.

Another curious case is Thomas's insistence on being transferred to the Pacific Department after the war. His biographer admits that he did not wish to go there, but was merely unwilling to see his rank degraded by having Schofield given the higher appointment.

Thomas's methodical temper is sometimes asserted to have given rise to a defect even more serious, that of excessive deliberateness, not to say slowness, in action. This much debated question is too purely military for a civilian to settle, but some discussion of it is necessary.

Perhaps the most severe criticism of Thomas comes from his own subordinate, Schofield, in connection with the Nashville campaign. Summed up very briefly and stripped of politeness, Schofield's charges are that Thomas should have concentrated and fought Hood earlier; that Schofield himself really won Nashville at Franklin; that when Nashville was fought it was Schofield's advice that made the victory complete; that on the second day of the battle Thomas's leadership was quite inadequate; and that Thomas's reports cannot have been written by himself, because he would have been incapable of omitting to give credit for his subordinate's achievements,—a civil way of insinuating that Thomas suppressed the truth. All this would be indeed overwhelming, if exact.

Milder critics insist that Thomas was slow at Nashville, notably Grant, both at the time and afterwards, repeating to Young the old story of the general's nickname of 'Slow-Trot Thomas,' acquired at West Point. But Grant rarely let Thomas's name be mentioned without some innuendo. Neither did Sherman, who, though often praising his subordinate's steadiness, complains of the difficulty of keeping him moving. 'A fresh furrow

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in a ploughed field will stop the whole column and all begin to intrench.'

Cox, who knew Thomas well and admired him greatly and who has none of Schofield's obvious personal irritation, is inclined to agree with the latter that the general might have met and defeated Hood more promptly. And Colonel T. L. Livermore, after his minute and careful analysis of Thomas's whole career, inclines to the belief that in almost every one of his battles he might have accomplished more than he did, this being particularly the case in regard to Chickamauga. Colonel Livermore, however, admits that Thomas's greatness deserves all admiration, and that no one would question it if it were not for the fact that his biographers try to exalt him by depreciating everybody else. This they certainly do, with more ardor than discernment.

On the point of generalship I think we may conclude that, while perhaps Thomas had not the headlong aggressiveness of Sherman and Sheridan, of Jackson and Stuart, he had gifts so great, so successful, and so fruitful, — gifts not only of steadiness and far-reaching preparation, but also of broad conception and strategic intelligence, — that to find fault with him is an ungracious and a thankless task.

V

So far we have considered Thomas as a man of reserved power, of poise and self-control, and there is a general impression that he was cold and impassible, of a statuesque temperament, little subject to human passion and infirmity. Careful study shows that this is less true than might be supposed. The human passions were there, however watchfully governed.

Take ambition. Few men seem to have been freer from its subtle influence. Thomas declined advancement when it seemed to him unjust to others, declined to be put in Buell's place, declined to be put in Rosecrans's, declined to let Johnson set him up as lieutenant-general to interfere with Grant. He declined a nomination for the presidency because he felt himself not fitted for it. Nor did the more solid fruits of ambition tempt him. After the war he was offered a handsome house, but declined it. A large sum of money was raised for him. He declined it, though he was poor, and desired it to be expended for the relief of disabled soldiers.

Yet in one of the few letters that have come to us from his early days, there is a real human cry. 'This will be the only opportunity I shall have of distinguishing myself, and not to be able to avail myself of it is too bad.' And there is something equally human about a disclaimer of ambition in later days. 'I have exhibited at least sufficient energy to show that if I had been intrusted with the command at that time I might have conducted it successfully. . . . I went to my duty without a murmur, as I am neither ambitious nor have any political aspirations.' Now, don't you think perhaps he was a little ambitious, after all?

Again, take temper. Thomas had plenty of it under his outward calm. His vexatious biographers declare that, although no church member, he was devoutly religious, and used and allowed no profanity. I have no question as to the religion, but I have quoted some profanity above which sounds genuine — and good — to me, and there is more elsewhere. Also, there is evidence of magnificent temper. It is said that at West Point the young cadet threatened to throw a would-be hazer out of the window; but this may have been not temper, but policy. Later instances are indisputable. When an officer of his staff

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misappropriated a horse, the general overwhelmed him with a torrent of reproach, drew his sword, ripped off the officer's shoulder-straps, and forced him to dismount and lead the horse a long distance to its owner. On another occasion a teamster was beating his mules over the head when the commander fell upon him with such a tumult of invective that the fellow fled to the woods and disappeared.

But the most interesting evidence as to Thomas's temper is his own confession in the admirable letter he wrote declining to be considered a candidate for the presidency. He gives a list of his disqualifications and places prominently among them, 'I have not the necessary control over my temper'; adding this really delightful piece of self-analysis: 'My habits of life, established by a military training of over twenty-five years, are such as to make it repugnant to my self-respect to have to induce people to do their duty by persuasive measures. If there is anything that enrages me more than another, it is to see an obstinate and self-willed man opposing what is right, morally and legally, simply because under the law he cannot be compelled to do what is right.'

Perhaps he would not have made a good president of the United States, since that individual must be subjected to visions of the above nature at rather frequent intervals.

Thomas was human in other aspects, also. He took a real human joy in fighting and victory. When the arrival of A. J. Smith assured success at Nashville, Thomas took Smith in his arms and hugged him. How pretty is the story Shanks tells of the general's eagerness in reporting Chickamauga to Rosecrans. 'Whenever I touched their flanks, they broke, general, they broke.' Then, catching Shanks's eye fixed upon him, 'as if ashamed of his enthusiasm, the blood mounted to his cheeks and he blushed like a woman.' Sherman says that when Atlanta was taken, 'The news seemed to Thomas almost too good to be true. He snapped his fingers, and almost danced.' The image of Thomas dancing for joy is of a peculiar gayety. Yet I have seen just such men do just such things.

As to the sense of humor, some maintain that Thomas had it not. Everybody has it, if you can find it. According to Horace Porter, the general took great delight in the jokes of a vaudeville entertainment with which the officers whiled away camp tediousness. One story told by Keyes, though homely, is so accordant with Thomas's methodical and mathematical temperament that I cannot omit it. Keyes was looking for a certain officer who was a great chewer and spitter, and as he sat at his desk, spat in winter into the fireplace, in summer out of the window. 'Now,' said Thomas, 'you may come in the window and follow up the line of tobacco juice on the floor, or you may descend the chimney and trace from that, and at the intersection of the two lines you will discover B.' Something in the anecdote seems to show something in the man.

If there is doubt about Thomas's humor, there is none whatever about his sensibility. It was, indeed, limited in character. He was a soldier and little else, and I find no trace in him of responsiveness to literature or art or even the beauty of nature. Though an industrious reader, his reading was confined to his profession and related subjects. But as a man and a soldier his feelings were of the keenest. The most striking testimony to this is the contemporary observation of Quartermaster Donaldson, writing to his superior Meigs, of a conversation held with the general in January, 1865. 'He feels very sore at the rumored intention to relieve

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him, and the major-generalcy does not cicatrize the wound. You know Thomas is morbidly sensitive, and it cuts him to the heart to think that it was contemplated to remove him. He does not blame the Secretary, for he said Mr. Stanton was a fair and just man.'

The last sentence is as nobly characteristic as the preceding one. But the sensitiveness was there, and shows repeatedly under the stoical calm, as in the remark just before Nashville: 'Wilson, they treat me at Washington and at Grant's headquarters as though I were a boy'; and in the retort to Stanton, when they met after the war was over and the secretary declared that he had always trusted the general: 'Mr. Stanton, I am sorry to hear you make this statement. I have not been treated as if you had confidence in me.' Also, the general showed a very human susceptibility in his resentment of the criticism of Schofield.

And as Thomas was sensitive, so he was kindly and tender, though his grave manner sometimes bred the contrary opinion. Sherman even declares that he was too kind for discipline, and that at his headquarters everybody was allowed to do as he liked. This is Sherman's exaggeration, but Thomas was kind to officers and men: kind, considerate, approachable. The consideration showed in things slight, but eminently significant. For instance, it is said that on the march, if the general was riding hastily to the front, he would take his staff through swamps and thickets and leave the highway to the trudging soldiers. So, after the war, he was equally thoughtful of his old followers and of the enemy. And the proof of this is not only that his followers adored 'Old Pap,' but that in spite of excellent grounds for animosity Southerners usually speak of him with more admiration and respect than of almost any other Northern commander.

Nor, in speaking of Thomas's kindness, should we omit one most important feature of it, his tender regard for animals. Maltreatment of them roused him to fierce indignation, and horses, mules, dogs, cats, and even fowls, looked upon him as their peculiar friend and protector.

I wish I could say something about the general's more intimate personal relations. But he would have nothing published bearing upon them and it is right that his reticence should be respected, although I feel sure that the more closely we studied him, the more we should love him. Oddly enough, purely personal material does not often get into the Official Records, yet with Thomas, most secretive of men, we have one of the few documents that seem to speak directly from one heart to another. Among the formal correspondence bearing upon the battle of Nashville we find the following brief dispatch, — hitherto overlooked by the general's industrious biographers. 'Mrs. F. L. Thomas, New York Hotel, New York: We have whipped the enemy, taken many prisoners and considerable artillery.' These are bare and simple words. But when I think who wrote them, who read them, and all they meant, they bring tears to my eyes, at any rate.

So now we understand that this high-souled gentleman, for all his dignity and all his serenity, was neither cold nor stolid, and we are better prepared to understand the startling significance of his brief remark to one who was very close to him: 'Colonel, I have taken a great deal of pains to educate myself not to feel.'

Truly, a royal and heroic figure and one for all America to be proud of. Is it not indeed an immortal glory for

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Virginia to have produced the noblest soldier of the Revolution and the noblest that fought on each side in the Civil War? Some day I hope to see her erect a worthy monument to one of the greatest of her sons. But, as she grows every year richer, more prosperous, more fortunate, more loyal in the Union for which he helped to save her, she herself, whether she wills it or not, will more and more become his noblest monument.

A TULIP GARDEN

BY AMY LOWELL

GUARDED within the old red wall's embrace,
Marshaled like soldiers in gay company,
The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry
Wheels out into the sunlight. What bold grace
Sets off their tunics, white with crimson lace!
Here are platoons of gold-frocked cavalry
With scarlet sabres tossing in the eye
Of purple batteries, every gun in place.
Forward they come, with flaunting colors spread,
With torches burning, stepping out in time
To some quick, unheard march. Our ears are dead,
We cannot catch the tune. In pantomime
Parades that army. With our utmost powers
We hear the wind stream through a bed of flowers.

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ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

III. THE TREATY OF GHENT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

EXACTLY at midday of August 7, 1814, four Americans might have been seen earnestly consulting together in one of the rooms of the late Baron de Lovendeghem's residence at the corner of Rue des Champs and Rue des Foulons in the city of Ghent.

It was a notable conference, not only because of its historical significance, but by reason of the singularly harmonious atmosphere which pervaded it, for the participants had nothing in common save the fact that they represented the United States as Commissioners empowered to negotiate a treaty of peace with England, and their earlier meetings had not always been characterized by unanimity either of thought or of action. In fact, as individuals, the distinguished diplomatists in question had acquired a very pronounced distaste for one another's society during their protracted sojourn in Belgium, and as envoys they had been subjected to most mortifying treatment.

Under such circumstances it was no more than natural that the nerves of the official family should have become somewhat unstrung. Indeed, the only remarkable thing about the situation was that five men of such widely differing tastes and temperaments had managed to live under the same roof even for a day — to say nothing of six weeks.

The individual who sat at the head of the conference table was a well-dressed, scholarly-looking, middle-aged man, with short, clerical side-whiskers, whose solemn, but strong, face, and dignified, if not haughty, bearing gave him an air of authority of which he was apparently quite sufficiently aware. This was John Quincy Adams, as cultured and conscientious and altogether admirable a public servant as Massachusetts ever produced; and as fussy and prolix and altogether tiresome a companion as was ever inflicted on any company.

Near this impeccable and irritating gentleman sat a lank, uncouth, untidy and generally unpresentable citizen of the soil, redolent of tobacco and whiskey, whose thin, hard, clean-shaven and somewhat foxy face was softened by his twinkling eyes and the humorous expression of his mouth. Indeed, the whole aspect of the man depended on his expression. At serious moments he looked offensively ill-tempered and withered, but when he smiled he seemed positively youthful, and his great mass of light-colored (almost white) hair added to this effect, giving the impression of a big overgrown boy, careless of appearance and entirely unawed. He was, as a matter of fact, the youngest of the group assembled at the table, for Henry Clay was only thirty-seven when Fate ordained that he should be delegated to adjust a quarrel

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which he had done his utmost to provoke.[1]

Beside this virile and vulgar representative of Kentucky sat a man whose patrician face and finely formed head, crowned with luxuriant black locks, emphasized the marked contrast between him and his whitish-haired, coarse-featured neighbor. But the two men were not only physically different, they were mentally and politically hostile, for James A. Bayard, ex-United States Senator from Delaware, had bitterly opposed the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812 and thoroughly disapproved of the swashbuckling, fire-eating appeals by which Clay had influenced public opinion in favor of the conflict. But Bayard's enthusiasm for peace had been considerably abated by his experiences in Europe as a Peace Commissioner; and had Clay been his companion for the fifteen months during which he had wandered over the Continent seeking peace but finding none, it is possible that he might have reached Ghent in a downright fighting mood. Fortunately for all concerned, however, his traveling companion during those trying days had been a man whose temperament was proof against all personal slights and whose patience was well-nigh inexhaustible. He was, in fact, the only one of the envoys who had no inherited prejudice against England, and to whom the war was not in any respect a family quarrel; for Albert Gallatin, though a loyal American by adoption, was by birth and inheritance a Swiss. Doubtless it was this saving quality that had enabled him to remain unperturbed in the face of the maddening delays and disappointments which he and his associate had encountered during their long diplomatic pilgrimage.

That exasperating experience commenced in May, 1813, when Gallatin resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury in order to act with Bayard as a Peace Commissioner, and sailed from Philadelphia with his colleagues, duly accredited to meet the representatives of England at St. Petersburg, where the Emperor of Russia was, presumably, to act as mediator between Great Britain and the United States.

The journey proved long and tedious, and when, at the end of ten weeks' traveling, the envoys at last reached their destination, they found that England had not sent and did not intend to send any commissioners, her government having, in the interim, declined the proffered mediation.

This was, to say the least, an awkward situation, and the embarrassment of the stranded envoys was increased by the fact that they could not gracefully retire from the scene, as they were advised that the Russian Emperor was renewing his offer of mediation and that there was good reason to suppose that England would not offend him by again rejecting his friendly offices.

Months of uncertainty had followed, during which the luckless diplomats were neither officials nor private citizens; so when they had finally learned from a friendly correspondent that England was willing to treat directly with the United States, they traveled to London on the strength of that information. But at the British capital they had discovered that no commissioners had been appointed to meet them and that the plan for direct negotiation was still very much in the air. At last, however, they received word that a new Commission had been appointed by the United States, consisting

[1] Adams asserts in his diary that Jonathan Russell (the fifth American Commissioner) claimed to be Clay's junior. But Russell was then evidently seeking an excuse for his subservience to Clay. He was not present at the conference of August 7.

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of Adams, Clay, Jonathan Russell [1] and themselves, and that Gothenburg had been selected as the diplomatic battleground. This was cheering news indeed, but before they reached Gothenburg they were advised that the meeting place had been changed to Ghent, and there most of the party had assembled in the last week of June, 1814.

II

After such an experience it was, of course, eminently fitting that the representatives of the United States should be properly housed. For more than a year they had been wandering from pillar to post, and the national dignity demanded that they should acquire a permanent abode. Doubtless it was this fact that induced the envoys to lease the de Lovendeghem residence soon after their arrival in Ghent; and had they been content to utilize it solely for the transaction of their official business all might have passed off well. Unfortunately, however, they invited trouble for themselves by deciding to live as well as work in the building, and the friction of daily living in close quarters was soon more than one of the inmates was able to endure; for no house was big enough to hold John Quincy Adams and his *bête noire*, Henry Clay.

Indeed, the official family had not much more than begun to settle down in its new abode before Adams rebelled at dining with his associates, who 'sat long at table drinking bad wine and smoking cigars,' and otherwise proving anything but agreeable companions for a man of his puritanical habits and tastes. He accordingly took refuge at a neighboring *table d'hôte*, but after a few days he swallowed his disgust (doubtless at the expense of his digestion) and thereafter schooled himself to participate in all the family repasts. This self-sacrificing move was, strangely enough, occasioned by the regret which Clay contrived to express at his confrère's retirement from the convivial board; and much as the scion of New England is to be commended for forcing himself to rub elbows with the raw Kentuckian whose personal habits and table manners were far from pleasant, Clay is entitled to something very like heroic honors for diplomatically saddling himself with the company of a man who, by the very excess of his virtue, was a kill-joy to the free and easy.

With such commendable forbearance and courtesy on the part of the protagonists in this ill-mated household, it is probable that all personal friction would have been reduced to a minimum had the English Commissioners arrived promptly on the scene. But they were not on hand by the time the Americans had completed their living arrangements, and as day after day slipped by without any news of them, the waiting diplomats grew more and more bored by their own society and dissatisfied with their surroundings.

Adams was the only one of the party who had had any extended experience in diplomacy, but that did not reconcile his associates to his assumption of leadership, and his inborn superiority and pompous piety fairly maddened them. It is not difficult to understand this state of affairs. The voluminous journal in which Adams recorded all his thoughts and actions reveals the situation at a glance.

'I usually rise between five and six,' he wrote at about this time, 'but not so regularly as heretofore, my hour of retiring at night being more irregular. I begin the day by reading five chapters of the Bible and have this day finished in course the New Testament. I then write till nine o'clock, when I breakfast alone in my chambers. . . . I have this month frequented too much the

[1] Formerly Chargé d'Affaires at London.

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theatre and public amusements. . . . May I be cautious not to fall into any habit of indolence or dissipation.'

No wonder this worthy but complacent diarist looked askance at Clay's all-night card parties and general air of irresponsibility, and that the friction between the members of that incongruous *ménage* engendered a dangerous amount of heat as the long summer days dragged on.

Meanwhile nothing was heard of the British delegation, and at the end of a month and a half the situation began to be humiliatingly ridiculous. Here were five Americans, who had traveled thousands of miles to confer with England, left to cool their heels in a little Belgian town, without as much as a word of apology, even of explanation. Such contemptuous treatment would have been offensive under any circumstances, but in view of their elaborate preparations it was well calculated to make the marooned diplomats and their country the laughing-stock of the whole world. It is therefore not at all surprising that the atmosphere of the de Lovendeghem residence was anything but genial during the midsummer of 1814.

On the evening of August 6, however, the long-expected British Commissioners actually arrived, but the manner in which their advent was announced did not tend to smooth the ruffled feathers of their opponents. On the contrary, it added insult to injury, for the newcomers, instead of apologizing for their tardy appearance, sent word that they were quartered at the Hôtel Lion d'Or, where the Americans could attend them on the morrow for the purpose of exchanging credentials; and it was to consider this cool proposition that four of the five United States Commissioners assembled at noon on Sunday, August 7.

It did not take them long to agree upon a course of action. Indeed, if the representatives of Great Britain had studied how they could best serve their discordant adversaries, they could not have hit upon a happier plan; for from the moment that they were summoned to attend at the Englishmen's lodgings the American envoys laid aside their personal differences and became, for the time being at least, a unit. The immediate result was that they determined without a dissenting vote to decline the patronizing invitation. It was not the fire-eating Clay, however, but the judicial Adams who was for handling the situation without gloves. The suggestion which had been made to them was, he declared, an offensive pretension to superiority, based on the usage of ambassadors toward ministers of an inferior order; and supporting his assertion with a citation from Martens, he moved that the British Commissioners be advised that the representatives of the United States would meet them at any time and place *other than their own lodgings*. Indeed, once he was in the saddle, it was difficult to prevent the doughty Puritan from throwing himself headlong against the foe. But Gallatin finally persuaded him that a flank attack would be more effective, and the upshot was that a note was dispatched to the Lion d'Or, informing its distinguished patrons that the Americans would meet them at any place *which might be mutually convenient*, preferably the Hôtel des Pays Bas.

This delicate hint was not lost upon the Englishmen, who promptly accepted it, and the honors of the opening move thus rested with those who, up to that moment, had been playing a lone hand in the diplomatic game.

One o'clock of August 8 was the day and hour assigned for the first joint conference of the Commissioners, and at that time the Americans appeared

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at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, where they learned that the British representatives had already arrived. They accordingly passed at once into the apartment reserved for the occasion, where they were courteously greeted by a man of fine appearance, whose florid, clean-shaven, characteristically English face was highly intelligent and brimful of health and vitality. This was James, Lord Gambier, Admiral of the White Squadron, ex-Governor of Newfoundland, and a former lord of the Admiralty, whose life from earliest boyhood had been spent at sea and whose vessels were known in the British navy as 'praying ships,' for his Lordship was a stout churchman as well as a hard fighter.

His second in command on this occasion was a young man not over thirty years of age, with a keen, clean-shaven face, an ungracious manner, and a very uncertain temper. This youthful envoy was Henry Goulburn, Under Secretary for War and the Colonies, who had only recently been elected to Parliament and who was almost unknown in England, although destined, before many years, to become Chancellor of the Exchequer and one of the foremost British statesmen of his time.

The other English Commissioner was a barrister of no particular distinction, for although Dr. William Adams had a well-earned reputation as a specialist in certain branches of the law, he was not a prominent member of the English Bar, and was utterly unknown outside his own country. In fact, the only qualification that he possessed for the work that lay before him was his knowledge of practice in the Admiralty courts — an advantage which was more than offset by his brusque manners and by his total unfamiliarity with international affairs. Indeed, Goulburn was the only member of the party who had had any training whatsoever in diplomatic negotiations, and it was soon apparent that the British government did not repose much confidence in its official representatives.

Probably the authorities in London believed that the issue would be controlled by events rather than by arguments. But if this was not the explanation of their strange selection of plenipotentiaries, it obviously accounted for their delay in opening the negotiations, for the success of the British land forces in America during the past seven months could not be gainsaid, and there was every prospect that the summer campaign would greatly increase the advantage. Certainly from a military standpoint England could not have hit upon a more favorable moment for discussing a cessation of hostilities, and doubtless the British Ministers felt that they could practically dictate the terms of peace by the time their negotiators appeared in Ghent.

Under such circumstances it was to be expected that Lord Gambier and his associates would take a high stand with their adversaries, and the Americans well knew that a hard fight lay before them. But prepared as they were for serious work, they had no suspicion of the extravagant demands upon which England had determined. The surprise was not delayed, however, for immediately after the interchange of formal courtesies Goulburn proceeded to outline his instructions, which provided, among other things, for the inclusion of the Indian allies of Great Britain as parties to the negotiation, and for the creation of a neutral zone for their protection. Both of these points, he stated, would have to be regarded as conditions precedent to the conclusion of any treaty. This sounded vague and somewhat ominous, but the Americans made no comment, and it

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was not until after two or three formal meetings that the young cabinet official saw fit to enter upon further details of the British demands, which were well calculated to make his American auditors stare and gasp. The neutral zone for the benefit of the Indians, he explained, was to be formed by surrendering to them all of the region now occupied by Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, most of Indiana, and part of Ohio. This was to form a barrier between Canada and the United States, and was not to be alienated to either England or America. Then, parts of Maine and New York were to be ceded to Great Britain in a revision of the boundary line; the forts at Niagara and Sackett's Harbor were to be dismantled, and the United States was to agree that it would never maintain any armed force on the Great Lakes or the rivers emptying into them; leaving Great Britain, however, free to do so.

To these and a few minor requirements the American Commissioners listened with unfeigned astonishment. Then Gallatin ventured to inquire what was to become of the citizens of Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio after their territory had been handed over to the Indians, and was brusquely informed that they would of course have to shift for themselves.

This was quite sufficient to bring the conference to a close, and merely requesting that the propositions be reduced to writing, Adams and his colleagues withdrew to their headquarters. Possibly this quiet reception of their ultimata encouraged the British Commissioners to believe that they had raised issues which would effect a welcome delay in the proceedings by forcing their opponents to seek new instructions from Washington. But if so, they were speedily disillusioned, for an official answer was promptly laid before them, refusing to proceed any further with the negotiations on the lines suggested.

This response would doubtless have been even more promptly delivered had it not been for the fact that when Adams attempted to draft it, all his colleagues attacked his composition, amending and correcting it until very little of the original remained. There was something positively pathetic in Adams's bewilderment at this merciless treatment of his carefully considered pages. He had played the schoolmaster so long that he could scarcely believe his eyes and ears when he found his authority disputed. But his colleagues had suffered from the worthy doctrinaire for many weeks, and they were in no mood to spare him when their hour arrived. Thus Gallatin took the sting out of all his spirited rejoinders; Clay eliminated all his figurative language; Bayard remoulded all his pet sentences; and, as a crowning insult, Russell corrected his punctuation, his capitalization, and his spelling! Indeed, among his four critics, the indignant author had difficulty in saving even a fraction of his precious screed, for they all supported one another in the work of destruction and, to his mind, the document, as finally submitted to the British plenipotentiaries, was a sorry piece of patchwork, wholly insufficient and unscholarly.

It served, however, to make Lord Gambier and his associates suspect that they might, perhaps, have gone a trifle too far and a bit too fast, and their suspicions were confirmed when they learned that the American Commissioners were preparing to depart from Ghent. This move might have been planned for strategic effect, but it was not. On the contrary, the majority of the United States envoys were firmly convinced that their mission was at an end, and only one of them entertained a different view. This solitary optim-

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ist, however, according to Adams, possessed 'the inconceivable notion that the British would recede from their position.'

There was no tangible basis for that 'inconceivable notion.' But Clay was an inveterate gambler, accustomed to bluffing, and one of his favorite games was what was then called '*brag*.'

III

Ten days passed before anything more was heard from the British Commissioners, for they had submitted 'the patchwork reply' to their superiors; and meanwhile the Americans continued to prepare for departure. In fact, they actually notified their landlord of their intention to vacate at the end of August, but finally agreed to continue the lease fifteen days longer at the rate of twelve hundred francs a month. It certainly seemed as if the business would be concluded within that time, for when the response of the British Commissioners was received it did not withdraw the objectionable demands, but merely announced that the neutral zone for the Indians need not be regarded as a condition precedent to further discussion. The Americans therefore promptly replied that this would not be satisfactory, and repeated their refusal to enter on any negotiations based on such terms. Indeed, they had determined among themselves to waste no time debating impossible conditions, but to force England to show her hand with the least possible delay.

This bold decision was unquestionably influenced by the 'brag' expert, who continued to 'sense' the situation with his gaming instincts. As a matter of fact, however, the whole party had been playing cards since its last joint effort at drafting a reply, and there are two entries in Adams's diary of about this date which are eloquent proof that while all the diplomats were gaining experience at the card-table, some of them were showing far greater aptitude than the others. For instance, on September 4, the Puritan Abroad wrote: —

'We spent the evening at cards. The party broke up at midnight, and after they [the visitors] were gone Mr. Clay won from me at a game of "all fours" the picture of an old woman I had drawn in the lottery. He also won from Mr. Todd the bunch of flowers which Mr. Russell had drawn, and which Todd had won from Mr. Russell.'

Evidently the fever for gambling was running scandalously high in the diplomatic circle. Again, on the 8th, Adams writes, 'I was up nearly an hour before I had daylight to read or write. Just before rising I heard Mr. Clay's company retiring from his chamber. I had left him with Mr. Russell, Mr. Bentzon, and Mr. Todd, at cards.'

It was on the day following this all-night session at 'brag' that the English Commissioners were informed that their 'bluff was called,' and they hastened to communicate the news to London. Indeed, by this time it was apparent that they were plenipotentiaries only in name, and that their principal function was to act as scapegoats for the mistakes of their superiors. At all events, in this instance they were severely taken to task by the London authorities for having 'misunderstood their instructions,' and were ordered to advise the Americans that neither the Indian barrier nor the exclusive control of the Lakes was a prerequisite to peace, although it would still be necessary to admit the Indians as parties to any treaty which might result from the negotiations.

This was, of course, a most material concession, and to reject it as insufficient required courage, for the war had been going steadily against the United States all the summer, and the British

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envoys saw to it that their adversaries were advised of that fact by providing them with the latest London papers. This thoughtful attention, however, did not produce its intended effect. On the contrary, it seemed to the company on Rue des Champs suspiciously like 'overbidding their hand,' and it was not surprising if the 'brag' enthusiasts interpreted the diplomatic manœuvres in the terms of that game, for some of them were certainly devoting themselves to its study. For example, on the day after the British note was received, Adams carefully recorded the fact that 'there was another card party in Mr. Clay's chambers last night. I heard Mr. Bentzon retiring from it after I had risen this morning'; and under the same date he noted the attitude of his colleagues toward the latest demands from London, which indicated that they would reject them forthwith.

The framing of the formal reply to that effect did not, however, fall upon Adams. Indeed, the high-minded diarist was by this time in a very chastened mood, for to his intense chagrin his associates had continued to treat his literary efforts most disrespectfully, virtually tearing to pieces everything he wrote. 'This must be in great measure the fault of my composition,' he naïvely remarked to his journal, 'and I ought to endeavor to correct the general fault from which it proceeds.' Doubtless the estimable gentleman, whose humbled pride is surely provocative of tears, did earnestly endeavor to correct his ponderous style; but, although his ideas were often approved, his voluminous manuscripts never were, and after weeks of painful badgering he retired in favor of Gallatin, who thereupon assumed the duty of drafting the official correspondence.

Under this new régime the third rejection of Great Britain's demands was prepared with a view to its effect in London and with no thought of influencing the individuals to whom it was formally addressed. Indeed, Gambier and his associates, having been relegated by their government to the rôle of messengers, were no longer regarded as factors in the negotiation. It was therefore with no surprise that the Americans learned that their last communication had been forwarded to England, and that there would be another long and wearisome delay before the negotiations could proceed.

This was of course an inevitable consequence of playing the game of 'brag' by correspondence, but it placed the representatives of the United States at a great disadvantage, as each day of enforced idleness put an additional strain on their tempers and threatened to end in ruining their team-work. Thus far they had managed to conceal their personal differences and to present an unbroken front to their adversaries. The atmosphere of the uncongenial household, however, had long been too highly charged for safety, and before the receipt of the fourth British note, Clay and Adams collided, an explosion followed, and Jonathan Russell, gathering up his belongings, sought peace and seclusion in the Hôtel des Pays Bas.

Indeed, it is quite possible that this defection might have ended in a complete disruption of the official family had not news of the capture and partial destruction of Washington created a diversion. These discouraging tidings were speedily followed by a new note from the British government, and the warring Peace Commissioners again laid aside their private quarrels to work for the common cause.

But the baneful effect of internal friction was thereafter apparent in their official conferences, for even when it was known that the long-expected

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response from Great Britain accepted amnesty for the Indians in place of the objectionable treaty rights, they almost lost sight of the significance of the concession in sharply debating trifles. It was finally agreed, however, that the amnesty should be regarded as satisfactory, but the drafting of the official announcement of this fact precipitated something very like an open quarrel. Gallatin and Clay wanted the document to be short. Adams insisted that it be long, and that it be accompanied by an argument for the cession of Canada to the United States! Even the lifelong gamblers were staggered by such reckless plunging on the part of the novice at cards, but the passion for bluffing had taken possession of Adams, and he stuck to his point until it was summarily vetoed by the other Commissioners.

After this colossal attempt to outbrag the other side, any play naturally seemed tame, and the answer which was finally drafted by Clay was extremely distasteful to Adams, who 'disliked it in all its parts' and did not hesitate to say so. Nevertheless his objections were overruled, and his discomfiture was not lessened by his successful opponent who openly 'railed at commerce and Massachusetts, and told what wonders the people of Kentucky would do if they should be attacked.'

The next communication from London, however, tended to unite the disputants, for it incorporated a new demand, that the existing state of the war should be taken as the basis of the contemplated treaty. That is to say, each side was to be confirmed in its ownership of whatever territory was then occupied by its military forces. The acceptance of such a proposition by the United States would have been, of course, a virtual admission of defeat, for Great Britain had acquired control of a considerable area by the spring of 1814, and there was reason to believe that she had more than held her own during the summer months. But discouraging as the war news had been, the Americans were not ready to admit that their adversaries held more than a temporary advantage, and they promptly announced that unless this was conceded the negotiations must end then and there.

This defiant communication was at once forwarded to London, where the authorities hastened to lay the situation before the Duke of Wellington, offering him supreme command of the British forces in America; and the fate of the negotiation hung on his reply.

But Wellington displayed no enthusiasm for the commission. On the contrary, he announced that while he was ready to obey the orders of his government, he did not believe that the military situation in any way justified the demands which were being pressed upon the United States.[1] The result of this frank avowal was a withdrawal of the claims, and an announcement of that fact reached Ghent October 31.

IV

Meanwhile the American Commissioners, finding time hanging heavy on their hands, had resumed their petty wrangling, the upshot of which was that Clay finally followed Russell's example and retired to lodgings of his own. But this did not entirely clear the social atmosphere, for there was some confusion in the distribution of official invitations, which resulted in Clay's finding himself at a function at which he was not expected, and both he and

[1] Wellington's judgment was completely confirmed by the events of the war, for during September, 1814, England met with a series of reverses which neutralized all the advantages she had previously gained.

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Russell took offense at being classed among the secretaries when certain courtesies were extended to the diplomats by local societies. The relations between the envoys were therefore none too pleasant when the British government suggested that they prepare and submit the outline of a treaty, and Adams and Clay were soon at loggerheads.

This time, however, the differences between the two men were political as well as personal, for Clay insisted on demanding that England surrender all her rights to the navigation of the Mississippi, which she had acquired by a former treaty, Adams was equally keen for the continuation of the fishing rights secured by the same document, and each was willing to sacrifice the other's pet project to advance the interest he espoused. The more this subject was debated the hotter the disputants became, and when Adams, notwithstanding his resignation as official draftsman, attempted to resume that rôle, he found three fourths of his manuscript ruthlessly eliminated by his associates.

But accustomed as he had become by this time to such treatment, there was one provision in his draft for which the zealous statesman was prepared to fight, and fight for it he did with all the resources at his command. The gist of his proposal was that peace should follow the mutual restoration of all territory and property taken by either side during the war, and that all matters in dispute between the two countries should be allowed to remain exactly as they were before the war until decided by future and pacific negotiations.

Of course under such an arrangement the question of impressment of seamen and the other issues which had brought about the conflict would remain wholly unadjusted, and Clay, remembering his passionate crusade in defense of American sailors, was loath to see no vindication of their rights. First he declared that the instructions of the government did not admit of a treaty based on any such proposition; and then, being outvoted, he protested that he would not sign any document embodying it. But finally, after he had backed and filled for many days, he appended his signature.

More than two weeks passed before any reply was received to this momentous communication, and meanwhile dispatches arrived from the Washington government expressly authorizing the envoys to conclude peace on precisely the terms for which Adams had so stoutly and successfully contended. This, of course, disposed of Clay's objections, but when on November 26 the long-expected response arrived from England, he completely lost his temper, for the British authorities, while making no reference to the question of the fisheries, expressly stipulated for the continuance of Great Britain's privileges in regard to the navigation of the Mississippi.

This immediately precipitated a violent dispute between Adams and Clay which threatened to bring the entire negotiation to a disastrous close. Gallatin, however, handled the combatants with consummate skill, displaying such sympathy, tact, humor, and patience that his influence was irresistible, and a compromise was finally effected which permitted the business to proceed. This compromise took the form of an offer on behalf of the United States to concede to England the right of navigating the Mississippi in exchange for the continuation of the fishing privileges; but Clay did not surrender with good grace. Indeed, he asserted that the Commission was making 'a damned bad treaty,' and intimated more than once that he would not sign

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it. But by this time Adams had regained control of his temper, and when Gallatin, losing patience, commented severely on Clay's unseasonable trifling, the Kentuckian yielded, and the joint conferences were renewed.

Had the English envoys been aware of the dangerous split in their opponents' ranks they might have manœuvred effectively to widen the breach. Not a sign of their bitter internal strife was visible, however, when the Americans met their adversaries face to face. To all outward appearances they were men of one mind, with a settled policy, ready to support each other on every point at a moment's notice. Indeed, their magnificent exhibition of team-play and their solid, formidable front, maintained with the utmost gravity, produced a moral effect which unquestionably hastened the result.

But the heart-breaking compromise which had almost rent them asunder was not accepted by the English Commissioners, who, after much discussion, finally submitted a counter-proposition to reserve all questions concerning the Mississippi and the fisheries for future negotiation. The Americans immediately saw that such an agreement might be construed as a waiver of what they deemed to be their rights. But there was no longer any scope for further give-and-take. Adams and his associates therefore proposed that a treaty be concluded without any mention of either of the hotly disputed claims, and this suggestion was eventually accepted by the English Commissioners. Still, the result was not reached without a hard struggle, for Gambier, Goulburn, and Dr. Adams, although overmatched by their opponents in point of ability, displayed good fighting qualities, and the end did not come until the year (1814) was drawing to a close. On Christmas Eve, however, the Commissioners gathered to sign the completed document, and as Adams delivered the American copies to Lord Gambier, he expressed the hope that it would be the last treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States.

Thus ended the great game of diplomatic 'brag' which, played to a finish, left each side a winner and promoted a friendship which has lasted throughout a hundred years.

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THE AFTERNOON RIDE OF PAUL REVERE COLUMBUS DOBBS

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

PAUL REVERE COLUMBUS DOBBS, more generally known in the family circle and throughout Riverport by the abbreviated title of 'Polly Clum,' stood before his mother in an attitude of respectful attention.

Mrs. Dobbs, tall, portly, and majestic, in a freshly ironed green-and-yellow striped calico gown and a turkey-red turban of towering proportions, admonished her son, punctuating her mandates with a menacing forefinger.

'You shif'less, fedder-headed, refactory young one, you listen ter me an' you listen keerful, too. I's goin' ter Brayton ter wash fer Mis' Cunnle Porter an' I specs ter be gone mos' all day. I's goin' ter take C'nelia 'Melia wid me, but de odder chilluns you done got ter min' ter hum. An' doan' you cut no sech monkeyshines wid 'em ez you done cut de day yer pa an' me went ter de gin'ral mustard. Ef you does I'll sholy skun yer hide when I gits back. You hyer me?'

Polly Clum curled his toes meekly on the kitchen floor.

'Yas'm,' he responded earnestly, 'I's lis'nin' wid all mah ears an' eyes.'

'I specs you ter do eberything ter 'muse dem chilluns an' keep 'em outer trouble,' Mrs. Dobbs continued. 'Doan' you let Moses Pharaoh git afire, an' doan' you let dem twins paddle in dat tub ob bluein' water in de yard. You know dat whateber Florindy Lady Washin'ton does, Lucindy Queener Scots is boun' ter foller. An' doan' you let 'Mericus Poleum touch de cole poke an' beans tell dinner time. I's hid de merlasses jug where none ob you cyan't find it. You goin' ter 'bey mah deflections, huh?'

'Yas'm,' reiterated Polly Clum, 'I's sholy goin' ter do zackly ez you tells me, mammy.'

Mrs. Dobbs, somewhat reassured by Polly Clum's humble and attentive demeanor, modified her tones.

'Poll Rebere C'lumbus,' she said solemnly, 'inter yer han's I's done c'mitted de 'tegrity and de poppilarity ob de Dobbs fambly fer de res' ob dis day. Lib up ter de ingrejents ob yer fambly, Polly C'lum. 'Member dat yer pa's grandpa warn't no common, low-down, slabe nigger from Carliny, ner no sech place. He was brung straight ter Rhode Islan' off 'n de gole coast ob Africky. Neber fergit dat you is a descenderation ob a Guinea.'

'No, mammy, I ain't a-goin' ter fergit it,' replied Polly Clum, rearing his kinky crest proudly. 'All de time you is gone I's a-goin' ter keep a-sayin', "I's a descenderation! I's a descenderation!"'

''Member, too,' went on Mrs. Dobbs, greatly encouraged by the evident impression she had produced upon her offspring, who usually displayed a callous indifference to the grandeur of the family tree, ''member, too, dat you was n't baptized by no low-down, onregenrit name. Yer pa an' me gib you de names ob two ob de most extin-

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guished pussons dat eber transmigrated de yearth. Ole Gin'ral Poll Rebere owned de fastest racehorse ob Rebolutionary times. An' Cap'n C'lumbus was a gret trabeller an' diskivered 'Merica afore Wash'n'ton was selected pres'dunt. You lib up ter dem names, Polly Clum. 'T'ain't eberybuddy done got sech 'sponsible names ez you has.'

'Yas'm, mammy, I's goin' ter lib right clus 'longside ob 'em,' cried Polly Clum with enthusiasm. 'I's a-goin' ter hole onter dem names by de wool. I is sholy.'

Mrs. Dobbs heaved a sigh of satisfaction, but further admonitions on her part were cut short by the rumble of wheels outside the house, and the entrance of Americus Napoleon, shouting excitedly, —

'Cunnle Porter done come fer you, mammy, an' he done come in a shay!'

Mrs. Dobbs hastily shrouded her turban in a green veil, wrapped the two-year-old Cornelia Amelia in an ancient blue shawl, and hurried out to the waiting conveyance. The children clambered upon the fence and watched her movements with interested eyes. As the colonel's old gray horse started down the dusty road, Moses Pharaoh uttered an ear-piercing whoop expressive of delight. But whether delight at his parent's departure, or at her departure in such state, did not appear.

Polly Clum maintained a dignified silence until the chaise disappeared around a curve in the road. Then, assuming as far as possible his mother's tone and manner, he proceeded to issue his commands for the day.

'You, Florindy Washin'ton, don't stan' thar a-gappin' at me but hike inter de house an' tackle dem breakfus' dishes. 'N' you, Lucindy Queener, lif' dem lazy feets an' git Jinson Johnson ter sleep. 'Mericus Poleum, did n't you done hyer me tell you ter grapple de axe? You an' Mose Pharaoh take de bushel baxits an' romble inter de grove an' c'lec' some kin'lin' wood. An' you, Prunella Ar'bella, you bresh up de kitchen floor an' doan' let any dirt gedder under yer heels while you is doin' it.'

Americus Napoleon, as being next in age to Polly Clum, displayed a somewhat mutinous spirit.

'T'ink I's goin' do all de wuk an' you do nuttin' but speechify?' he demanded. 'I kin lick de wool off 'n yer haid, I kin.'

''Mericus,' Polly Clum responded loftily, 'de 'tegrity an' de poppilarity ob dis fambly is mistrusted ter me fer de day, an' I's goin' ter circumspeck 'em both. You may fergit you is a descenderation, but I's a-goin' ter 'member it. Yaas, sir. You hop out ter dem woods.'

Silenced, if not convinced, Americus, followed by Moses Pharaoh, betook himself to his alloted task, and Polly Clum entered the kitchen and perched himself on the back of a broken chair. Thus enthroned, he calmly chewed spruce gum while Florinda and Prunella performed their domestic labors, stimulated to unusual diligence by occasional prods of his swinging foot.

Lucinda, obedient to orders, sat rocking the infant Jinson Johnson in her arms while she crooned her own particular version of the nursery rhyme, —

> Bile ober, Baby Buntin',
> Yer daddy's done gone huntin'
> Ter fotch a li'l' rabbit skin
> Ter wrop de bilin' baby in.

Incited by this suggestive ballad, Jinson Johnson proceeded to 'bile over' in a series of blood-curdling shrieks, which were finally silenced only by the sacrifice of a large lump of moist brown sugar which the harried Queen of Scots had abstracted from the sugar-bowl, that morning, for her own delectation.

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When the dishes were at last finished, the kitchen tidied, and Jinson Johnson locked in saccharine slumber, Polly Clum relaxed his dignity sufficiently to propose an adjournment to the yard for a game of hide-and-seek. By the time this pastime was ended it was high noon and the twins repaired indoors to prepare dinner. Americus and Moses appeared with the kindling wood, very tired, hungry, and rebellious. Even the cold pork, beans, and brown bread, temptingly arranged upon the wash-bench under the shade of a spreading apple tree, failed to pacify the defiant spirit of Americus.

'I tell you what, Polly Clum,' he declared shrilly, 'I's jest ez nigh related ter Guinea folks ez you is, an' I ain't goin' ter enjure no more ob yer riotin' ober mah haid. Is you fed Belshazzar?'

'No, I ain't,' Polly Clum answered shortly.

'Onlessen you feed him he'll go hongry,' returned Americus. 'Me an' Moses Pharaoh is wukked enough dis mawnin'. We's goin' ter loaf dis afternoon, we is.'

'Ef Poleum an' Mose ain't goin' ter wuk no more, me an' Florindy an' Prunella Ar'bella ain't goin' ter wuk, neider,' unexpectedly proclaimed the Queen of Scots, who, of all the Dobbs olive branches, was considered to be the most meek and yielding. 'We's goin' ter set out on de woodshed step and knit stockin's lak ladies does.'

Polly Clum's gaze swept the circle of hostile faces. Every pair of darkly rolling eyes sparkled defiantly. He decided that diplomacy was the better part of valor.

'I's 'tendin' ter deliber dat bull his orations, mahself,' he said with dignity. Ignoring Americus, he addressed Lucinda. 'You is all ben berry good chilluns, ter-day, an' I's goin' ter projeck a neward of merit. Arter dese dishes is did I's goin' ter gib you all a ride roun' de town.'

Florinda Lady Washington uttered a squeal of mingled amazement, delight, and fear.

'Pappy'll sholy skun you ef you hitch up Belshazzar,' she cried. 'He done tole you nebber ter tech him onlessn he gib you remission ter.'

'Mammy done demanded me ter 'muse you an' keep you outer trouble,' Polly Clum responded, loftily, 'an' I's goin' ter foller her rejections. I kin dribe dat bull lak he is a lamb.'

'I's afeared pappy'll whale us,' whimpered the Queen of Scots.

'How he goin' ter know 'bout de ride?' questioned Americus, suddenly veering to Polly Clum's support. 'He ain't comin' back from Newport tell ter-morrer. Who's goin' blab ebery triflin' ting dat has recurred ter-day?'

'I's done begun ter dismember sech foolishness a'ready,' Moses Pharaoh declared.

The twins gazed fearfully at one another. Then, simultaneously, they sprang to their feet and began to hustle the dishes into the kitchen.

Polly Clum, followed by Americus and Moses, hastened to a dilapidated shed which occupied one corner of the yard. Belshazzar, a large red and white animal whose naturally fierce disposition had been humbled by age and much hard labor, softly bellowed a welcome as the boys entered.

While the bull contentedly ate his dinner, the brothers drew a large tip-cart, painted blue, from behind the shed. This tip-cart was one of the most valuable assets in the possession of the Dobbs family. During the morning hours Mr. Dobbs was accustomed to make use of it for the purpose of collecting rags, old bottles, bones, and similar merchandise. During the afternoon hours it was utilized as a family equipage.

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Polly Clum surveyed the vehicle critically.

''Pears lak dis yere kerridge oughter 'splay some desecrations,' he observed. 'You, Poleum an' Mose, hike ober ter dat grove agin an' fotch me some nebbergreens.'

Moses and Americus hastened across the road, quickly returning with several large hemlock boughs.

Polly Clum deftly arranged these along the side of the cart.

'Huh!' grunted Americus. 'How we goin' ter see de sights? We done got ter set on de floor ob dat cyart. Speck we kin stretch our necks, lak geeses does, ober dem limbs?'

'Hole your fool tongue, Poleum,' responded Polly Clum. 'I's derangin 'dis hyer ride. I's goin' ter put mammy's bigges' washtub in dat cyart. Den all you chilluns kin set on de aidge an' res' yer feets on de tub's bottom. What goin' hender you all from seein' de sights, I lak ter know?'

He reëntered the shed and led Belshazzar forth. To the animal's horns he fastened a much frayed and soiled piece of sail-cloth which, hanging down over his eyes, prevented the bull from seeing anything save the ground. From a peg in the shed he took down a sort of rope cat's-cradle, with which he proceeded to harness Belshazzar to the tip-cart. The cat's-cradle was popularly said to be composed of every known variety of cordage, from hawser to signal halyards, and displayed so many knots that rumor declared that Mrs. Dobbs punished particularly refractory children by compelling them to count them over and over until exhaustion conquered their rebellious spirits.

While Polly Clum adjusted this complicated piece of handiwork, Americus and Moses brought from the kitchen a mammoth washtub which Mr. Dobbs had recently constructed from a quarter section of a molasses hogshead. This they hoisted into the cart. Belshazzar was then led to the front of the house.

Lady Washington stood before the cracked mirror in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to her toilette.

''Pears lak dey stan' up lak a passel ob squir'ls' tails,' she observed, surveying with marked disapprobation the eight stiff braids which surrounded her head like a wooly halo. 'I's goin' ter borry mammy's back comb an' cotch 'em all inter a hunch.'

'Ef you is goin' ter dress up in dat comb I's goin' ter dedorn mah han's with mammy's white mitts,' announced the Queen of Scots.

'An' I's goin' ter membellish mahself with her blue necklidge,' added Prunella Arabella.

'Better let dem beads 'lone,' warned Florinda. 'Mammy say de cord dey strung on li'ble ter bust any time.'

Prunella surveyed her sister loftily.

'What you t'ink?' she demanded. 'T'ink caze you'n' Lucindy Queener is goin' on ten an' I's goin' on eight dat I ain't ob no quinsequence? Mammy done say yistiddy, dat I is de genteelest 'pearin' an' de pollutest mannered pusson in de fambly. Ef you doan' stop noratin' 'bout necklidges I's jest sholy goin' ter delighten mammy 'bout dat comb an' dem mitts ez soon'z she 'rives back from Brayton. You better recomsider what you done say.'

'I ain't nebber out an' out erected ye not ter wear dem beads,' returned Lady Washington, hastily. 'I on'y kinder hinted a s'posin' sump'n' might happen. I sholy t'ink dat dey would set off yer looks, Ar'bella. I done tell Lucindy Queener more'n onct, dat blue is yer mos' becomin'est color.'

'An' I tink you better both quit jawin' an' come 'long fore de day ends,' interrupted the Queen of Scots, impatiently. 'De kerridge is at de do'.'

She caught up Jinson Johnson, who

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had wakened from his nap in a state of cherubic amiability, and hurried from the house, closely followed by Florinda bearing a gay, albeit somewhat tattered, patchwork bedquilt. Prunella, triumphantly dignified, stalked majestically in their wake.

The quilt was carefully placed in the tub and the smiling infant deposited upon it. Then the three girls clambered in and took their seats besides Moses Pharaoh and Americus, who were already balancing themselves on the tub's edge. Lucinda leaned back among the hemlock boughs and carelessly dropped one mitted hand over the side of the cart.

'Leab dat ter hum,' she commanded, as Polly Clum was about to slip the tail-board into place. 'How's any pusson goin' ter extinguish us ef you puts dat t'ing up?'

'It sholy ought ter be up,' argued Polly Clum. 'You s'pose dat Pres'dunt Po'k dribes roun' in his scoach wid de do' wide open?'

'Huh! What you know 'bout Pres'dunt Po'k?' the Queen retorted. 'I's done got 'speriunce dat you ain't nebber dreamt ob. What you t'ink Mis' Po'k ride 'bout for, all nornamented wid lace and fedders, ef 't ain't ter make folkses gap' at her? You is mighty donkeyfied some ways, Polly Clum.'

Polly Clum silently cast the offending board on the ground and climbed into the cart. Gathering up the hempen reins, he struck Belshazzar smartly with their knotted ends.

'Gwan, you wuthless ole piece ob beef!' he shouted. 'Kick up dem turkle slow huffs ob yours ef you doan' wanter fin' yer tough hide in de tanyard befo' de chickens goes ter roost! You hyer me?'

Thus admonished, Belshazzar started off at a brisk walk, switching his tail as if conscious that unusual events were happening. The Dobbs residence was located in the suburbs of Riverport and, for some little distance, the turnout attracted no attention. But when Belshazzar approached the compact part of the town, it became the cynosure of all eyes. Merchants hastened to their shop doors to gaze at it; women left their household tasks to peer curiously from windows; groups of children ran after it, shouting, hooting, and squealing with delight.

The circle of dusky faces that crowned the washtub was radiant with pride and satisfaction. Lucinda returned the noisy salutations by waving her lace-mitted hands. Florinda bowed gracefully to right and left, displaying the high comb to the best advantage. Prunella negligently fingered the blue necklace as she occasionally bent her head. The less aristocratic Americus and Moses indulged in a series of grimaces that would have driven a monkey wild with envy, had such an animal been numbered among the spectators. Polly Clum alone maintained an appearance of stately indifference to his surroundings. The blood of a long line of kings of the Guinea coast was pulsing rapturously in his veins, but he gave no visible sign of elation. He thought of Paul Revere and felt that he had a right to bear that hero's name.

In Riverport there were two principal highways connected by a number of shorter streets. Up one of these streets plodded Belshazzar, the long line of his followers increasing at every corner. Dogs added their yelps and barks to the general hubbub. A youthful poet chanted in a shrill falsetto, —

> Rub-a-dub-dub,
> Five Dobbs in a tub,
> And who do you think was there?
> Mose, Poleum, 'Cindy,
> Prunelle and Florindy.
> My gum! How the people all stare!

At last the boundary line of the adjacent town of Oldfield was reached

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and the vehicle turned about. And then occurred the catastrophe which made the afternoon ride of Paul Revere Columbus Dobbs as famous in the annals of his native place as the midnight ride of his illustrious namesake is famous in the annals of the Revolution.

Belshazzar, realizing that he was now being driven in the direction of home, quickened his pace almost to a trot. Up the main street bounced the cart with a tremendous clatter and rattle. But, just as the bull reached the centre of the town, the piece of cord that held his sail-cloth blinder in place snapped and the bit of canvas fluttered to the ground. At the same moment a peddler's wagon, painted a glowing vermilion, came jogging around a nearby corner.

Belshazzar eyed this flaming apparition for a second and then, with a thunderous bellow, charged upon it. The peddler had barely time to swerve aside ere the bull dashed by at a mad gallop, his horns lowered, his angry orbs emitting flashes of demoniac fire. The scurrying bystanders caught a fleeting glimpse of six ebony faces rigid with terror and consternation. Then the cart came into sudden and violent contact with the town pump. It careened wildly, the thole-pin gave way, and out of the vehicle shot the wash-tub with its cargo of human freight. Maddened by the shrieks of his victims, Belshazzar threw his heels high in the air and tore on like a hurricane, leaving a trail of tub staves, hemlock boughs, wearing apparel, and bruised and dust-covered Dobbses in his wake.

Americus Napoleon was the first to recover his senses after the rude shock. Slowly he got upon his feet and blinked his bewildered eyes. Then he uttered a cry of anguish that curdled the blood in the veins of his hearers.

'Cunnle Porter's shay!' he wailed. 'It's a-comin' wid mammy in it! It's right here clus to us! An' mammy hez tooken de hoss-whip out ob de socket! O laws-a-mussy, what we pore frien'-less chilluns goin' ter do now?'

At the sound of his voice the chaise came to a halt, and Mrs. Dobbs descended upon her offspring like a dark avenging angel. She gazed at the blue beads rolling in the dust, at the toothless back comb lying at her feet, at the torn and blood-stained mitts on the hands of the terrified Queen of Scots, at the writhing form of Jinson Johnson wrapped in the fragments of the once gay quilt. Then she caught Polly Clum by the woolly top-knot that crinkled above his brow.

'You onsanctified, distrustable, nerogatory descenderation ob a barbarious Guinea nigger!' she began.

But Polly Clum with a mighty effort wrenched himself from her grasp and fled in the footsteps of Belshazzar, leaving his less fortunate brothers and sisters to the dire fate that awaited them.

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THE GAME

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

OFTEN I think how monotonous life must be to Jerome D. Travers or Francis Ouimet, — compared, that is, with what life can offer to a player of my quality. When Travers drives off, it is a question whether the ball will go 245 yards or 260 yards; and a difference of fifteen yards is obviously nothing to thrill over. Whereas, when I send the ball from the tee the possible range of variation is always 100 yards, running from 155 down to 55; provided, that is, that the ball starts at all. To me there is always a freshness of surprise in having the club meet the ball, which Travers, I dare say, has not experienced in the last dozen years.

With him, of course, it is not sport, but mathematics. A wooden club will give one result, an iron another. The sensation of getting greater distance with a putting iron than with a brassie is something Ouimet can hardly look forward to. Always mathematics, with this kind of swing laying the ball fifteen feet on the farther side of the hole, and that kind of chop laying it ten feet on the nearer side. I have frequently thought that playing off the finals for the golf championship is a waste of time. All that is necessary is to call in Professor Münsterberg and have him test Travers's blood-pressure and reaction index on the morning of the game, and then take 'Chick' Evans's blood-pressure and reaction index. The referee would then award the game to Travers or to Evans by 2 up and 1 to play, or whatever score Professor Münsterberg's figures would indicate.

The true zest of play is for the duffer. When he swings club or racket he can never tell what miracles of accomplishment or negation it will perform. That is not an inanimate instrument he holds in his hands, but a living companion, a totem comrade whom he is impelled to propitiate, as Hiawatha crooned to his arrow before letting it fly from the string. And that is why duffers are peculiarly qualified to write about games, or for that matter, about everything, — literature, music, or art, — as they have always done. To be sufficiently inexpert in anything is to be filled with corresponding awe at the hidden soul in that thing. To be sufficiently removed from perfection is to worship it. Poets, for example, are preëminently the interpreters of life because they make such an awful mess of the practice of living. And for the same reason poets always retain the zest of life — because the poet never knows whether his next shot will land him on the green or in the sandpit, in heaven or in the gutter. The reader will now be aware that in describing my status as a golfer I am not making a suicidal confession. On the contrary, I am presenting my credentials.

II

A great many people have been searching during ever so many years for the religion of democracy. I believe I have found it. That is, not a religion,

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if by it you mean a system completely equipped with creed, formularies, organization, home and foreign missions, schisms, an empty-church problem, an underpaid-minister's problem, a Socialist and I.W.W. problem, and the like; although, if I had the time to pursue my researches, I might find a parallel to many of these things. What I have in mind is a great democratic rite, a ceremonial which is solemnized on six days in the week during six months in the year by large masses of men with such unfailing regularity and such unquestioning good faith that I cannot help thinking of it as essentially a religious performance.

It is a simple ceremonial, but impressive, like all manifestations of the soul of a multitude. I need only close my eyes to call up the picture vividly: It is a day of brilliant sunshine and a great crowd of men is seated in the open air, a crowd made up of all conditions, ages, races, temperaments, and states of mind. The crowd has sat there an hour or more, while the afternoon sun has slanted deeper into the west and the shadows have crept across greensward and hard-baked clay to the eastern horizon. Then, almost with a single motion, — the time may be somewhere between four-thirty and five o'clock, — this multitude of divers minds and tempers rises to its feet and stands silent, while one might count twenty perhaps. Nothing is said; no high priest intones prayer for this vast congregation; nevertheless the impulse of ten thousand hearts is obviously focused into a single desire. When you have counted twenty the crowd sinks back to the benches. A half minute at most and the rite is over.

I am speaking, of course, of the second half of the seventh inning, when the home team comes to bat. The precise nature of this religious half-minute depends on the score. If the home team holds a safe lead of three or four runs; if the home pitcher continues to have everything, and the infield shows no sign of cracking, and the outfield is n't bothered by the sun, then I always imagine a fervent Te Deum arising from that inarticulate multitude, and the peace of a great contentment falling over men's spirits as they settle back in their seats. If the game is in the balance you must imagine the concentration of ten thousand wills on the spirit of the nine athletes in the field, ten thousand wills telepathically pouring their energies into the powerful arm of the man in the box, into the quick eye of the man on first base, and the sense of justice of the umpire.

But if the outlook for victory is gloomy, the rite does not end with the silent prayer I have described. As the crowd subsides to the benches there arises a chant which I presume harks back to the primitive litanies of the Congo forests. Voices intone unkind words addressed to the players on the other team. Ten thousand voices chanting in unison for victory, twenty thousand feet stamping confusion to the opposing pitcher — if this is not worship of the most fundamental sort, because of the most primitive sort, then what is religion?

Consider the mere number of participants in this national rite of the seventh inning. I have said a multitude of ten thousand. But if the day be Saturday and the place of worship one of the big cities of either of the major leagues, the crowd may easily be twice as large. And all over the country at almost the same moment, exultant or hopeful or despairing multitudes are rising to their feet. Multiply this number of worshipers by six days — or by seven days if you are west of the Alleghanies, where Sunday baseball has somehow been reconciled with a still vigorous Puritanism — and it is appa-

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rent that a continuous wave of spiritual ardor sweeps over this continent between three-thirty and six P.M. from the middle of April to the middle of October. We can only guess at the total number of worshipers. The three major leagues will account for five millions. Add the minor leagues and the state leagues and the interurban contests — and the total of seventh-inning communicants grows overwhelming. Take the twenty-five million males of voting age in this country, assume one visit per head to a baseball park in the season, and the result is dazzling.

It is easier to estimate the number of worshipers than the intensity of the mood. I have no gauge for measuring the spiritual fervor which exhales on the baseball stadiums of the country from mid-April to mid-October, growing in ardor with the procession of the months, until it attains a climax of orgiastic frenzy in the World's Series. Foreigners are in the habit of calling this an unspiritual nation. But what nation so frequently tastes — or for that matter has ever tasted — the emotional experience of the score tied in the ninth inning with the bases full? Foreigners call us an unspiritual people because they do not know the meaning of a double-header late in September — a double-header with two seventh innings.

I began by renouncing any claim to the discovery of a complete religion of democracy. But the temptation to point out parallels is irresistible. If Dr. Frazer had not finished with his *Golden Bough*, — or if he is thinking of a supplementary volume, — I can see how easily the raw material of the sporting columns would shape itself to religious forces and systems in his hands. If religious ceremonial has its origin in the play instinct of man, why go back to remote origins like the Australian corroboree and neglect Ty Cobb stealing second? If religion has its origin in primitive man's worship of the eternal rebirth of earth's fructifying powers with the advent of spring, how can we neglect the vivid stirring in the hearts of millions that marks the departure of the teams for spring training in Texas?

If I were a trained professional sociologist instead of a mere spectator at the Polo grounds, it seems to me that I should have little trouble in tracing the history of the game several thousand years back of its commonly accepted origin somewhere about 1830. I could easily trace back the catcher's mask to the mask worn by the medicine-man among the Swahili of the West Coast. The three bases and home-plate would easily be the points of the compass, going straight back to the sun myth. Murray pulling down a fly in left field would hark back straight to Zoroaster and the sun-worshipers. Millions of primitive hunters must have anointed, and prayed to, their weapons before Jeff Tesreau addressed his invocation to the spit ball; and when Mathewson winds himself up for delivering the ball, he is not far removed from the sacred warrior dancer of Polynesia. If only I were a sociologist!

An ideal faith, this religion of baseball, the more you examine it. See, for instance, how it satisfies the prime requirement of a true faith that it shall ever be present in the hearts of the faithful; practiced not once a week on Sunday, but six times a week — and in the West seven times a week; professed not only in the appointed place of worship, but in the Subway before the game, and in the Subway after the game, and in the offices and shops and factories on rainy days. If a true religion is that for which a man will give up wife and children and forget the call of meat and drink, what shall we say of baseball? If a true religion is not

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dependent on æsthetic trappings, but voices itself under the open sky and among the furniture of common life, this is again the true religion. The stadium lies open to the sun, the rain, and the wind. The mystic sense is not stimulated by Gothic roof-traceries and the dimmed light of stained-glass windows. The congregation rises from wooden benches on a concrete flooring; it stands in the full light of a summer afternoon and lets its eyes rest on walls of billboards reminiscent of familiar things, — linen collars, table-waters, tobacco, safety-razors. Unquestionably we have here a clear, dry, real religion of the kind that Bernard Shaw would approve.

I have said quite enough on this point. Otherwise I should take time to show how this national faith has created its own architecture, as all great religions have done. Our national contribution to the building arts has so far been confined to two forms — the skyscraper and the baseball stadium, corresponding precisely to the two great religions of business and of play. I know that the Greeks and Romans had amphitheatres, and that the word stadium is not of native origin. But between the Coliseum and the baseball park there is all the difference that lies between imperialism and democracy. The ancient amphitheatres were built as much for monuments as for playgrounds. Consequently they were impressed with an æsthetic character which is totally repugnant to our idea of a baseball park.

There is no spiritual resemblance between Vespasian's amphitheatre with its stone and marble, its galleries and imperial tribunes, its purple canvases stretched out against the sun — and our own Polo grounds. Iron girders, green wooden benches, and a back fence frescoed with safety-razors and ready-made clothing — what more would a modern man have? The ancient amphitheatres were built for slaves who had to be flattered and amused by pretty things. The baseball park is for freemen who pay for their pleasures and can afford the ugliest that money can buy.

III

The art of keeping my eye on the ball is something I no longer have hope of mastering. If I fail to watch the ball it is because I am continually watching faces about me. The same habit pursues me on the street and in all public places — usually with unpleasant consequences, though now and then I have the reward of catching the reflection of a great event or a tense moment in the face of the man next to me. Then, indeed, I am repaid; but it is a procedure fatal to the scientific pursuit of baseball. While I am hunting in the face of the man next to me for the reflection of Doyle's stinging single between first and second base, I hear a roar and turn to find that something dramatic has happened at third, and a stout young man in a green hat behind me says that the runner was out by a yard and should be benched for trying to spike the man on the bag.

The eagle vision of the stout young man behind me always fills me with amazement and envy. I concede his superior knowledge of the game. He knows every man on the field by his walk. He recalls under what circumstances the identical play was pulled off three years ago in Philadelphia. He knows beforehand just at what moment Mr. Chance will take his left fielder out of the game and send in a 'pinch hitter.' Long years of steady application will no doubt supply this kind of post-graduate expertship. But when it is a question, not of theory, but of a simple, concrete play which I did happen to be watching carefully, how is it that the man behind me can see

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that the runner was out by a yard and had nearly spiked the man on the bag, whereas all I can see is a tangle of legs and arms and a cloud of dust? My eyesight is normal; how does my neighbor manage to see all that he does as quickly as he does?

The answer is that he does not see. When he declares that the runner was out by a yard, and I turn around and regard him with envy, it is a comfort to have the umpire decide that the runner was safe after all. It is a comfort to hear the man behind me say that the ball cut the plate squarely, and to have the umpire call it a ball. It shakes my faith somewhat in human nature, but it strengthens my self-confidence. Yet it fails to shake the self-confidence of the man behind me. When I turn about to see his crestfallen face, I find him chewing peanut brittle in a state of supreme calm, and as I stare at him, fascinated by such peace of mind in the face of discomfiture, I hear a yell and turn to find the third baseman and all the outfield congregated near the left bleachers. I have made a psychological observation, but have missed the beginning of a double play.

My chagrin is temporary. As the game goes on my self-confidence grows enormously. I am awakening to the fact that the man behind me knows as little about the game as I do. When the pitcher of the visiting team delivered the first ball of the first inning, the man behind me remarked that the pitcher did n't have anything. My neighbor could tell by the pitcher's arm action that he was stale, and he recalled that the pitcher in question never did last more than half a game. This declaration of absolute belief did not stand in the way of a contradictory remark, made some time in the fifth inning, with our team held so far to two scratch hits. The stout young man behind me then said that the visiting pitcher was a wonder, that he had everything, that he would keep on fanning them till the cows came home, and that he was, in fact, the best southpaw in both leagues, having once struck out eight men in an eleven-inning game at Boston.

When a man gives vent to such obviously irreconcilable statements in less than five innings, it is inevitable that I should turn in my seat to get a square look at him. But I still find him calm and eating peanut brittle; and as I stare at him and try to classify him, the man at the bat does something which brings half the crowd to its feet. By dint of much inquiry I discover that he has rolled a slow grounder to third and has made his base on it. Decidedly, psychology and baseball will not mix.

I suppose the stout young man behind me is a Fan, — provided there is really such a type. My own belief is that the Fan, as the baseball writers and cartoonists have depicted him, is a very rare being. To the extent that he does exist he is the creation, not of the baseball diamond, but of the sporting writer and the comic artist. The Fan models himself consciously upon the type set before him in his favorite newspaper. It is once more a case of nature imitating art. If Mr. Gibson, many years ago, had not drawn a picture of fat men in shirt-sleeves, perspiring freely and waving straw hats, the newspaper artist would not have imitated Mr. Gibson, and the baseball audience would not have imitated the newspapers. It is true that I have seen baseball crowds in frenzy; but these have been isolated moments of high tension when all of us have been brought to our feet with loud explosions of joy or agony. But the perspiring, ululant Fan in shirt-sleeves, ceaselessly waving his straw hat, uttering imprecations on the enemy, his enthusiasm obviously aroused by stimulants preceding his

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arrival at the baseball park, is far from being representative of the baseball crowd.

The spirit of the audience is best expressed in quite a different sort of person. He is always to be seen at the Polo grounds, and when I think of baseball audiences it is he who rises before me to the exclusion of his fat, perspiring brother with the straw hat. He is young, tall, slender, wears blue serge, and even on very cool days in the early spring he goes without an overcoat. He sits out the game with folded arms, very erect, thin-lipped, and with the break of a smile around the eyes. He is usually alone, and has little to say. He is not a snob; he will respond to his neighbor's comments in moments of exceptional emotional stress, but he does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

I imagine him sitting, in very much the same attitude, in college lecture-rooms, or taking instructions from the head of the office. Complete absorption under complete control — he fascinates me. While the stout young man behind me chatters on for his own gratification, forgetting one moment what he said the moment before, — an empty-headed young man with a tendency to profanity as the game goes on, — this other trim young figure in blue serge, with folded arms, sits immobile, watching, watching with a calm that must come out of real knowledge and experience, enjoying the thing immensely, but giving no other sign than a sharper glint of the eye, a slight opening of the lips. In a moment of crisis, being only human, he rises with the rest of us, but deliberately, to follow the course of a high fly down the foul line far toward the bleachers. When the ball is caught he smiles and sits down and folds his arms. I envy him his capacity for drinking in enjoyment without display. This is the kind of fan I should like to be.

IV

Does my thin-lipped friend in blue serge read the sporting page? I wonder. My own opinion is that he does not, except to glance through the box-score. It is for the other man, I imagine, the stout young man behind me who detected from the first ball thrown that the pitcher's arm was no good, and who later identified him as the best southpaw in the two leagues, that the sporting page with its humor, its philosophy, its art, and its poetry is edited. The sporting page has long ceased to be a mere chronicle of sport and has become an encyclopædia, an anthology, a five-foot book-shelf, a little university in itself. The life mirrored in the pictures on the sporting page is not restricted to the prize ring and the diamond, though the language of the prize ring and the baseball field is its vernacular. The art of the sporting page has expanded beyond the narrow field of play to life itself, viewed as play.

The line of development is plain: from pictures of the Fan at the game the advance has been to pictures of the Fan at home, and so on to his wife and his young, and his *Weltanschauung*, until now the artist frequently casts aside all pretense of painting sport and draws pictures of humanity. The sporting cartoon has become a social chronicle. It is still found on the sporting page; partly, I suppose, because it originated there, partly because there is no other place in the paper where it can get so wide an audience. It entraps the man in the street who comes to read baseball and remains to study contemporary life — in violent, exaggerated form, but life none the less.

Even poetry. Sporting columns today run heavily to verse. Here, as well as in the pictures, there has been an evolution. From the mere rhymed chronicle of what happened to Christy

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Mathewson we have passed on to generalized reflections on life, expressed, of course, in terms of the game. Kipling has been the great model. His lilt and his 'punch' are so admirably adapted to the theme and the audience. How many thousand parodies of 'Danny Deever' and 'The Vampire' have the sporting editors printed? I should hesitate to say. But Kipling and his younger imitators, with Henley's 'Invictus' and 'When I was a King in Babylon,' and the late Langdon Smith's 'Evolution': 'When I was a Tadpole and You were a Fish'— have become the patterns for a vast popular poetry which deals in the main with the red-blooded virtues, — grit, good humor, and clean hitting, — but which drops with surprising frequency for an optimist race into the mood of Ecclesiastes: —

Demon of Slow and of Fast Ones,
Monarch of Moisture and Smoke,
Who made Wagner swing at Anyoldthing,
And Baker look like a Joke.

And the writer goes on to remind the former king of the boxmen that sooner or later 'Old Pop' Tempus asks for waivers on the best of us, and that Matty and Johnson must in due time make way for

Youngsters with pep from the Texas Steppe —
The Minors wait for us all.

Yes, you prince of batsmen, who amidst the bleachers' roar,

Strolled to the plate with your T. Cobb gait,
Hitting .364 —

alas, Old Pop Tempus has had his way with you, too: —

Your Average now is Rancid
And the Pellet you used to maul
In Nineteen O Two has the Sign on you —
The Minors wait for us all.

Not that it matters, of course. The point is to keep on smiling and unafraid in Bushville as under the Main Tent, always doing one's best

To swing at the Pill with right good will,
Hitting .364.

This is evidently something more than a sporting page. This is a cosmology.

V

Will those gentlemen who are in the habit of sneering at professional baseball kindly explain why it is precisely the professional game which has inspired the newspaper poets? Personally I like professional baseball, and for the very reasons why so many persons profess to dislike it. The game is played for money by men who play all the time. They would rather win than lose, but they are not devoured by the passion for victory. They will play with equal zest for Chicago to-day and for Boston to-morrow. But when you say all this you are really asserting what I have discovered to be a fact, — unless Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered it before me, — that only in professional sport does the true amateur spirit survive.

By the amateur spirit I mean the spirit which places the game above the victory; which takes joy, though it may be a subdued joy, in the perfect coördination of mind and muscle and nerve; which plays to win because victory is the best available test of ability, but which is all the time aware that life has other interests than the standing of the clubs and the Golf Committee's official handicap. I contend that the man who plays to live is a better amateur than the man who lives to play. I am not thinking now of the actual amount of time one gives to the game, though even then it might be shown that Mr. Walter J. Travis devotes more hours to golf than Mr. Mathewson devotes to baseball. I am thinking rather of the adjustment of the game to the general scheme of life. It seems to be pretty well established

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that when your ordinary amateur takes up golf he deteriorates as a citizen, a husband and father; but I cannot imagine Mr. Walter Johnson neglecting his family in his passion for baseball. As between the two, where do you find the true amateur spirit?

I insist. Professional baseball lacks the picturesque and stimulating accessories of an intercollegiate game — the age-old rivalries, the mustering of the classes, the colors, the pretty women, the cheering carried on by young leaders to the verge of apoplexy. But after all, why this Saturnalia of pumped-up emotion over the winning of a game? The winning, it will be observed, and not the playing. Compared with such an exhibition of the lust for victory, a professional game with its emphasis on the performance and not on the result, comes much nearer to the true heart of the play instinct. An old topic this, and a perilous one. Before I know it I shall be advocating the obsolete standards of English sport, which would naturally appeal to a duffer. Well, I will take the consequences and boldly assert that there is such a thing as playing too keenly, — even when playing with perfect fairness, — such a thing as bucking the line too hard.

It is distortion of life values. After all, there are things worth breaking your heart to achieve and others that are not worth while. Francis Ouimet's victory over Vardon and Ray is something we are justly proud of; not so much as a display of golf, but as a display of an unrivaled capacity for rallying all the forces of one's being to the needs of the moment; for its display of that grit and nerve on which our civilization has been built so largely. Only observe, Ouimet's victory was magnificent, but it was not play. It was fought in the fierce spirit of the struggle for existence which it is the purpose of play to make us forget. It was Homeric, but who wants baseball or tennis or golf to be Homeric? Herbert Spencer was not merely petulant when he said that to play billiards perfectly argued a misspent life. He stated a profound truth. To play as Ouimet did against Vardon and Ray argues a distortion of the values of life. What shall it profit us if we win games and lose our sense of the proportion of things? It is immoral.

I think Maurice McLoughlin's hurricane service is immoral. I confess that when McLoughlin soars up from the base line like a combination Mercury and Thor, and pours the entire strength of his lithe, magnificent body through the racket into the ball, it is as beautiful a sight as any of the Greek sculptors have left us. But I cannot share the crowd's delight when McLoughlin's opponent stands helpless before that hurtling, twisting missile of fate. What satisfaction is there in developing a tennis service which nobody can return? The natural advantage which the rules of the game confer on the server ceases to be an advantage and becomes merely a triumph of machinery, even if it is human machinery. A game of tennis which is won on aces is opposed to the very spirit of play. As a matter of fact, the crowd admits this when it applauds a sharp rally over the net, for then it is rejoicing in play, whereas applause for an ace is simply joy in winning. I repeat: McLoughlin making one of his magnificent kills on the return is play; McLoughlin making his unreturnable services from placement is merely a scientific engineer — and nothing is more immoral than scientific management, especially when applied to anything really worth while in life. Incidentally, a change in the rules of tennis seems unavoidable. The ball, instead of being handed over to McLoughlin for sure destruction, will have to be thrown into the court by the umpire, as in polo.

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VI

You will now see why I am so much drawn to the slender young man in blue serge who sits with folded arms and only smiles when Mr. Doyle is caught napping on first. It is because I am convinced that he sees the game as it ought to be seen, — with an intense sympathy and understanding, but, after all, with a sense of humor which recognizes that a great world lies outside the Polo grounds. You would not think that such a world existed from the way in which the stout young man behind me has been carrying on. It will be recalled that he began by instantly discovering that the visiting pitcher's arm was no good. This discovery he had modified by the end of the fourth inning to the extent that the visiting pitcher now had everything. At the beginning of the ninth inning this revised opinion still held good. The score was 2 to 0 against the home team, and the stout young man got up in disgust, remarking that he had no use for a bunch of cripples who presumed to go up against a real team.

But he did not go home. He hovered in the aisle, and when the home team, in the second half of the ninth, bunched four hits and won the game, the stout young man hurled himself down the aisle and out upon the field, shrieking madly. But the thin young man in blue serge got to his feet, smiled, made some observation to his neighbor in an undertone, which I failed to catch, and walked out.

THE AGRICULTURE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BY J. RUSSELL SMITH

I

THE story of the Garden of Eden has been extensively used by those who would influence human action. But strange to say, one of its most evident lessons appears to have been overlooked. It is for the farmer that the well-known drama has the plainest teaching of all. The race has been subjected to needless toil because the agriculturist has left this part of Scripture entirely to the theologians. Regardless of theological differences we can agree that the agriculture of the Garden was good, because it supported the race comfortably and without labor. What more could it possibly do for mankind?

The inhabitants of Eden plainly lived without toil. They were born to that leisure for which we strive so fiercely in this work-a-day world. So far as the man was concerned, the sting of the expulsion was the fact that he had to go forth and eat bread in the sweat of his face. Jehovah did not enforce this sentence at hard labor by putting a guard over Adam. Eve was not placed in charge, nor yet the wily serpent. The offender was merely driven forth from the Garden that was full of trees. The trees had made it Paradise. Every tree that was pleasant to the

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sight and good for food was there. The inhabitants walked about in the comfortable shade and ate. When thirst arose, there were the juices of fruits and palm wine.

The spontaneous products of the Garden even supplied the first demand for clothes. On that bitter day of expulsion these erstwhile happy harvesters of tree-crops were driven forth from this rich and fruitful shade, driven to the fields to eat the herb of the field and to win bread by the sweat of their faces.

Since we are all more or less lazy, and only some of us are religious, it is forsooth amazing that our efforts at being restored to Paradise have been limited so exclusively to the domain of religion. This is the more peculiar because the religion has to be taken on faith, while the agriculture of Paradise could be seen and felt and tasted, and that without labor. Even yet no one has striven to restore it for the relief of a weary world. It is high time the husbandman took up his Scripture.

Eden is a Babylonian tale, and Babylonia is a land of dates. It was so, long, long before Abraham went up toward Palestine out of Ur of the Chaldees. At a time which was to him mythological, the date tree had become sacred to his Semitic ancestors along the Euphrates. It is from this Babylonia that we now receive each autumn our argosies of dates wherewith to regale ourselves at Christmas time. To us they are sweetmeats, but to the dwellers in the land of dates they are a great staple of life.

Eden was in this land of date trees, and a visit to a date-growing oasis makes clear the whole story of the Garden and the expulsion. How terrible was the expulsion! Within was shade, of which the scriptural writers speak so often and so appreciatively, because they had it so little in their hot and arid landscape. Without, the shimmering heat, the withering sun, beating down almost like fire upon the dry and harvestless earth, with the white glare that arises from the bare and waterless soil. Into this they were driven to eat the herb of the field, which indeed they could not get without much sweat in their faces. Within the oasis was shade and water; food was there; and life without labor, or at least with little labor. It is thus to-day; thus has it been these many thousands of years. The fashioner of that allegory of old used the material at hand. Every listener in the group squatting about the first narrator of the fall and expulsion of man had been burned by that desert glare, soothed by the shade of the fruitful tree, fed by its abundant crop — and shaken by fear of expulsion by the raider.

No episode in all the history of the land was so common as the raid of the nomads. From the treeless expanses they swooped down upon the dwellers in date gardens and drove them forth. The roving nomad was always strong in attack, the dweller in the garden was always easy prey. One cannot rightly guess the extent of the æons during which human history in Southwest Asia consisted of one long and essentially unvaried series of captures and possessions of the oasis gardens, these captures being followed by yet other captures and expulsions at the hand of other hungry victors. Hagars and Ishmaels without number, accompanied at times by equally hopeless men, had gone forth to wander, to dig, or to perish. This picture was in the legends, if not in the memory, of every household. The maker of the story of Eden used the material at hand. No other land could then or can yet rival the oasis in this picture it gives of the easy life and the burning contrast of expulsion.

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II

This easy living in the oasis is made possible because of the workings of that wonderful engine of production — the date tree. That is the agricultural lesson from Eden — that we should go back a bit toward Paradise and learn to use trees, which are Nature's greatest engines of food-production. For a few thousand years we have taken the expulsion and curse too literally, and have been living as the fallen Adam was told to — by digging and sweating and growing the herbs of the field. Trees should be made to work for us as they do for the Semite. Little do we of the West appreciate the potency, the almost automatic potency, of these botanic engines. No other type of agriculture produces food so easily.

Now, as for the last five or ten thousand seasons, the date-tree owner begins his year's work in the springtime by climbing his tall trees to fertilize their blossoms. The ascent is easy because of the natural steps furnished by the notchings left by the stubs of the leaves of past years. The blossoms of the fruitful female palm are fertilized by a dust of pollen shaken from a sprig of male flowers in the hand of the husbandman. This economical device permits a very small proportion of male trees to suffice and the garden can be filled to crowding with the fecund female trees. Once the blooms are fertilized, little more is done for the tree but watering at rather frequent intervals, and this is often a light task, the mere diversion of a stream. Many of the palms are cultivated only one year in three, but with this small labor they are heavy yielders. The open feathery palm leaves permit much light to filter through, so that oranges, figs, and apricots grow beneath the palms, and garden vegetables can grow among these lesser fruit trees. The vegetables pay the cost, the rest is profit, and the high values are explained.

Thus the date garden leads all other kinds of agriculture in the amount of food produced, and this tree merits the title of King of Crops on the purely civil-service basis of leadership in performance. Small wonder that the prehistoric Semite called it sacred. Pound for pound, the date is as nutritious as bread, and when the harvest is weighed, it is three- to twenty-fold that of wheat. After a score of years or less, the best wheat lands are exhausted by continuous production; but we know that certain oases have yielded dates regularly since they were visited and described by Roman writers a score of centuries ago. They are to-day so prized that the Arab owner will refuse five thousand dollars in gold for an acre of good date garden. Its yield warrants the valuation. In May the oases housetops beside the date garden are covered with drying apricots; in July and again in September the figs are drying; in late autumn comes the great event of the year, the date harvest.

The first thing that self-respecting Arab families do is to fill goat-skins with dates packed solid, and store away enough of this staple article of diet to last until the next harvest. The harvests are very certain although of course they fluctuate in amount. The surplus dates are sold to caravan traders, who bring barley for the coarse loaf, animals for meat, and manufactures from over the sea. As the necessary vegetable gardens and other fruit trees cover but a fraction of the space, much of the palm area grows up in grass, which is pulled out and carried in bunches to feed the donkeys, and the cows and goats that furnish the milk-supply. Since the house of sun-dried bricks is small, and keeping it clean is no necessity, the secluded and unlettered woman has plenty of time to run the ancient

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spinning-wheel, and hand-loom. Her exercise she gets by carrying heavy water-jars from the spring or well at twilight. Such is the life of the oasis, unchanged these many thousand years since some inventive mind shaped from it the story of Adam and Eve.

III

I would not call the American people to go and live this life of the Arab in his oasis, but we can well and profitably ponder this pregnant fact. If the Arab had to cut down his trees and live by the crops we grow, — the herbs of the field, — famine would sweep the oases. By sheer starvation the population would shrink two thirds, four fifths, or possibly to an even greater extent. It is the tree as a source of support for mankind that I would emphasize.

There will be much food produced if we properly plant all our date territory down in Arizona at the mouth of the American Euphrates. We are already making a good start in that direction, but the lesson for America is far wider than dates, good and nutritious though they are. The date is not the only work tree of the Orient. There are many of them. So great is their service to man that the definition of a garden in Syria is a place where trees are grown, as was the Garden of Eden. The Syrian garden is full of trees, — walnut, almond, olive, carob, fig, apple, peach, pear, cherry, apricot, orange, pomegranate, and mulberry. Beneath and between the trees the vegetables and grains are grown.

The trees in this Syrian garden are an important and practically necessary part of the nutrition of the people. Combined with grain in the form of coarse bread, the tree-products make a balanced and wholesome ration. For large elements of the population, at least one meal a day is commonly composed of bread and walnuts. The walnut is rich in both protein and fat, so that this combination virtually duplicates in nutrition our occidental sandwich of bread, butter, and meat. The oil to which the scriptural writers so lovingly referred is still important in that land, and the olive tree that produces it is almost as useful to the Syrian as the cow is to the American. The cow gives butter and drink, and the olive tree gives butter and food. When the workman on the Mediterranean goes from home for a day's labor, he often takes a pocketful of olives and a piece of bread for his lunch. Remove butter, breakfast bacon, and fat meat from our vocabulary, put olive oil in their place, and we shall begin to think the thoughts of Mediterranean cooks. Once cooks and palates are educated, the blood does not know the difference between the rich globules of fat that come to it. It is fat that the human system wants, and it makes no final difference whether it comes from butter, bacon, lard, olive, cocoanut, goose, or bear. Fat is fat, once it is in our blood. The source from which we shall get this fundamental of nutrition depends in part upon our bringing-up, but eventually our getting it depends upon the ease of winning it from our environment. From the standpoint of wholesomeness and digestibility, olive oil ranks so high that it is often prescribed for infants and invalids by American physicians.

Wherewithal shall we be fatted? The Syrian with the olive trees in the garden (which he has) rather than with cows in the lush pasture (which he has not) is all unintentionally pointing to us the way out of one of our new difficulties. The price of butter mounteth higher and yet higher, and we groan, but groans are not generally recognized in economic circles as good price-reducers. The truth is we have had

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cheap lard, cheap butter, and cheap bacon because we had cheap land for the beasts to live on, — cheap and plenty. The Federal government has been giving it away for a century, but for twenty years there has been little more than agricultural remnants to give, and the older lands are somewhat impoverished. Hence land and its products are now rising in price, and there does not seem to be much comfort in sight unless we change our methods. Prices suggest the coming change. Already good olive oil from across the sea is cheaper than butter in the towns and cities of our Atlantic seaboard. There is the vindication of the Syrian gardener. His gray-green olive trees with their hoary trunks centuries old are more efficient fat-makers than our stables of cows. If we would supply ourselves cheaply, we too must turn from the beast to the tree.

This change may be important for the development of the higher life of the race. The mind and spirit of man must surely rest under a handicap if he is bound by the slavery of attending upon the demands of dairy cattle. Morning and evening he must minister unto them, and also in between times. There is no escape on the Sabbath, or Christmas, or the Fourth of July, or even on Labor Day — day in and day out those beasts demand their soul-deadening service. It is worse than the curse that was laid upon Adam when he was sent forth to dig the earth and eat the herb of the fields in the sweat of his face. How different with the olive-dresser! His trees require care to be sure, but there are whole weeks and months when they shift for themselves. The harvest is busy and long, but when it is over, there is the chance for rest, vacation, and the inviting of soul.

But whatever may be the advantage of occasional respite from labor, it can scarcely be said that the Syrian keeps olive trees rather than cows for that reason. He has been driven to it by his environment. The cow with her appetite for grass requires level meadows and rich pastures. The Syrian has neither. The strong point of his country is dry rocky hills, and it is upon this forbidding land that he plants his olives to get his butter by the aid of this remarkable tree stuck in the most unpromising corners of his garden. The poor cow would perish with the burning of her pastures, for the Syrian summer is one unmitigated drought from spring until autumn. The grass withers and assumes the dead brown of our deepest winter. Dust characterizes the parched landscape, but under it all, the olive, with its leaf, hairy on one side and glazed on the other, laughs at drought and brings its fat fruit through to autumn harvest. If the men in the Scripture lands have by the poverty of their environment been forced to get better devices than we now possess, may we not, by the application of our brains, become their copyists and apply at home the agricultural as well as spiritual lessons they have taught us?

IV

The lesson in brief is that crop-yielding trees may serve fundamental needs of great importance and make easier our hold upon life. We are newcomers on this continent. As Man's history goes, we came here but yesterday, and we are still strangers to the land and its best uses. We found a land of trees which we have destroyed in order to apply and produce the crops we brought rather than those that were best suited to the land and to our present needs.

In many places we are busily trying to grow the quickest yielding plants rather than those that yield best both for man and for the land. The wheat crop

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often yields less than would have been produced by some good tree crop, and a monument of misplaced wheat is often the gashed and gullied hillside that results. This is the most awful of all our wasteful sins because it is the most irreparable of our destructions. Fortunately this remorseless destruction may be avoided if we attack the problem with a scientific spirit, a broad view, and the willingness to do constructive things.

The trouble is that we have not taken tree crops seriously. In the autumn we go forth with our children and gather a few nuts as a kind of an outing, but it is little more important in our eyes than the collecting of pretty pebbles, and it has no appreciable influence on the family budget or the family's nutrition. We pay some rather high prices at times for fruits, and they are tree crops, it is true, but what do they amount to from the nutritive standpoint in comparison to the trees of the Syrian garden? Our apples, peaches, pears, and grapes, our grapefruit, oranges, and lemons, are delightful and wholesome and needed, but they meet no major nutritive need. These needs of the body are protein for tissue, fat and carbohydrates for energy. Except for a small amount of sugar (and sugar is already one of the cheapest of our foods), our popular fruits may properly be compared to a refreshing drink or a succulent salad. The Syrian garden of trees produces major foods. The almond is high in protein, the great factor in meat. The walnut is high in both protein and fat; the oil of the olive is more nutritious than butter and far more nutritious than any flesh of animals. The fig is a real food, containing some protein and much carbo-hydrate, and a greater amount of nutriment per pound than bread.

In many parts of the Mediterranean basin, millions of people instinctively recognize the fact that the chestnut is high in starch, thus permitting it to become the substitute that it is for bread and for the potato. Even the acorn, with an analysis surprisingly like that of wheat, is used for food to some extent by many tens of thousands.

We need to change our attitude toward the trees as food-producers. We should broaden their gift from the class of salads and frills of nutrition, and make it the *pièce de résistance*, a substitute for some of the staples we find it so increasingly difficult to buy. Perhaps some one may be inclined to say that we are already using nuts as a meat substitute. We are. We already appreciate them so highly that they have risen to unreasonably high prices for which there is no excuse in the cost of production except for the time-element involved. We need many more of them. Meanwhile, all the money that we spend for nuts in a year in this country would not buy a pound of good beefsteak for each of us. In that connection we should not lose sight of the fact that the pound of beefsteak is less nutritious than a pound of any of several kinds of nuts.

The Syrian with his garden of trees (like Eden) does not forget the beast. The prodigal son did eat the husks the swine fed on. Those husks were the sugary pods of the carob bean, a standard article of animal food in Mediterranean lands from that day to the present. At this very moment the rich green and bean-laden carob tree may be seen from Palestine to Portugal, from the edge of the Sahara to Syria and the Riviera. It occupies the arid and rocky corners which are not fit for other crops, and the beans sell for a cent a pound in competition with corn, for which they are a substitute in almost all its uses.

Mr. O. F. Cook, an economic botan-

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ist, has recently announced that agriculture in the Mediterranean basin began with tree crops like Eden, rather than with the herbs that predominated after the expulsion. About twenty of these crops are yet of importance, and the economic service that tree crops can render is well shown by the natives of northern Algeria. The ancient Berbers who still live in the mountain territory of Kabylia were never conquered by Roman, Goth, Vandal, Arab, or Turk. They made their first obeisance before the firearms of the French under the Second Empire. Through all these millenniums they have lived in their populous villages perched high on the tops of steep hills. Around them in all directions is a zone of trees, with pasture above, beginning at about three thousand feet, and the oft-conquered open valleys below. Here for unknown ages the Berber has lived among and from his trees. There are four staples of life in Kabylia — dried figs, olives, bread, and meat. For miles and miles and miles there is one unending succession of villages set in this open forest of figs and olives. Here and there the better spots are picked out for grain fields and a few carobs are grown to spice up the donkey's diet of straw, and make a tidbit for the children (St. John's bread, we call it). The sheep and goats which pasture beneath the trees furnish an occasional boiled or broiled joint, and the much more important wool for the inclusive flowing robe of Arab style.

A diet of dried figs, coarse bread, olives, oil, and occasional meat, may seem to us somewhat monotonous, but it has long supported a vigorous race. A recent American agricultural explorer, Mr. Thomas Means, states that the population of this region is twenty-five times as dense where tree crops are the chief dependence as it is where the same people make their living on the same hills by depending upon the grains and grasses — the herbs of the field which have characterized our agriculture since the Fall.

If some one objects to tree crops on the ground that the examples here given are from Old World peoples with lower standards of life than ours, he should at once remember that the same peoples in the same countries live no better, and if anything not so well, when they try our type of agriculture. Nor is there any reason to think that tree crops would not aid effectively in maintaining our high standard of life.

There is small reason to doubt that the proper development of tree crops would greatly enrich and cheapen the food-supply of the American people and their domestic animals. The chief trouble seems to be that we have not thought about it. Most of the crop trees of value in Europe have been introduced into this country, such as the olive, fig, date, the acorn and cork oak, the walnut, pistache, and almond. Our native trees, such as the pecan, shagbark, mulberry, honey-locust, mesquite, and persimmon, offer great promise if properly selected, propagated, improved by plant-breeding, and tested by experiment. All this requires scientific work.

Now that we have spent a quarter of a century developing the equipment for the promotion of agricultural science, the time has probably come when attention can be turned in part from the herb of the field to the more productive tree that has long made the Oriental garden so productive.

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LIFE AND DEATH

I

LIFE or death. Death or life. Take or refuse.
What do they offer me? How shall I choose?

II

Said Life, 'I can offer you pain and distress
And trial and failure and hope to the end,
The wealth of experience, joy of success,
The love of a woman, the trust of a friend.

'Then turn not away, is't not fair in the sunshine,
To have the pure freedom of drawing the breath?'
And I marveled and turned, thinking, 'Can these be mine,
These wonderful gifts? But what sayeth Death?'

And Death said, 'Relief and a bound to Life's pleasure,
An infinite peace and an infinite rest.'
In silence I pondered it measure for measure.
Which shall I cleave unto? Which is the best?

III

Life will I take with its joy and its sorrow,
Its love and its loss and its battles with men,
Fair Life for a time thy fair gifts would I borrow,
Till Death gives them back to thy keeping again.

Good Death may thou never be far from my sight,
Stand thou by the wheel as I sail o'er the deep,

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Guard me surely by day and approach me by night,
Mantling me o'er with thy shadow, deep sleep.

Attend all my pleasures, bend low o'er my pen,
Join my wild gallops wherever I ride;
In feasting, in travels, in toil among men,
Let me ever be conscious of thee at my side.

Yet shall I not call thee, nor plead for thine aid,
I shall not complain and I shall not implore.
The good game with life shall be royally played,
So Death the kind seneschal stand at the door.

IV

Said Life, 'For a space here is all will avail thee,
Beyond, the course changes, I cannot see where.'
And I said in a whisper, 'Death, thou wilt not fail me.'
And Death at my shoulder said, 'I will be there.'

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THE BOY

BY ANNA FULLER

I

It was as sudden, that transportation to other scenes, to other days, — sudden as a sea-change; yet gentle, too, without the disconcerting chill that a sea-change brings. Could it be something about the boy that had set old chords vibrating?

Little more than a boy he seemed, standing there so slim, so straight, against the wide-spreading background of musicians, — so quietly withdrawn into himself, while the great orchestra played the opening bars of the new concerto; his, the boy's, concerto. The violin drooped so lightly at his side; it made her think, fantastically enough, of a bronzed oak-leaf, clinging to its stem — as if a sudden gust might yet shake it loose. And in the preluding strains of the orchestra she seemed to hear again the rustling autumn leaves at her feet, as she and another trod the forest aisles in early spring.

For in Germany the forest has aisles, diverging plainly from any given spot, in long shimmering vistas. These end sometimes in a point of light, there where the forest gives upon the open. But oftener they are lost in the black of the distance. That was what she had liked best to see; for then they seemed unending. She had always been impatient of limitations, and so she had become entangled in them. All her life had been a network of limitations. She knew that now, though she had been rather slow at making the discovery.

Curious, she mused, how last year's leaves used to linger, rustling, in those forest aisles, far into the spring. She wondered how that was here in America. City-bred, she could not recall having visited the woods so early in the season as all that, excepting there at Schönheim. It was Ludwig Meyer who had been her guide the first time; an April day it was, the sun near its setting. He had found that the Fräulein Miss, as the countryside called her, had no scruples about taking a solitary ramble with a young man, and he in his turn had been only too ready to avail himself of her innocent latitude.

The forest spread itself over a broad shoulder of hill, whence one looked down upon the old gray walled town, its huddling roofs, its massive, uncouth *Schloss*, its hoary church-tower. In sun and shade it lay there, this picturesque survival of antiquity, encircled by the winding Fulda, save to the south, where the gardens of the townspeople, nestling in neighborly proximity close outside the walls, showed a roof of fruit trees, refreshingly green in contrast to the bare brown of ploughed fields that lined the valley on every hand. Only on the hills round about was grass to be seen, kept in discreet bounds by browsing cattle and nibbling sheep. Her companion used to tell her about the shepherds, their primitive customs, their homely lore, gleaned face to face with Nature at her homeliest. All this and more, oh, far more, he used to tell her, as they trod the rustling leaves, — 'Dead Leaves in Spring.' That was

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the title of one of his poems. She remembered his repeating it to her that first day in the woods, musingly, hesitatingly, as if he were composing it then and there. She found afterwards that he was apt to be like that, musing, hesitating. Only under strong emotion did he become dynamic; and moments of strong emotion were rare with him.

She wondered whether it was the name on the programme that had set her fancy pacing those forest aisles that lose themselves in the distance, — quite as her memories of Schönheim were wont to do. Why, every tenth man in Germany was a Meyer. And yet, if not the name, what could it be? Certainly not the face, dark, smooth-shaven, clean-cut. There was nothing in that to remind her of her Meyer, Ludwig Meyer. At the sudden intrusion of the personal pronoun a slow flush made itself felt — not seen. She was not given to blushing — visibly, at least. She had always had self-control, in small matters and great. That was why she was to-day a New England spinster, sentimentalizing over the past, here, in this brilliant auditorium, and not a German *Hausfrau*, ministering to husband and children — no, grandchildren. It would have been grandchildren by now. Thirty years are reckoned to a generation, and for thirty years those shadows in the forest had been deepening. Well, what of it? What had the forest aisles of Germany to do with her, Helen Bolles, firmly rooted in her own environment, playing her part in it handsomely, efficiently, always to some excellent purpose? She had no overweening pride in herself, but she very well knew that she was a useful member of society. Had not those thirty years, every one of them, gone to prove how right she had been when she broke loose from that homely, heart-searching glamour, — the glamour of Schönheim, the glamour of Ludwig Meyer? In what had it consisted, she wondered, and how long could it have endured, supposing that in her untried girlhood she had committed herself to it for all time?

II

Well, well, how far the mind could travel in a few short minutes! Very many minutes it could not have been, for the preluding of the orchestra still continued, still the violin hung in the boy's light hold, — and the boy was slim and straight.

His name was Fritz, it appeared. Naturally, a Fritz would be straight and slim. Ludwig had not been like that. Rather heavy was his build, and low; indeed, he was hardly taller than she was herself, — a good height for a woman, not for a man, — and he did not carry himself well. Mere girl though she was, she had been quick to recognize in him the type of man who would never force an issue, would never emerge from his native environment. That, too, despite the touch of genius that came and went so tantalizingly. What an unforgettable voice he had, what importunate eyes! Eyes that could burn and melt, entreat and — renounce. The importunity was never long sustained. In truth he was a master-hand at renunciation; he could put as much ardor into that as other men squandered upon a bootless insistency.

No, Ludwig Meyer would never so far dominate circumstance as to emerge — to assert himself. The little town in Hessen Cassel that was his birthplace would be his dwelling-place to the end. A quaint little town, intensely romantic to the Helen Bolles of thirty years ago, listening to Ludwig Meyer's tales of its chivalrous past. A little stronghold it had been for the honest burghers who had built and manned its watch-

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towers, and held it inviolate against the robber-barons who infested hill and plain; a real city of refuge to the merchant caravans, fleeing thither for shelter.

She had loved the plucky little stronghold, when once she knew why it was that the houses were so huddled together, the streets hardly more than cobbled alley-ways. She came at last to love everything about it, — the squawking geese that went waddling past the house every morning on their way to the succulent pasturage of the river-banks; the old ferryman who poled one across for a *groschen* to the railway station when there was no time to go round by the ancient bridge, built hundreds of years before railroads were dreamed of.

Dearly too had she loved the little pair of German Fräuleins, who housed her and petted her, taught her German, and thought her the most wonderful young thing in the world. Their house stood on the main thoroughfare, lighted at night by a clumsy mediæval lantern, that hung suspended across the middle of the street directly under her window. This ponderous contrivance was lowered each evening on its clanking chains to within reach of the watchman's hand, then hoisted aloft again, where it swung in the wind, casting more shadows than light upon the cobblestones. And the watchman, his deep guttural, harsh as those clanking chains! How safe one used to feel, snugly stowed away in one's German feather-bed, when one heard him admonishing the good burghers, in rude, immemorial sing-song, to 'have a care of fire and candle-light, that no harm befall the town to-night.' Sometimes, even now, when she was wakened in the small hours by rushing, shrieking automobiles, carrying belated revelers home, her mind would recur to the faithful watchman, and she would be aware of a quite irrational longing for the stillness which used to fall when, with the pious injunction, 'And now praise God the Lord,' he would go shuffling off, his heavy step echoing fainter and fainter in the distance.

The peace, the stillness of Schönheim! There had been years when she had hardly thought of it at all, unless it were idly to speculate as to who might remain among the living, now that the dear little Fräuleins had, one after the other, adventured the long journey, and there was no one left to chronicle the primitive doings of the little community. She smiled inwardly at thought of the delicacy with which they had always refrained from any mention of Ludwig Meyer's name; a smile which went a bit awry as her mind just grazed the squeamishness which had deterred her from herself making any inquiries about him. Of one thing she had no doubt: that if still among the living, he would surely be there, writing his inspired lyrics, or, when deeply moved, setting his lyrics to music.

There was one tune that he had made expressly for her, the Fräulein Miss. A persistent little tune, that went singing away in one's head all day. And the worst of it was that it somehow made you want to cry. It had taken her quite a long time to forget it. Perhaps she might not have succeeded in doing so at all if he had let her hear the words which he said it was written for. But he always refused. 'No, mein Fräulein,' he would say, 'you are not ready to hear those words. When you are, they will be your words, too, and so you will have the right to them. But not now, not now.' And he would give her one of those looks of his which drew and repelled her, until there had been nothing for it but to turn right about face and go, — go without ever having made those mysterious words her own.

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How her family had exulted over her when, in July, she had written them that after all perhaps they had better pick her up on their way to Switzerland. They had known from the beginning that she could never stand six months' grind at German in that stuffy little hole.

Yes, there had been years when she had not thought like this of Schönheim, its quaintness, its stillness. But of late, perhaps because of the increasing roar and racket of the present, or perhaps because, at fifty, evening and bedtime do not seem quite so far away as they do at twenty, she was becoming liable to a certain mood of wistful reminiscence that was curiously beguiling.

What was that poem of Ludwig Meyer's that he had sent her after she came away. 'Lethe' was the title. So like Ludwig to console himself with writing a poem, instead of really doing something about it! Did she wish that he had done this apocryphal something? And what would have been the upshot of so uncharacteristic a proceeding? Well, in the first place, it would not have been Ludwig Meyer; so where was the good of speculating?

The last two lines of the little poem had haunted her, in a queer, poignant way until, in sheer self-defense, she had put the thing into English, and so rendered it innocuous. The original had long since slipped her memory, but somehow the translation had stayed by her; no doubt because she herself had made it. A person does not forget her own children, — if she is lucky enough to have any. This was the way the poem ended: —

> We must make our peace with memory,
> Or our lives consume in fretting.

Those were the lines she had once found so disquieting. They did not seem so now; quite the contrary in fact. It must have been the German of them that lent them their appeal. And it was the German of Ludwig Meyer that had drawn her and repelled her. They were so intimately sympathetic, yet so hopelessly at odds.

He was not only German, but *kleinstädtisch* — little-townish — as well. His views about women, for one thing, though never over-emphasized, were as mediæval as the old church that had stood there since Charlemagne's day, its women, of a Sunday, herded together in the body of it, its men enthroned in the galleries. How those men's voices used to roar out the hymns, reverberating from wall to wall, pounding down upon the defenseless tympanum, until one came to feel that to be a woman, here in Germany at any rate, was to be a sort of anvil for Fate to do its pounding on.

Yes, it was the German of Ludwig Meyer that had drawn her and repelled her, rendering her, nevertheless, perversely unsusceptible to any other appeal. And so it was, — she had come to admit the truth at last, — so it was that she had never married; that her children were all, so to say, translations — children of other people, who loved her because she was kind to them and they were grateful, or flattered, or in need of something that she could give, and not because they were her own and could not help themselves.

III

She had not taken her eyes off the young violinist, though she had quite forgotten him. Now, of a sudden, she noticed him again. How short the time must have been that she had spent on her impromptu travels! The boy had not shifted his position; still the violin hung, mute, detachable, in the drooping hand, and still the orchestra held the field. But now, shadows were deepening in the bass-viols, deepening to a

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portent, the listener might feel, only that the great body of the strings was gathering a rhythmic force and urgency that dominated all the rest. One hardly heeded the wood-winds, rising from time to time, light of wing, keen of flight, yet tending none could say whither, till, at a stroke, the big brasses entered, with their clear, indisputable affirmative. Whereupon, all that surging sound resolved itself into a great chalice of luminous, vibrant tone, to receive the wine of the composer's ultimate vintage.

The soloist had lifted his violin, the clean-cut chin resting upon it, the bow-hand poised above. And then — the luminous, vibrant chalice was filled.

It seemed to Helen Bolles that she had never heard the single voice, even of a violin, so permeate, so vivify, a great orchestra, — heightening, subduing, yet never overtopping it to the detriment of its plastic substance, its essential harmony, formed of a thousand pulsing modulations.

She had forgotten Schönheim, she had forgotten that identity of name she had been speculating upon; she was listening, as all that great audience was listening, with a mind single to the supreme experience of the moment. For a supreme experience it was, to every music-lover there.

The first movement had gone its triumphant way, the great chalice glowing, expanding, vibrating, to the keen elixir of the master-instrument, — an elixir piercing now to the depths of it, now glancing in prismatic colors across its face, now brimming its furthest edge, until, when the flood was at its height, the radiant element freed itself and, soaring, as it were, on one golden note, was lost in the empyrean. Then once more the shadows deepened in the great basses, even as night descends upon the sea; the clamor of the brasses was hushed, the wood-winds ceased their fretting, and, with one last, heaving breath of the darkening waters, silence fell.

There was an instant's pause, long enough for the violinist to lift his instrument, testing a string. Then the storm broke, — a storm of handclapping that would have kindled a musician of the Latin race to flame. But the quiet Teuton stood there, gravely regarding the commotion he had evoked, gravely inclining his head, but not oftener than courtesy demanded, evidently waiting his chance to test that doubtful string. He was like a wary mariner, heedful only of sheet and rudder, deaf to the waves thundering at his prow.

And now he was playing again, and to the merest accompaniment of the orchestra, an accompaniment so simple, in its first phrasings, that it might have been written for the piano. A new quality had crept into his tone: dramatic before, it was now pure lyric. Helen Bolles felt a stirring of premonition, deepening throughout the opening strains of the movement. So subtle, so pervasive, was this sense of something imminent, that when, at last, the old familiar tune blossomed, as on a magic stem, she was conscious of no surprise. She had known all along what was coming, — she had known what was to be the flower of this strange, dream-like experience.

Curiously enough, the haunting melody, so familiar to her, yet so incredibly remote, no longer touched the vein of reminiscence. Her thoughts did not again recur to Schönheim; hardly was she reminded of Ludwig Meyer. It was the content of the music itself that held her fast, the meaning, the true meaning, of the song, the words of which had been denied her because she could not make them her own. But now she perceived that no words were needed; only the interpretation that

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resides in beautiful harmony, whether of music, or of life itself.

The simple melody was caught up and carried forward in flowing modulations, interwoven, infiltrated, with many a gleaming light and melting shadow, yet never losing that primal simplicity which makes of the true lyric a thing for all men, for all time. And still, throughout the singular revealment of her mood, she was conscious mainly of a new clearness of vision, harmonizing, tranquilizing, lifting her quite out of and beyond herself. She perceived that the little song as Ludwig Meyer had conceived it, had been personal, limited, — that in the hands of this wonderful boy it had become universal.

So complete was her self-enfranchisement that, when the *adagio* was past, — the echoes of the little song quite blown out, as it were, in vehement gusts of applause, — she found herself listening to the final movement with a mind as wholly given over to that as if no haunting lyric had ever searched her soul. Her joy in its splendid rhythms, its ringing cadences, was as spontaneous as had been her joy in the great snow-peaks of Switzerland whither she had once fled, to find in those mighty presences appeasement and new life.

And yet, when the concerto was over, it was neither the exaltation of the great finale, nor the still revealment of the adagio, that filled her mind. For, as Fritz Meyer stood bowing before the wildly applauding audience, recalled again and again, — as he stood there, his violin drooping like a last year's oak-leaf at his side (for he had not left it behind as is the wont of your virtuoso), — her one concern was lest that bronze oak-leaf, that had all the voices of the forest in its keeping, should detach itself from his loose hold and fall, shattered and crumbling, at his feet.

Then, presently, the tumult having spent itself, and the audience settling back to relax over the Freischütz overture, she found herself still keyed to an unwonted receptivity until, of a sudden, and quite unaccountably, her attention swerved, diverted by a trivial recollection of the past. She caught herself thinking of the little Landrath's daughter at Schönheim, of the fervor with which she would stand up and sing the pious Agatha's song: '*Leise, leise, fromme Weise*,' — a fervor so disproportioned to her capacities that it used to be quite pathetically droll. Queer little round-faced, round-eyed person, a little rosebud thing, that always had the air of waiting to be picked and set in a glass of water. The splendid playing of the orchestra to-day was like a merciless light cast upon the incapacities of the devout little songstress.

Indeed, so superb had been the rendering of that final number, that the impression of it was really uppermost in her mind as she rose at last and left her seat. Insomuch that when, as she passed out with the throng, a man she knew — a man whom she had once come rather near marrying — remarked upon the sensational triumph of the evening, she heard herself answering, 'Yes, indeed, it was extraordinary. But, did you ever hear the Freischütz played like that?'

IV

As she descended the steps outside, now unaccompanied, — for the man she might have married had a wife and daughter of his own to look after, — she found that all the world was talking of the new concerto. She did not herself join in the chorus; in such self-evident encomiums she seemed to have no part. As speedily as might be, she disengaged herself from the crowd, making her way toward a point, a

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block distant, where her chauffeur had orders to await her. Suddenly, close before her, she espied the figure of the young violinist, — the boy, as she had called him from the first, — standing, violin-case in hand, on the curbstone, about to cross the street. His head was thrown back, much as Ludwig Meyer's used to be when he took to mental star-gazing. So he had stayed to hear the concert out, just as his father would have done. His father? Why had she thought that? The song had no doubt been common property for years. The composer of to-day had simply used it, as he might have used a folk-song, as he might have used this song, had his name happened to be any other name than Meyer.

She had stayed her step, in obedience to a half-formulated purpose, and at that instant she saw the young star-gazer step off the curb, directly across the path of a motor-car, — her own car, as it chanced, coming to meet her half way. It was moving at very moderate speed; there was really not the slightest danger. But an officious fool must needs seize the boy by the arm, and jerk him backward. The boy was safe, as he had been all along, but, at the unexpected onslaught, the violin-case was flung from his hand, straight into the middle of the thronging roadway. Without a moment's hesitation Helen Bolles leaped forward and, with a swift, rather daring movement, rescued the instrument almost from under the feet of a pair of prancing horses. A little flurry of excitement stirred the lookers-on, but it had all happened too quickly for active intervention.

As she regained the sidewalk, Fritz Meyer was at her side.

'Ah, madame,' he stammered, breathless with emotion. 'How can I say, in my bad English? How can I t'ank you?'

'And I,' she rejoined, with one of her rare and very beautiful smiles. 'How can I thank you — in my bad German — for your wonderful music?'

She had not at her first words been aware that she was speaking German. It was the flash in the boy's face that reminded her, and already her half-formulated purpose had taken shape. With a word of dismissal to her chauffeur, she turned again to the young musician.

'I wonder if you would be so kind as to escort me home?' she queried. 'It is not very far.'

'Oh, madame!' came eagerly. 'May I? Dare I?'

'It is such a fine evening for walking, and there are things I want to speak about.'

As they fell into step — 'Please, gracious lady,' he begged, 'do not praise my playing.'

'Nor your composition?' she asked, endeavoring, meanwhile, to adjust her mind to the elaborate courtesy-title, the like of which had never afflicted her girlish ears of long ago.

'No, nor my composition.'

'Because you are modest?'

'No, gracious lady. Because it is such a beautiful evening, and because, if it were not for you, I should have no eyes for its beauty. I should be mourning my violin.'

The fall of the voice upon these words was Ludwig Meyer's own. But she did not find it in the least disconcerting. It all seemed so natural, so inevitable — as things always seem in a dream. She would hardly have marveled, had she found the city pavements strewn with fallen leaves.

They had escaped the crowd, by a way she knew; a quiet side street uninfested by trolley-car or shrieking motor. Although it was mid-December, the evening was only cool autumnal. There were stars, but no moon.

'You don't mind my kidnapping

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you?' she asked, no whit surprised at the ease with which the German phrase came to her, after all these years. 'You see, I am quite old enough to be your mother.'

'My mother! But, gracious lady, never! I am twenty-five years of age!'

'Ah,' with mock gravity. 'That would make your mother quite an old woman, would n't it?'

'Oh, yes. She would be nearly fifty if she were living. Think of it! Nearly half a century!' And he added, wistfully, 'She was so little and so young. I don't think it was meant that she should grow old.'

'And your father? Were you named for him?'

'No. I was named for my grandfather. He was Landrath at Schönheim, where we lived. He was tall, like me, and dark, and I think he was proud, too, and looked down on us. But he was no such man as my father, plain Ludwig Meyer. Everything I have, I owe my father; my bit of talent, my love of the beautiful, even the best thing in my concerto, the little air in the adagio that makes the tears come. Did you notice that, gracious lady?'

He was looking into her face, and she smiled her answer.

'So that was your father's, the little air that makes the tears come? And your father? Is he living?'

'He died a year ago. His last bequest to me, — he had hardly anything else to leave, — was the permission to use the little song in my concerto. Before that, no one but me had heard it since the time, many, many years ago, he said, when it was first written.'

'No one at all?'

'He said, no one but me.'

They walked some paces in silence. They had come out now on the avenue, whose broad spaces made nothing of passing vehicles. Even the noise of them had room to dissipate itself.

Presently — 'Was it written to words, the little tune?'

'Yes, to his own words, I think.'

'You know the words?'

She had spoken as under compulsion, and with a sharp, protesting catch of the breath. But there was nothing to fear; she might have known that there was nothing to fear. For —

'No,' came the reply. 'He said no one knew them. That he himself knew them because he had lived them. After that I could not ask for them, could I, gracious lady?' And again he looked her in the face.

It was the old look, the old appeal of voice and glance, that had once wrought such trouble in her young blood. To-night it was the boyishness of it all that chiefly touched her, and as she answered, 'No, of course you could not,' she was thinking how this youth, this mere stripling, whom, for all his amazing genius, she had been regarding as a boy, was scarcely younger than had been the man, whose influence, repudiated though it was long years ago, had really, in a sense, shaped her life.

The avenue was almost deserted. It was the pause between the concert-goers and the theatre folk. They had walked half a block without speaking. Then: 'Tell me about your brothers and sisters.' The question was but a stop-gap; of that she was well aware. And indeed what mattered all the rest, since here beside her walked the heir-apparent?

'I have none,' he was saying. 'I was the first. My mother died when I was born.' His voice, Ludwig Meyer's voice, was very wistful, very tender.

They had reached the steps of her sightly house, facing southward on the avenue; the house of which she had been sole mistress now these twenty years.

'You will come in for a moment?'

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she begged. 'You will let me give you some refreshment, after your great evening?'

He pulled out his watch.

'Alas, no, gracious lady. I must return to my hotel. My train leaves at midnight.'

Well, that was as it should be. It kept the whole, dreamlike experience in solution, as it were. She shrank from any materialization of it.

'And where do you go next?'

As if that were of any importance! But one gets the trick of talking.

'I don't quite know,' he deprecated. 'It is all so strange to me, this big country. But my manager knows. He says we do not reach San Francisco until late in the spring. It is a queer life for a Schönheimer.' Then, with a little shrug of regret, that none but a Teuton could have given, 'I would far rather have come in; though I have already had my refreshment, gracious lady.'

She was standing now on the single broad, low step before her own door. In a moment he would be gone.

'Shall you like the queer life?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, I shall like it. Every place is home to me, while I have my violin — that the gracious lady saved for me.'

At the word, he swept his hat from his head, with a very foreign gesture, and, bending above her outstretched hand, lifted it to his lips.

Touched by the boyishness of the act, — for there was no trace of gallantry in voice or manner, — she leaned forward and, resting her disengaged hand upon the bent head, 'I do that for your mother,' she said, very gently.

He looked up, with eyes that melted and glistened in the half-shadow.

'The poor little mother! You pity her too?'

'No,' she murmured, more gently still. 'I do not pity her. I think — I almost think — I envy her.'

And now she was standing at her open door, listening to the receding footsteps of the boy, — Ludwig Meyer's boy, whose mother that was to be had sung her little song with so much more of feeling than of art. Till, presently, the light step was lost, not, as had been the old watchman's shuffling tread, in the echoing distance, but in the hum of an approaching automobile, — swept away as it were, in the headlong spirit of the age. She had no wish to recall him. He had gone on his beautiful mission to the world, the world of to-day, than which no world was ever more in need of the gospel of divine harmonies.

And she? Why, how right everything was, to be sure. How right it had been from the beginning. She could almost hear the watchman's call, echoing in the distance: 'And now praise God the Lord.' And, as she stood once more on her own hearthstone, looking down into the glowing embers, where so much of warmth and cheer still dwelt, a very beautiful smile lit the brooding face. For she knew that, at last, after all these years, she too had made her peace with memory.

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ON NOSES

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'SOME time,' I had long promised myself, 'I will write my reminiscences on Noses.'

'Some time,' I had still longer promised myself, 'I will read *Tristram Shandy*.'

Yesterday, the horizon of some time grew nearer: 'To-morrow, I will indulge in Noses; and to-night, apropos of this package of new books, I will read *Tristram Shandy*.'

At the end of the fifteenth chapter — pray what little hobgoblin attends to such coincidences? — began a Shandean skit on noses: Tristram's own nose, his great-grandfather's nose, his father's system of noses, his Uncle Toby's dictum on noses, the tale of the Strassburger who at the Promontory of Noses had taken such a noble specimen for his own. The Nose having thus served as a frigate to launch Sterne into the gulf of a new digression, he sailed before the wind. In my case it brings me back to terra firma.

The triangular pyramid projecting from the centre of the face has always had peculiar interest for me. In infancy I used it as a pocket, stowing therein an occasional bean filched from the cook's store; and I remember the stir one such instance occasioned in the household as well as in me, when a canny country doctor put his open mouth to mine and with a mighty blast persuaded the bean to stand not upon the order of its exit. Later, a coasting accident left me with some nasal vacuity and the ability to run a grassblade up one nostril and down the other. Thus I became *persona grata* at juvenile circuses, the price of admission for my performance going all the way up from five pins to three cents, my profits invariably being paid in pins, the distaff side, I suppose, very properly.

The next landmark of my theme was that, literally. Mumble-the-peg for all comers frequently resulted in my doing the mumbling. Down the vista of the years, memory still sings the fashioning of the peg, its unnecessary brevity and point, its smoothness to resist all friction of a sympathetic earth. I hear the thumps on its head of the handle of the jack-knife — three knocks each with your eyes shut and three with them open. It never failed to be driven in to the head; and to enable me to pull it out with my teeth the resourceful boys dug a hole in the ground for my nose. Once started on the run, I was safe enough, for I was fleet, and the peg dropped into the big myrtle bed was seldom recovered for re-pegging.

About this time, I seem to recall, I was initiated into the idiom of the subject. I learned to count noses, 'Ena, Meena, Mina, Mo'; to follow my nose; to be led by the nose; to have my nose put out of joint; to thrust my nose into; to turn my nose up at, — the latter precipitated by the arrogance of city children in clothes too fine to paddle in the brook, but with abysmal ignorance of how to climb a tree. I did not need a Horace to tell me in delectable Latin that it is the common way to turn up your nose at what you yourself do not know: I knew it already.

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About this time the literature of the nose dawned above my horizon. There was the wish for the yard of black pudding, its dramatic attachment to the French housewife's nose, and the decent moral precipitated by its fall; and there was the elephant's child whose nose grew longer and longer with each pull till it 'hurt him *hijjis*,' followed by the consoling bit of philosophy: 'Vantage number one — you could n't have hit the fly with a mere smear nose'; and about then childhood bloomed into adolescence.

Now I began to regard my nose in the looking-glass, with results that led to clothes-pin experiments in sleeping hours; and fingers anxiously pressing down knobosities as I sought to solve why X plus Y made Z. Being told that a liberal diet of carrots would reduce color in the complexion, I showed a craving for those hitherto despised vegetables; and hearing that lemon juice was a panacea for nose-freckles, three-miles-from-a-lemon was no hindrance. At this period, also, thanks to numismatics, I mastered the distinction between the Roman nose and the Grecian; the derivation of the word aquiline, and the accentuating or reducing effects of styles of coiffures and hat-brims. Being in the conundrum stage of humor, I used to propound an involved interrogation to which I was always given the privilege of answering myself, — 'No nose can be more than eleven inches long because if it were it would be a foot.'

Then I saw Mansfield play *Cyrano de Bergerac*. 'His nose terrifying,' read the stage direction. His own mother had thought him unflattering, and he himself fostered no illusions: 'Sometimes in the violet dusk I yield to dreamy mood and think of love. With my great devil of a nose I sniff the April. I forget. I kindle; and then suddenly I see the shadow of my profile upon the garden wall!' To the world, however, Cyrano was proud, proud of such an appendage, inasmuch as an enormous nose is the index of a kindly, courteous, witty, liberal, and brave man. Many were the sprightly pleasantries which Cyrano's fertile fancy showered upon his nose, — aggressive, amicable, descriptive, inquisitive, mincing, blunt, anxious, tender, learned, offhand, dramatic, deferent, rustic, military, — the sum total 'not a quarter of the tenth part of the beginning of the first' of what might be said. And how we adored him! It was not a handsome nose he reared aloft: it was his soul he held erect; and at that age we, too, were soulful.

Now the girl began to experience the curious truth known to all practiced in life, that interest in a subject forces it to spring up on all sides. She was taken to a picture-gallery, and Ghirlandaio's portrait of the old man with the great nose and the lovely smile and the adoring grandchild beckoned from the nearest wall. She paused before the portrait of Thackeray and noticed for the first time that he had a broken nose. She dipped into *Don Quixote* only to find new light on the *écuyer du bachelier*, Samson Carrasco, whose colossal nose frightened Sancho. In Westminster Abbey she learned that American vandals were especially fond of snapping off the nose from the tablet erected in memory of Major André, the spy. Her first visit at Oxford was to Brasenose College, the brass-nose knocker of which had been lately returned to Oxford after an absence of five and a half centuries.

No list of my reminiscences can ignore the fact that much of my omnivorous reading was due to the recurring hope of becoming more nosey-wise. Socrates first attracted me because he claimed to be able to turn his prominent eyes inward till they gazed full

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into each other across the narrow bridge of his nose. Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston became human for me when I heard them sentenced to have their noses mutilated by the public hangman for some imaginary insult to the Scot in *Eastward Ho*, which they had written in collaboration. The spirit of liberty in Dante's day revealed its wild tenor when I read that his friend Recoverino de Cerchi had his nose cut off in a ballroom. I followed many of Brougham's speeches, trying to discern just where he used to punctuate his sentences with his nose, turning it up at the end of a long parenthesis, which served to mark the change of subject better than a printed mark. I ran down a French pastor who, Diderot said, praised with his nose, blamed with his nose, decided and prophesied with that expressive member; and of whom Grimm said that whoever understood the pastor's nose had read a great moral treatise. I learned to distinguish the portraits of the whole Kemble family by the eagle beak which ran through that talented tribe, and I laughed over Gainsborough's baffled ejaculation to Mrs. Siddons, as he threw down his brush, 'Damn it, madame, there is no end to your nose!' Shandy *père* had prophetic vision when he opined that six or seven long and jolly noses would hoist a family into the best vacancies in the kingdom.

My theme seems of adequate antiquity. Two thousand years ago the poet Vyasa described his hero, Battlestrong, as 'possessed of slender height, a monstrous nose and enormous eyes.' The Rig Veda refers contemptuously to 'foes with no noses,' as opposed to those gods gifted with good noses. Another Hindu describes his heroine thus: 'She has fair hair and fair is her nose.' One wishes he had particularized in what the fairness of her nose consisted. We know that Lavater hated 'an authoritative nose' in women. It was rare, he admitted, and stood for rare qualities, all of them bad. It suggested to him the 'wretched pride of their silence.' Does such a nose turn up or down? Lavater does not say. Goethe, in referring to this great physiognomist of the eighteenth century, says it was his duty as minister, on Sundays after the sermon, to hold the little velvet bag toward those going out, and to receive the donations with a blessing. One Sunday he set himself the task of looking at no one, but of taking note only of hands and construing their shape. Not only did he observe the forms of the fingers, — the very expression of them as they dropped in the gift did not escape his attention. I wonder just how he carried out his observations on women's noses, to decide which were authoritative. Were they beguiled to smell a rose in his presence, or to sit for a silhouette, or to remark a fresh fashion on a rival belle?

Montaigne would have delighted in such studies. He himself wrote a chapter on Thumbs, though it was elsewhere that he recorded that his father, at the age of sixty, could go round the dinner table on his thumbs. Whenever this essayist found the horizon distant and its objects vague, he 'looked at his feet and at things in reach of his hand.' Noses, oddly enough, seem to have escaped him. No doubt, however, about his *flair*. He had it for the minutest things of this passing show, perfuming even the violet, as did that unknown writer in the Greek Anthology: 'I send thee sweet perfume, giving grace to the perfume, not to thee; for thyself thou canst perfume even the perfume.' Or, like Catullus sending to his friend Fabullus, 'perfume which the Venuses and Loves gave to my lady; and when you snuff its fragrance you will pray the gods to make you no-

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thing but nose.' I have always liked the oriental legend of Azrael holding to the nostril of the elect an apple from the tree of life. In the physical sense, delicacy of nostril was once a matter of life and death to our ancestors, as it is to hosts of creatures to-day. At a dinner party not long ago my neighbor commented on the beauty of the roses, regretting that he could not smell them, and it turned out that five of the twelve guests had lost the sense of smell. Dean Stanley once, at mention of such a catastrophe, vehemently tapped his own nose, exclaiming, 'Here, here!'

Coleridge, who always had an excuse for any of his own bad habits and behavior, told Proctor that perhaps snuff was the final cause of the human nose. Must one conclude that with the failing keenness of the sense of smell man's nose will shrink to the proportions of those deliberately crushed down in Crim Tartary, or those that Pantagruel found on the island of Enuasin, shaped like the ace of clubs? Would conservatives then depend for the upkeep of noses upon the surgeon and the physicist, or upon such an expert as the German chemist whose name was Nose? Would the character change in arithmetical proportion to the exterior changes of the face's promontory?

The Earl of Chatham used to bow so low when he met a Bishop that his nose could be seen between his knees. Such suavity is more appalling than the most exalted nose on any young 'rye.' The common French phrase is 'lifting the nose' rather than the eyes, granting it thus a more independent personality. A modern novelist goes further in speculative subtlety and ambidexterity of argumentation when he practically argues that instead of saying, 'That little squinting, humpbacked snub-nose has a splendid soul,' we might put it, 'That splendid soul has a little squinting, humpbacked snub-nose.' Certainly we all know souls whose noses do not express them. Madame de Sévigné went to the root of the matter when she said of the Dauphine that 'her face became her ill: her wit perfectly.'

Physically beautiful men, the glory of the race when it was young, are almost an anachronism now. Will it happen, militant and feminist auto-suggested, that physically beautiful women may become an anachronism likewise? Shall the hidden, inner character be made incarnate in the way of Balzac's hundreds of delineative noses, where was a certain play of expression which revealed the workings of the mind? After Burne-Jones painted his attenuated figures and Rossetti his haunting faces, such figures and faces became common on London streets. Can we argue with Shandy that the excellence of the nose is in direct proportion to the excellence of the wearer's or of the artist's fancy? Or that instead of the fancy begetting the nose, the nose begot the fancy? This mystic and allegorical scent has led me far, and I am fain to follow the example of Doctor McCosh when a teasing student stopped him to inquire about some intricate process of the mind, — pull my long nose and walk off, leaving you *planté là*, unanswered.

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THE MODERNIST

AN ESSAY IN VERSE

BY O. W. FIRKINS

Our age for charms untold is rhymed and fêted,
  But I — I like its human antics best:
The man cosmopolite, expatriated,
  Who hugs the wandering planet to his breast;
The man who, with religions satiated,
  Still jests at faith and finds a faith in jest;
The specialist whom ponderings deep enable
To frame an index or affix a label;

The pessimist who finds in facts horrific
  Occasions for exultant self-applause;
The statesman, sure that nations grow pacific
  The more they furnished are with teeth and claws;
The symbolist with verse hieroglyphic;
  The cubist undisheartened by guffaws:
All, all I love, but topmost on the list
I rank, to-day, the gallant modernist.

He's what I call — in trope — the 'early riser.'
  Astir when all the household are abed;
At breakfast, primed, inestimably wiser —
  The weather presaged and the journals read —
He holds forth to the dutiful surprise or
  Faint thanks of those on whom is richly shed
His affluence, whom an hour's disastrous lateness
Has made his almsmen, parasites to greatness.

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He views time as a pyramid inverted,
Poised deftly on the apex of the Now;
Or ship whereon, by order preconcerted,
His post is always neighboring to the prow,
The spot where, as in mockery inserted,
The figurehead — his emblem — shades the bow;
Each barge, each headland, swims into his ken
Ten seconds ere it greets his fellow men.

He deems that God himself is journalistic,
Each daytime's issue, smoking from the press,
Remanding by succession fatalistic
All earlier dates to chaff and nothingness;
Each form, howe'er ingenious or artistic,
Born with the day, exhales with day's recess;
Time like a broom or snow-plough is designed;
Ahead lies substance — vacancy behind.

His glance is still round far horizons playing,
Where gas-jets loom like planets to the eye;
He loves in lettered fields to walk a-maying,
Where through the drifts peep buddings faint and shy;
For him the only ore that tempts assaying
Is that new mined, bared freshly to the sky.
The past is but time's ash-heap dim and gray:
Hades is synonym for yesterday.

He loves to make in nascent reputations
Investment of discreet, precursive praise,
Which, later, when fame passes expectations,
Its dividend of honor duly pays.
The stocks are scanned: 'Those Meredith quotations
Scale high — with Bennetts all the mart's ablaze;
Wards falling slowly — water in the stock;
Hold Shaws, buy Masefields in the solid block!'

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He nurses fames. 'This stripling Archidamus —
I've called him hopeful — Really? classed as sound
In Archer's foot-note? Why, the fellow's famous!
I think I'll risk the epithet "renowned"!
Besides, his voyages to Crete and Samos
Kind notice from the *Argonaut* have found.
What? two, *three* columns in the *Polypus?*
Strike out "renowned" and write "illustrious."'

And, not content with altruistic nursing,
He loves to wind fame's earliest bugle-horn;
For him, Pope's motto poignantly reversing,
At every word a reputation's born;
The babe may thrive, its sponsor reimbursing,
Or if, by ailments infantile uptorn,
It dies — what matter? It finds cosiest room
For the belied prognostic in its tomb.

And then, since praise unmixed is meretricious,
A pinch of blame must season our critique;
We'll drop betwixt 'enthralling' and 'delicious,'
Some muttered hint like 'structurally weak';
Faults shine like merits in a phrase judicious;
'Crux writes in cipher: dub his style unique.
Pax raves: why, yes, berserker-like, convulsive.
Nex stabbed his brother: true, Nex *is* impulsive.'

He loves a dashing word, a phrase new-minted,
But new words age so lamentably fast;
There's 'colorful,' no longer blithely tinted,
And 'artistry' with damaged wares is classed;
I fear lest, too assiduously printed,
'Convincing' leave us skeptical at last;
'Mordant' has lost its tooth. We need 'invasive';
'Compelling' — that's as lamblike as 'persuasive.'

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'Not mine,' he says, 'to count tradition folly;
In youth I could read Tennyson at sight;
And Arnold, reticent and melancholy,
In whom fond antiquarians delight;
I once perused an ancient named Macaulay,
Who spake of Burke, the vanished Troglodyte;
Our libraries these prehistoric data
Guard, fossil-like, in shelves that mimic strata.

'There's Shakespeare, now, a most ingenious fellow —
Read him some idle week at Spa or Ems —
The daisies in his meads are fair and yellow,
Though Avon's force is surely not the Thames';
His works re-read from *Tempest* to *Othello*,
Yield copious store of pungent apophthegms;
A man not void of humor; and his dramas
Serve still as trestle-work for panoramas.

'The truths we love are many-hued as Iris —
Be they but fresh, they're palatable all;
With Bergson all our spirits can desire is
More draughts and lustier of the *élan vital;*
We'll carve our God, like primitive Osiris,
For James' (the elder's) sake, in pieces small;
Nietzsche is godless — pæans be upraised;
And Chesterton's religious, Heaven be praised!'

The age draws truth into its own mutations
(For us the ship's course guides the polar star)
It nods — responsive to our lucubrations —
Which proves that affirmations priceless are;
It turns, it winds, in unforeseen gyrations,
Which make it plain that truth is circular;
It gives itself the lie; we know by trial
The heart and pith of truth is self-denial.

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He joys to find the generous earth productive
Of those rich cacti called the pessimists;
He loves a soul that's wholesomely destructive,
A soul that carries falcons on its wrists;
Malevolence is wooingly seductive;
What blandishment so sure as doubled fists?
If his god chides him: 'Dastard, slave, unbred,'
He bows in meekness: 'Master, thou hast said.'

He loves each note in the incessant howling,
Emitted from his strange menagerie:
The Swedish bear, insatiately prowling,
With woman's flesh fed hourly, — grim to see;
Sp-t-zz! the cat Nietzsche with his valiant growling
At love, faith, patience, 'mouse' morality;
See, his fur sparkles! From the adjoining yard
Heard ye that baying? That's our St. *Bernard!*'

The clocks tick faster in the stimulation
His presence yields. That loafing earth and skies
Should twice twelve hours consume in one saltation
Affects him with intolerant surprise;
Fired newly by his kindling expectation,
The sun feels fresh encouragements to rise;
He, supple athlete, sound in wind and limb,
Keeps gray time breathless, chasing after him.

Long may it be ere Death, that grim precisian,
Halts his gay car for speeding over-fast.
Shall he incur that uttermost derision,
Consignment to the stationary past?
Must he behold from shaded fields Elysian
The saucy Now fade in the formless vast,
And Time and all Time's couriers such as he
Stalled in that mighty pound, Eternity?

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FEARSOME GARTER-SNAKE

I AM accounted, among my friends, a woman of rare courage. Humanity's subtlest, most inveterate enemy, the unseen disease-germ, has for me no terrors; I tramp for hours umbrellaless in wind and rain without dread of catching cold; only yesterday I walked calmly into a measles-smitten household; in China I have looked without fear on the body of a coolie lying dead by the wayside. Nor do I flinch in time of misadventure: hooky cows and setting hens I boldly confront; I have ridden a bucking pony through a yellow-jacket's nest, have been in a motor accident on a lonely road in Asia, four thousand miles from a repair shop, have traveled on an ocean liner when fire smouldered in her cargo of cotton bales, and on a treacherous railway during spring freshets — and this without blenching. Apprehensions of midnight burglars, or the possible man-under-the-bed, trouble me not at all, nor am I haunted by the thought that the maid is about to leave and I may fall downstairs and break a leg. The bugaboos of society do not daunt me: I vote; I occupy a gallery seat at the opera with unruffled enjoyment; a street gown, new this week, has a skirt wide enough for a free step.

A fine picture of an Amazon, is it not? A modern woman emancipated from the shackles of timidity, submission, and superstition which have bound her sex for centuries. And yet in my armor of fearlessness there is a flaw.

As if each crawling specimen were the original one that harbored Satan in Eden, I fear the 'spirited, sly snake.' Not necessarily the rattlesnake — him I seldom meet — but the innocuous garter-snake, common in garden, forest, and meadow. There is no poison in his fangs; I am not, like Achilles, vulnerable in the heel; yet, some day, I know, a garter-snake will twine himself about my ankle and my screams will pierce the empyrean.

In my little girlhood I proved by repeated experiments the saying, known of every country child, that 'a snake's tail does not die until sundown,' whereupon the snake became for me an object of loathing more uncanny by far than those lizards whose tails fly off at a blow. If Fate had given me an elder brother, if some teasing boy friend had appeared during this period of investigation, my future tremors might all have been spared, for such an one would have taught me, willy nilly, to pick up the reptile by the tail, to let him coil his cold length on my palm. Into my hands, instead, fell a copy of *Paradise Lost*, illustrated by Doré, and the garter-snake became fixed in my mind forever as an ally of the Evil One, a devouring dragon in the path.

He is so often in the path! — a terror that makes me choose my steps with infinite care in forest and field. In early spring — with us the first wild flowers bloom in February — I stoop to pick a violet, and a garter-snake glides from under my hand. Walking in March on the first warm day, I can spare but fleeting glances for the glories of the fir woods, radiant with yellow violets, white trilliums, and the gay, red bells a-swing on the wild currant; for my eye must be ever on the road where numberless garter-snakes go

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'streaking the ground with sinuous trace.' In midsummer, by a trout stream, high in the Cascade Mountains, I find a serpent,

> In labyrinth of many a round, self-rolled,
> His head the midst,

sunning himself on a log where I must stand to cast.

Again, I pause, entranced, in the depth of the forest, listening to a wee, brown wren, warbling rapturously on a stump near by; to a russet thrush, afar in the green aisles, singing his vesper song; I half expect to see a faun caper with a flourish of goat legs from behind the trunk of a tree, I half expect to see some fish-tailed god of the trout rise from behind a boulder in the stream below; then, expectant, charmed with melody, I slide down a steep bank to reach a pool of promise, and my descending heel barely misses a striped reptile coiled on the river's edge. He crawls away hissing; I try to calm my fears with the facts of evolution. Scientists tell us that the snake is merely a distant cousin of the sweet-voiced wren and russet thrush, beloved of my soul; but the knowledge does not lessen my fright or temper my dislike.

In spring and summer he cumbers the earth. Even in November, when I cut a branch of flaming vine maple in a suburban lot, he is there, drowsing at the base of the shrub, and he slinks away with a rude darting of his forked tongue and a hint of rheumatism in his wriggling motion. Only during our brief and rainy winter may I walk abroad in peace.

Nor is the garter-snake peculiar to America. Chance has led me to many lands and many are the coppers I have given to be quit of rag-clothed beggars accompanied by pet reptiles, harmless yet capable of twining about one's ankle. Once, in Japan, I made a pilgrimage to a shrine dedicated to some god of pedestrians. It was picturesquely situated on a hillside in a grove of giant cryptomerias. The god sat framed in hundreds of sandals left as votive offerings: little sandals of toddling children, larger ones of countrywomen, big sandals of men, and one great pair of the size of the seven-league boots. As I gazed, twisting down among them, long, and thick as my arm, came a serpent; and straightway a miracle of swift walking came to pass.

By good fortune I reached, at last, during my travels, a snakeless Eden. In the blessed island of St. Patrick serpents may not live. Even those of the Dublin Zoo, it is said, pine away and die. In Ireland I sauntered by gently flowing rivers, through meadows knee-deep with grass, and no fear was in my soul. Old habit, at first, made me walk warily, but there were no snakes in snaky places, and finally the glad freedom was mine of walking with my eyes on the sheep and white-washed cottages and colleens and beech trees and even on the lark aloft, 'singing at heaven's gate.'

Since those carefree days, St. Patrick has always seemed to me a man born before his time. What might not that vigorous saint have accomplished in the way of banishing reptiles from America had he been born after Columbus! Why did Dame History grant the gracious gift of St. Patrick to a small, green isle of the sea in the fifth century, when a vast continent inhabited by copper-heads, rattlers, and garter-snakes was to be discovered in the fifteenth?

Angling is to me the sport of sports, tramping is one of my chief joys, and yet, like Eve, through a serpent I lose Paradise. A son of Adam would doubtless trace this childish cowardice to the long-suffering mother of us all, but Eve's daughter must refrain. It is an inheritance, a primitive instinct, a useless survival, a kind of mental vermi-

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form appendix; an inheritance, not from Eve, I take it, but from some remote jungle ancestress to whom all serpents were deadly enemies, to be shunned in the open and driven from the cave that was her home. To this primeval woman, this occupant of sunless caverns, I owe that little twilit corner of my brain where timidity and superstition dwell, where lurks the fear of garter-snakes.

Yet I am accounted a woman of rare courage.

THE VICARIOUS CAREER

THE applause which followed the closing period of the address made the sturdy rafters of the Opera House quake. The repeated recognition of the tribute by the Splendid One as she slowly retreated backward up the stage was in keeping with her personality. It was impressive, majestic, superb, yet not unfeminine. For the moment, she was the young queen, and we her devoted subjects, vowing allegiance. I am ready to admit that, though a mere man and not very much of a feminist in the narrower meaning of the term, I was carried away with enthusiasm like the rest. Not that I could have recalled much of what she had said: I remembered chiefly that it was good, in its manner of presentation, if not in its substance. The spell was broken when Amelia, laying her hand upon my arm, whispered, —

'How is that for a self-made woman?'

I started, for she had touched me on a tender spot.

'There is no such thing,' I answered; and on the way home I explained myself.

One of my philosophic hobbies is that the 'self-made' man or woman is — I was going to say a fraud, but that implies a certain consciousness of perpetration, so I will modify the epithet — a victim of self-delusion. Many a man who craves the distinction of having made himself deserves great credit for having availed himself of his opportunities, but the opportunities came his way through the handiwork of another or others. What would an actor be without the opening made for him by the playwright, and the choice of a psychological moment by the manager? How much should we ever hear of a lawyer without clients, or a physician without patients? Even a headsman cannot rise to fame if his generation is too virtuous to furnish its crop of capital criminals. Every one of these agencies must be recognized in making up our estimate of the man who has attained success. The romancers appreciate the fact. Do we ever think of Robinson Crusoe without his man Friday, or of Gulliver without his Lilliputians?

'Never mind fiction,' remarked Amelia, cynically, 'let's stick to history, and talk about Lincoln and his rails, Burritt and his anvil, Hugh Miller and his rocks. I trust that if you ever write an essay on how great men are made, you will pay a suitable compliment to the wood and iron and stone that entered into the composition of their fame.'

I am used to Amelia's satire, so I gratified her with a mild but non-committal chuckle, and proceeded. Passing from the more remote agencies to those of a man's own household, you must have seen Dietrichstein in *The Concert*. Barrie, too, has hit off my idea, though somewhat broadly, in *What Every Woman Knows*. The poor egotist who attributed all his advance in politics to his own statesmanlike qualities, but awoke in the last act to discover how much he owed to his wife, is a type by no means extinct in real life. I half suspect that Barrie had

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Carlyle and Jane Welsh in mind when he wrote his play.

None of us liveth to himself, not the strongest or most gifted; somewhere we touch elbows with our neighbor and draw upon him for support, material or moral. As a result, none of us can justly be said to have made himself, or to have a wholly separate individuality. The most dominant member of the community, though he may boast of having made his own way in life without help, is really a composite product. To the public, his career appears to have been his alone; for a fact, he embodies the careers of several persons who have been so associated with him that, if any of them had dropped out of place, the result would have been, perhaps not spoiled, but at least not so complete. The Opera House is lighted by electricity. The unthinking credit the brilliancy of the illumination wholly to the great dynamo; I insist that every cog-wheel and lever and band and pin in the entire mechanism has a vicarious function in the production of the current. Let one of these break when the machinery is in full motion, and what happens?

So, let us take the case of the Splendid One. Would she have produced the effect she did on that audience if she had been an ill-nourished, anæmic, haggard, careworn dowdy, instead of the magnificent creature who could have commanded a hearing anywhere by merely standing up and letting us look at her, whether we believed we were going to hear something worth listening to or not? And who was responsible for her appearance? Her dressmaker? In part. But the most perfect costume would have been powerless to make up for the lack of that clear skin, that glowing color, those sparkling eyes, that aura of physical soundness and energy which enveloped her so as to prepare every man and woman in the audience for something good to come. I hazarded a guess that her mother was a fine housekeeper.

'She is,' assented Amelia, 'fine at everything that enters into home-making. If she were n't —'

'The Splendid One would go hungry sometimes,' I suggested, 'or all the time; or have indigestible food to eat? I'll make another guess — that, if the daughter is presiding at a committee-meeting, or deep in the throes of composition, or what not, when luncheon time comes, the mother sees to it that a hot and fresh tidbit shall be in waiting for her as soon as she is released. If the daughter is out late, as to-night, for instance, you may believe that the mother has an appetizing trayful of something for her to eat and drink before she goes to bed; and if she feels like sleeping over to-morrow morning, the old lady will guard the approaches to her chamber as jealously as a watch-dog. What kind of a man is her father?'

'A very ordinary person,' answered Amelia, with just a hint of contempt in her tone, 'very ordinary indeed. He is what would be called a plodder — the last man in the world you would expect to have been the parent of so magnificent a creature as she. He has spent his whole life over a counting-room desk. His one trait which protrudes above the level is his interest in her career. He has not been able financially to help her much, but he never put anything in the way of her doing what she had set her heart upon.'

'I think I can picture him,' I ventured. 'He is somewhat colorless, and a little shy. After mousing all day over his account-books, he comes home and reads the papers. The Splendid One, with her round of public duties, has scant time to do that, so he tells her the news, and comments on it, and probably clips a few of the articles he finds

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that bear on subjects within her range of thought and activity. In an unostentatious way, his good name in the community has given her a standing there which it would have taken her a long time to win for herself. When she has got a little money ahead, he advises her about taking care of it. He also gives her the benefit, when she asks him to, of his experience and observation of men and affairs through a life which is from two to three times as long as hers. And possibly there are some other members of the household?'

'Only one, a sister, who is commonplace like the father. She's a good girl, I suppose, but one who will never be heard of. I rarely meet her anywhere except making a call at some one's house or in the audience on an occasion like to-night. She went behind immediately after the speech.'

'Just so. She was probably carrying the Splendid One's cloak, gladly playing the part of a maid that the star of the evening might have that much less to think about. Few geniuses can endure distractions of a purely mundane order. Unless I miss my guess, the Splendid One turns over her modicum of social duties to her sister to attend to. The Sister makes the calls, answers the invitations, keeps the minor household records in which the Splendid One figures. It is the sister who takes care of the little garden, cuts the flowers, and arranges them for the table; it is she who counts, and assorts, and mends the clothes when the laundress has done her worst with them; nay, now that I am on the subject, how do you know that she does not darn the stockings which the Splendid One is too busy to keep in order, or —'

'You need not go on,' interrupted Amelia. 'You have drawn the family portrait pretty true to life. Where did you learn so much about them?'

'They are simply an epitome of the family universal,' said I, feeling for my latchkey as we walked up the path to the front-door. 'We are apt to single out a certain member who is in the public glare, and say, "So-and-so has achieved a career; the rest are nobodies, or nearly so." We rarely pause to reflect that the career of the one who stands in the spot-light is only a part of a joint career in which those dimly descried figures in the gray background are sharers. The Splendid One enjoys hers directly, the others enjoy theirs vicariously, but with not less real desert.'

FAULT FOUND WITH FORTY

WHERE is that dainty sweet melancholy with which I hoped to regale a sentimental disposition on the approach of the middle of middle age?

> Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> In looking on the happy (what, happy?) autumn fields.

It's too provoking to find thirty-nine looking down the west road for forty with a come-hither in its eye. Is one never to become wistful, ironical, tender, resigned and interesting?

'Can't you feel sad over growing old?' inquired J. sympathetically. (J.'s interest in the phenomena of growing old is purely academic. She has n't had any practical experience in that line, though her age by the Bible is a little more than mine.)

'Why, the worst of it is, Miss Thoughtful, I don't know what to make of this sense of competence, and calmness, and contented expectation of good luck. There's nothing about it to harmonize with forty. I 'm at my wits' end for sorrowful and cynical feelings: I have n't been able to lose an ounce of cheerfulness; I don't know which way to turn. Do you know I 'm even beginning to be afraid that I 'm getting over being afraid of death.'

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'But you're still afraid of pain?' she inquired hopefully, having wintered and summered with my physical cowardice.

'Why, that's another thing that I'm disappointed in, after all,' I confessed. 'I can generally imagine pain a good deal worse than anything I ever feel, unless it's when a dentist touches a live nerve; and *that's* really more a sort of frantic shudder —'

'Don't *talk* about it!'

'Well, I don't really care to, myself. But ordinary pain, — why, the only thing you notice much is that it makes you rather cross and feeble and silly. It used to wear such a horrible thrilling false face in my young dreams about it; and death used to have a whole outfit of melodramatic properties, blue lights, sepulchral music, and so on, — I *do* feel resentful at the idea of losing all those interesting shivers!'

'I'm afraid I can't wait and hear you complain any longer,' said J. 'I'm off for the Tuesday dancing class.'

'That's another thing!' I called after her. 'These new dances only make it harder and harder to get the proper tone for forty.'

I went on thinking about it after she'd gone, and resigned myself as well as I could to the prospect of a frankly cheerful middle age. I resolutely gave up, once for all, trying to work up pensive moods and irrevocable regrets. It was too warm for such hard work, anyway; and I looked over my materials and found almost nothing suitable.

There were all my friendships of 'teens and twenties perfectly intact, fast colors, not shrunk a particle. On most of them, in fact, the pattern seemed to have spread, and stood out brighter: and on one in particular I found some gold-thread appliqué work which I can't remember at all in the old days when D. and I were cutting it out and stitching it together.

My old Sunday silk, too, — since I made it over the fourth or fifth time, I believe the breadths have actually grown wider!

My working clothes have rather toughened with wear, and the sun and rain are steadily bleaching my aprons whiter.

I wish I had n't been led to expect that my enthusiasms would wear thin by this time. I was going to trade them away, in that case, for a nice tin dipper when the rag-man came round; but I don't see my way to dispense with them at present. I believe those durable old enthusiasms will make me an excellent one-piece everyday dress; it will be cool in summer, and warm in winter, and just right for spring and fall.

The fact is, reader, this so-called Middle-age is a consummate humbug. It's nothing in the world but that poor little delicate Youth, grown bronzed, broad-shouldered, (becomingly) stout, and less addicted to amateur theatricals.

Ah, well! It's only one more illusion gone!

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